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Esquire

Man At His Best

JUNE 1986 • PRICE \$2.95

The American Man

1946-1986



Growing Up Male: The Way It Was



Introducing the 1986 Wolfsburg Limited Edition Volkswagens.



All year long the people at Volkswagen set out to make automobiles that are durable, reliable, fun to drive and very affordable.

But once a year they introduce something even better. The Wolfsburg Limited Edition Volkswagens. Now these are not Volkswagens with just fancy little emblems tagged on. These are special models. With

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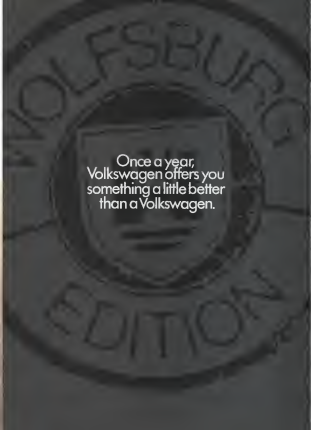
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**The 1986 Wolfsburg
Limited Edition Volkswagens.**

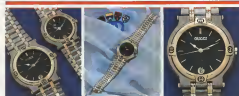


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See Reader Service Card after page 120

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CLC stands for counter-lock-cord. An exclusive support system designed to grip your ankle for greater support and protection. Just as importantly, the CLC cradles your foot in comfort.

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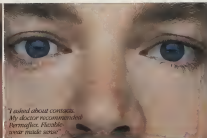
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"I wear them for a week at a time. They're so comfortable I forget I ever had a vision problem."



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impeachable. A BMW, new or used, is crafted to higher standards than most other cars, new or used. A BMW is built with such reverence for detail and longevity, in fact, that it takes more than 3 million

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In which used BMW's, built from model year 1983 through 1986 and driven for up to 75,000 miles, undergo an unforgiving 42-point inspection and re-conditioning program—to ensure their continued steadfast adherence to BMW standards.

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Of course, while a used BMW costs more than most new cars, it still costs less than a new BMW. So an argument for buying one on purely economic grounds might be conceivable.

But it wouldn't be necessary.  **BMW QUALITY CONTINUATION PLAN.**

The Esquire Journal

Esquire's Back Forty by Phillip Moffitt

To look at a sampling of Esquire covers of the past forty years is to find...Ed Sullivan wearing a Beetle wig, John Wayne sporting angel wings, Muhammad Ali as Saint Sebastian. To look at a sampling of Esquire covers is to be intrigued by such topics as racecars, busting the draft, campus unrest, sex, jobs, heroes, how men age and why they won't grow up. To look at a sampling of Esquire covers is to discover a chronicle of the American man's journey through the past forty years. Esquire has been with its readers through all the turmoil and all the joy of those years. And Esquire plans to be there in just the same way for the next forty.



February 1945
A Sporting Passion



January 1947
Lark Langley



October 1949
Code and Liberator



November 1946
Marching Off to War



April 1948
Fighter as Martyr



September 1968
Hair Down to Them



October 1970
The Remains of the Day



October 1972
River of Failure



November 1973
Cassidy Roadkill



August 1975
The Rougher's Wife



April 1980
Rocks and Stars



December 1980
Robbing Chambers



May 1983
Getting Old



October 1983
Forever Young



March 1985
Fighting the Prison



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POLO  RALPH LAUREN
MADISON AVENUE AT 72ND STREET

POLO RALPH LAUREN
MADISON AVENUE AT 72ND STREET



Contributors

Jerry Adler ("Miss Discovers Kitchen," page 170) is a senior writer at *Newsweek* and a frequent contributor to *Esquire*.

Max Apple ("My First Girlfriend," page 153) is the author of *Five Apples*. His novel *Zip* was reviewed by *Werner Books* in February.

Paul Attanasio ("Summer of Sex 43," page 206) is the film critic for *The Washington Post*.

Paul Austerlitz ("A Winning Cup," page 323) is president of the Boston Celtics. He studied his first cup at the age of twenty-two.

John Banville ("Ten Great Moments in Fashion," page 307) writes *Esquire's* monthly Classics column. He is working on a book about Savannah, Georgia.

Stanley Bing ("Siding Home," page 140) writes *The Straight* column in *Esquire's* Smart Money section.

Ray Bussell Jr. ("The Head Case," page 267) is the author of *Crucible* and other works. He is currently at work on a book about hair.

David Buckley ("A Gutter's Peace," page 263) teaches creative writing at Temple University. He is the author of *The Champagne Incident*.

John Ed Bradley ("Jock of Ages," page 95) was the captain of the Louisiana State University football team in 1979. He is a frequent contributor to *Esquire*.

William Bryson Jr. ("My First Twenty-four Rivers As a Metron," page 253) trained at Quince from December 1958 to August 1959 and went on to become a first lieutenant in the Marine. His book *Shivers in Arroyo: A Journey From War to Peace* was published in May.

C.B. Brown ("Adèle, My Exposé," page 163) is the author of *Friendly Fire* and *Beautiful Women: Life Stories*.

Christopher Buckley ("Love Is Wonderful...," page 180) is editor at large of *Es-*

quire. His novel *The White House Miss* was published this spring.

Former President Jimmy Carter ("Endless Shop," page 260) was a volunteer carpenter on a restoration project on Manhattan's Lower East Side last year. He is writing a book with his wife Rosalynn tentatively titled *How to Make the Most of the Second Half of Your Life*.

Frank Conroy ("Scout's Honor," page 228) is the author of a collection of short stories, *Molitor*. He is a director of the National Endowment for the Arts.

Gregory Corso ("Ten Angry Men," page 293) is a poet whose books include *Long Live Man* and *Widows from Go*.

Jonathan Cull ("Hale and Hardy," page 225) is the author of *Pipers at the Gates of Dawn: The Wisdom of Children's Literature* and two anthologies of Victorian children's literature.

Richard Dee Cramer ("What Do You Think of Ted Wilcox Now?" page 74) is a Pulitzer Prize-winning writer living in New York. He is a frequent contributor to *Esquire*.

Peter Davis ("The Man Who Understood Men," page 338) is a contributing editor of *Esquire*. He is writing a book about the United States and Nicaragua.

Peter Director ("Getting to First," page 145) writes for the television show *Mondaynight*.

Nick Douglas ("Little Shiner," page 297) has appeared in more than 500 movies, including *Champion*, *Paths of Glory*, and *Starman*. He recently completed production of *Tough Guys*, with Burt Lancaster.

Stanley Elkin ("The Mid One," page 113) is the author of *The Major Kingdom* and *George Mills* and is currently at work on a new novel, *The Rabbi of Lodi*.

Richard Ford ("Rules of the House," page 331) is the author of the novel *The Sportsman*. His short fiction appears frequently in *Esquire*.

Charles Gaines ("Walk Triumphphant," page 37) is the author of *Pumping Iron* and *Focus in Project Maskland*. Charles Adams as well as several other books on body building.

William E. Geist ("Mr. D.A.," page 358) is the author of *Toward a Safe and Some Half-Dead and Other Tales of Suburban*. He writes the "About New York" column for *The New York Times*.

Peter Gethers ("Rounding Third," page 140) has written extensively for television and film. His novel *Getting War* will be published next year by Delacorte Press.

Ned Gibbels ("That Day on Mount McKinley," page 394) has led mountaineering expeditions throughout the world. He is a former member of the U.S. Olympic cross-country ski team.

Alles Ginsberg ("Ten Angry Men," page 293) is the author of the book *Seventeen School of Discarded Poets* with William Burroughs. His new books, *Wish Street*, *Poems 1980-1985* and *Alles, Original Draft Katsawa, Translated and Varied Versions*, fully annotated by Auster, with *Conversations*, *First Readings*, *Legends*, *Stems*, *Prose* and *Dialogues*, will be published by Harper & Row this fall.

Richard Goldstein ("What Bart Told Me," page 155) is a senior editor of *The Village Voice*. He writes frequently about popular culture.

Bob Greene ("Winged Reading: The Men in the Grey Pinstriped Suit," page 320) is the author of *Chatterbox: The Best of Bob Greene* (Atheneum).

Levin Grossinger ("Striking Out," page 163) is a New York writer whose adventures in *Koolhaas*, *Reiter*, and *Papa New Guinea* have appeared in *Esquire*.

Charlie Hux ("About 'About Men,'" page 270) is a humorist and screenwriter whose credits include *Tax*.

Billy Joel ("Frank Sinatra," page 300) is a singer/songwriter whose music has been

recorded by hundreds of other singers, including Frank Sinatra.

Roger Kahn ("Lords of the Flies," page 69) is the author of the classic baseball book *The Boys of Summer*. His most recent book, *Good Enough to Die*, is an account of his season as an owner of a minor-league team.

Peter W. Kaplan ("Dads Who Know Best," page 167) has a 16-month-old daughter whom he has promised never to call Kitam or Princess. He is an executive editor of *Men* magazine.

William Kennedy ("My Life in the Fast Lane," page 50) is the Pulitzer Prize-winning author of *Ironweed*. He once hosted a 390 game. He missed the 4 pm.

Ken Kesey ("Blown to the Spirit," page 265) is the author of *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*. He is currently living in Oregon, where he farms by day and writes about Alaska by night.

Joe Klein ("Trade Locked Out," page 229) is the author of *Flipback*, a book about the lives of five Marines after Vietnam.

Tony Kornheiser ("Locker-Room Confidential," page 59) is a columnist at *The Washington Post*. He would like to buy the

Queens-Midtown Tunnel and turn it into a locker room.

Charles Leachman ("Life on the 9/5," page 162) has been commuting to Manhattan for ten years. He is a screen writer at *Newsweek*.

Elmore Leonard ("Catching Deals," page 385) is a best-selling writer of crime novels. His books include *Shik and Gals*.

Norman Mailer ("Master on Males," page 238) recently served as the president of PEN, the international writers' organization.

Ray Martin ("Southern Comforts," page 327) is a contributing editor of *Esquire*. He profiled Ray Charles in the May issue.

William Maxwell ("Tales in Arms," page 177) is a fiction editor at *The New Yorker* for forty years. In addition to five novels, he has published a volume of short stories, a children's book, and a collection of table.

Jay McInerney ("The 48-Hour Man, All-Purpose, All-Time Best," page 327) is the author of *Bright Lights, Big City* and *Rainbow*.

David Newman ("Scars Honor," page 338) is a frequent contributor to *Esquire* and the author of a forthcoming book on the human nervous system.

Geoffrey Gormen ("Manhood: First Blood," page 60) is the author of *The Great Book of Upbeat Bird Shooting*. He was a consulting editor on this issue.

Donald Grant ("...the Second Time Around," page 180) is the editor of *New England Monthly*. His most recent book is *New Jersey*.

P.J. O'Rourke ("Cars We Loved," page 318) grew up in the family Buick dealership in Toledo. A collection of his magazine pieces will be published by Atlantic Monthly Press next year.

David Owen ("Making It in Secret," page 140) is the author of *None of the Above* and *The Myth of Scholastic Aptitude*.

George Plimpton ("The Phantom of Sea," page 126) is the founder and editor of *The Paris Review*. His novel *Foetus* and *The Curious Case of Sild Planch* is published by Macmillan.

Richard Price ("Fight Games," page 168) grew up in the Bronx. He recently converted the screenplay for *The Color of Money*, a sequel to *The Hustler*, due out this summer.

Roe Rosenbaum ("Jokers Wild," page 323) is a contributing editor of *Esquire*. A collection of his recent magazine pieces will

be published by Beech Tree/William Morrow.

Roger Rosenblatt ("The Teachings of Mr. Kefauver," page 264) is the author of *Children of War* and a senior writer for *Time* magazine. He is currently working on a book about Harvard.

Mike Sayles ("A Clean, Well-Lighted Place," page 188) is a syndicated columnist for the *Chicago Tribune*. His father owned a tavern, and he began reading bar when he was twelve years old.

James Saltzer ("The Captain's Wife," page 130) is the author of *A Sport and a Pastime*. He graduated from West Point in 1945.

John Sayles ("Fragrant Letters," page 58) is a filmmaker and writer whose work includes the movie *The Stanley* (now *Amos & Moses*) and the novel *Unlawful*. He is a regular player on New Jersey's pickup basketball court.

Adam Smith ("The Learning of the White Lotus," page 187) writes *Esquire's* Unconventional Wisdom column. He is also the host of *Adam Smith's Money World* on PBS.

Ken Stabler ("Dear Bryant," page 47) is the former quarterback of the Oakland Raiders and the New Orleans Saints. From 1964 to 1967 he played for Bear Bryant at Alabama. His autobiography, *Stable*, will be published this fall.

Harry Stein ("How I Spent the Second Revolution," page 147) is a contributing editor of *Esquire*. He is currently working on a book on growing up male in America.

Robert Stone ("Blows to the Spirit," page 265) is most recently the author of *Children of Light* (Knopf). His other books include *A Host of Movers* and *Dog Soldiers*.

Gay Talese ("Beneath the Veil," page 238) is a contributing editor of *Esquire* and the author of *The Kingdom and the Power*, *How to Father*, and *My Neighbor's Wife*.

Gene Waggoner ("The Cowboy Hall of Fame," page 332) grew up in Texas but never learned to ride a horse. He is a contributing editor of *Esquire*.

John Willens ("Shooting for the Sun," page 57) was a Rhodes scholar and a basketball player for the University of Pennsylvania. He has just completed a new novel, *Reuben*.

George F. Will ("The Emperor's Clothes," page 322) writes a syndicated column for nearly five hundred newspapers. He is also a political analyst for ABC News.



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See Retailer Service Card (this page 102)



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Individualistic, the Esquire Collection is Swiss hand-crafted, with fine leather straps. Swiss-made, quartz accurate, a contemporary concept of a classic that re-defines tradition. Priced at \$195.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE



We've Redefined What Makes A Grand Hotel Grand.

In the beginning, the grand hotel was extraordinary. Because it was founded upon a grand idea.

The idea that a hotel should perfectly mirror the special lifestyles and taste levels of its times—an idea embodied in everything from a hotel's decor to the people it employed.

But while the times changed, hotels that were once thought of as grand didn't. Though they retained much of their opulence and splendor, they lost something even more important: a sense of the changing needs and demands of their guests.

The grand idea, in other words, was forgotten.

Until it was revived by Four Seasons Hotels. A group of

eighteen grand hotels located in North America's most important cities, where we cling to the seldom-observed notion that a hotel should adapt to its guests. Not the other way around.

And it's evident everywhere. In a warm, hospitable staff that possesses a rare combination of friendliness, formality and competence—and whose purpose is to make guests feel welcome, not intimidated.

In the remarkably high employee-to-guest ratio—because today's travellers not only need a wide variety of services, but need them in a hurry.

In furniture that's as functional as it is elegant—in vivid contrast to many luxury hotels

that can be conspicuously short on comfort. And in restaurants acclaimed not only for their haute cuisine, but for their unique Alternative Cuisine menus—designed for those who love fine food, but abhor calories.

All of which makes each Four Seasons extraordinary, not because it tries to imitate the original grand hotels, but because it's identical in the single most important respect of all.

It was founded upon precisely the same grand idea.

 **Four Seasons Hotels**

Old Man, New Man

From T-bone to sushi, you've come a long way, buster

BRIEF ENCOUNTERS

According to a spiffy's run for Jockey International, "We invented the brief in 1935. Briefs hit their peak shortly after World War II, when they accounted for 50, maybe 60 percent of the market. Men wore issued boxer shorts in the Army, and many stuck with them since they got out. Briefs boomed in the mid- to late '50s. In the late '60s and '70s, underwear started to make a fashion statement, with colored briefs and brief styles becoming popular. For ex., briefs outsold boxers about five to one, though in the market as a whole it's probably closer to one to one. Now we're seeing a resurgence of the boxer. Men who used to wear them only once in a while are switching over to them completely. Splashy prints are popular. Paisley prints are very big. The hottest thing currently is a series of jewelry pajamas including Gaudin's cat."

ARMIES OF ONE



John Wayne in *Sands of Iwo Jima*



Sylvester Stallone in *Rocky*

MEET THE PRESS



The Old Way



The New Way

IMMORTALS



Anthony Quinn



Peter Rabe



Frank Sinatra



Robert De Niro

LATE '40s

CHEATING HEARTS

In 1948, Alfred Kinsey reported that 38.4 percent of white college-educated married men had had at least one extramarital affair. Today, according to a forthcoming study by psychologist Sraffa Blustein, most middle-class and upper-middle-class married men (51 percent) have had at least one extramarital dalliance. This figure represents a slight decline from 1976, when, Blustein says, 54 percent married, According to the same sources, the median number of extramarital partners among those who do cheat has gone from between two and three in 1946 to between 1976 and nine in 1986.

GOLDEN BOYS



Paul Hornung, 1961



William "Schlagobinder" Perry, 1946

IN SEARCH OF A FEW GOOD MEN



The Old Way



The New Way

BUYING POWER



CASUALTIES



Meat and potatoes with everything on it



Tail fin



Long underwear



Pipe and slippers

THE BROTHERHOOD

Today, there are four times as many undergraduate men living in fraternities as there were in 1946. But it's not all good news for the Greeks: the percentage of undergraduate men who live in frats is actually the same—14.

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ORIGIN OF THE SPECIES How the tough, sensitive ones became... the tough, sensitive ones



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TOUGH, SENSITIVE



Humphrey Bogart
TOUGH, INSENSITIVE



Martin Scorsese
SUFFERING, INSENSITIVE



James Dean
SUFFERING, SENSITIVE



Trey Anastasio
ALL-AMERICAN, PHILLY,
BENCH-BOUNDED



Justin Matthews
SMOKE, LITRIFIC



David Dwyer
TELL, RINCE, BARRY



Woody Allen
SHORTY, FORTNY, BUILDING,
NEW YORK, NEW YORK



Robert Redford
NONE OF THE PRECIOUS



Alan Alda
SENSITIVE, SUBURGIAN



Wynton Marsalis
TOUGH, SACRIFIC



Sam Shepard
TOUGH, SENSITIVE

NUMBERS LIVE



STAYIN' ALIVE

According to the National Center for Health Statistics, the average man at 1946 could expect to live 68.4 years. By 1966, it was up to 70.4. Currently, male life expectancy is 71.1 years.

TALKING TOUGH

The barrel would argue: like a target, you'd get that whole charge right down your lovely throat and if you ever want to give a police examiner a job to give a ragged, that's the way to do it.

—*The Girl Hunters* by Mickey Spillane, 1962

"I got a lot of taste," I said.

The inner buzzword I worked out a strand of spaghetti and used it "Al dente!" I said.

—*Promised Land* by Robert B. Parker, 1978

GOOD GOLLY!



Little Richard



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PARADOXES



The Old New Man



The New Old Man

SWIFTER OF FOOT

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BOYS WILL BE GIRLS



Scout Like A Girl, 1950



Girl of the Spirit Woman, 1955

SCOUTING REPORT

Today there are 1,014,222 Boy Scouts, 43,442 fewer than there were in 1946. Back then 31.9 percent of young men between the ages of eleven and thirteen were Scouts. Today's figure adds up to only 28.1 percent of the same group.

KEEPING SCORE



BIG SHOTS

One of the most dramatic improvements in track-and-field competition since 1946 is registered in how far men can get the shot. In 1946 the record was 57 feet 1 inch. Today the record is 74 feet 20 inches.

HAIR LINES



The '40s



The '50s



The '60s



The '70s



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See Reader Service Card on page 110.

BONDING



The Rat Pack



The Rat Pack

MAN BIG ON CAMPUS

In 1946, 36 percent of American men aged 25-29 had completed at least one year of college, and 5.9 percent had a bachelor's degree. Today nearly three times as many (44 percent) start college, while 23 percent finish with a degree.

TOP DOGS

The most popular breeds of man's best friend, in order, according to the American Kennel Club.



1946
COCKER SPANIEL
Beagle
Collie
Border terrier
Basset



1956
BEAGLE
Border
Chihuahua
Doberman
Cocker spaniel



1966
POODLE
German shepherd
Beagle
Doberman
Chihuahua



1976
POODLE
German shepherd
Doberman pinscher
Irish setter
Cocker spaniel



1986
COCKER SPANIEL
Poodle
Labrador retriever
German shepherd
Golden retriever

HIS FAVORITE TOOL

Black & Decker's most popular tool in 1946 was the quarter inch drill. In 1966 it was the 3/8-inch drill. Last year the cordless drill driver was top honors. Black & Decker says its drill was one of the few power tools available in 1946. By 1966 other B&D favorites were the finishing sander, the jigsaw, and the circular saw. More recently, B&D has ventured from the sturdy haunts of power tools to the more unrefined realm of small appliances.

UP IN SMOKE

Sales of pipe and rolling tobacco have dropped sharply since World War II. In 1946, \$36.4 million worth were sold. Today the annual total is down to twenty-eight million. Cigar smoking has also dropped, though not as drastically. There were 5.85 billion cigars sold in 1946, 5.11 billion today.



Calvin Klein



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The New England

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Timetable

A selective chronology of the forty-year journey

1946 The American man returns from war. The GI Bill sends him to school; the FHA loans him money for a house. He gets married, and a new generation is born.

1947 The walls come tumbling down. A twenty-eight-year-old four-sport letterman at UCLA and Detroit first baseman becomes the first black ever to play major-league baseball. Steelworkers go on strike for higher wages. "Stella! STELLA!"—Marlon Brando in Stanley Kubrick's Tennessee Williams's *A Streetcar Named Desire*. A nookie congressman from California, Richard M. Nixon, is assigned to the House Committee on Un-American Activities. That night Chuck Yeager breaks the sound barrier in a Bell X-1.

1948 Norman Mailer's *The Naked and the Dead* is published. John Wayne and Montgomery Clift fight in a draw in *Kid Apat*. "Gee, 'Em Hell, Baby!" Truman, the most common of common men, is elected. President Truman's *Change Through Leadership* is being blown DEWED DEFEATS THROUGH the day after the election. Alfred Charles Kasey's *Sensational Behavior on the Human Male* (the Kinsey Report) is published as a textbook and becomes so popular that seven more printings are run before the year is end.

1949 *Death of a Salesman* opens on Broadway.

1950 "I've got a gun underneath this table pointed at your belly," says Gregory Peck as he backs down a young pick out to make his reputation in *The Godfather*. The "reservoir cut" condom is introduced by Tropic.

1951 Nearly four thousand GI's storm Korea's Porkchop Hill; eighty-three are killed. Humphrey Bogart wins an Oscar for his role as Charlie Allnut in *The African Queen*. *Catcher in the Rye* is published.

1952 Gary Cooper saves the day in *High Noon*. A man with a hole in his shoe strikes a new chord in American politics, but *We Live Be*. George W. Jorgensen Jr. goes to Denmark, Christine Jorgensen comes back.

1953 Hank Williams, twenty-nine, dies in the back

seat of his Cadillac on New Year's Day of "too much living, too much sorrow, too much drink and drugs."

1954 The first copy of *Playboy* hits the stands. Willie Mays races back, back, back and makes the Greatest Catch Ever. Joe DiMaggio and Marilyn Monroe get married. The "55 Chevy rolls off the assembly line. *Paper Moon* first premieres.

1955 James Dean runs his Porsche off a California highway. Sloan Wilson's *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit* is published. Buckles appear on the backs of men's shirts and cowboy caps on the top of little boys' heads.

1956 Pacifism and rebellion march hand in hand in a boycott organized by a Southern Baptist preacher, Martin Luther King Jr., forces the integration of the Montgomery, Alabama, bus system. Allen Ginsberg publishes "Howl." Arnold "Red" Auerbach lights his first victory cigar in Boston Garden.

1957 Buddy Holly sings "That'll Be the Day."

1958 The Dodgers move from Brooklyn to Los Angeles.

1959 President Eisenhower and Nikita Khrushchev discuss disarmament when the premier becomes the first Soviet leader to visit the United States.

1960 The Pill is approved for sale by the FDA. Ted Williams leaves baseball with a bang, not a whimper.

1961 Wearing neither overcoat nor hat, and braving a 20-degree temperature, John Fitzgerald Kennedy becomes President of the United States. Ernest Hemingway kills himself in Ketchikan, Alaska. Chubby Checker dances the twist. Roger Mena hits sixty-one home runs to break Babe Ruth's record.

1962 The pop-top beer can is invented. "Eyeball to eyeball" enters the language of politics as the Cuban Missile Crisis. Government officials deny

newspaper reports that American advisers to the army of the Republic of South Vietnam have been killed in fighting in Indochina. The defeated gubernatorial candidate in California promises that "you won't have Nixon to kick around anymore."

1963 The *Penelope* Mystique is published. "We interrupt this program for a special bulletin: President John F. Kennedy has been shot today in Dallas..."

1964 The Beach Boys surf cross-country, releasing four top ten albums.

1965 The number of American troops in South Vietnam increases to 290,000. Bob Dylan goes electric.

1966 Masters and Johnson's *Human Sexual Response* is published. American men blink their eyes and miss the year's hot fashion star, the Nehru jacket.

1967 "I ain't got no quarrel with those Vietnam boys. They never called me nigger," says Cassius Clay, who is drafted and refuses to go. *Moby* opens on Broadway. The miniskirt starts creeping up.

1968 LBJ announces he will not run. Martin Luther King Jr. is assassinated in Memphis. Robert F. Kennedy is assassinated in Los Angeles. Richard M. Nixon is elected President.

1969 "One small step for man..."—Neil Armstrong walks on the moon. Homosexual men fight back when police raid a bar in New York's Greenwich Village, and the Stonewall Riots mark the beginning of the Gay Revolution. Woodstock turns up the counter culture. Lew Anderson changes his name to Kameron Abdul-Jabbar.

1970 The Boy Scouts admit girls.

1971 Norman Mailer and Germaine Greer debate sexual politics at New York City's Town Hall. Clint Eastwood in *Dusty Diner*.

1972 The Selective Service draft ends. A new kind of sex symbol is born, as Woody Allen gets the girl in *Pie in the Sky*. *Seize It* magazine publishes its first issue.

1973 Two New York Yankee pitchers, Fritz Peterson and Mike Krukow, swap wives. First Miller Lite commercial, starring Matt Snell of the New York Jets, is aired. Bobby Riggs loses to Billie Jean King, 6-4, 6-3, 6-5.

1974 The Attorney General and the President's two chief advisers are indicted, a special committee of the House of Representatives approves articles of impeachment, and the President of the United States resigns.

1975 Time's "Men of the Year" is twelve women.

1976 *W. W. Rocky* is released. The first disposable razor simplifies a familiar ritual. Cadillac's assembly line churns out its last convertible.

1977 Arnold Schwarzenegger legitimizes muscle in the documentary *Pumping Iron*. Jimmy Carter gives a freestyle chat in cardigan sweater. John Travolta catches *Saturday Night Fever*.

1978 The first test-tube baby is born. It's a girl!

1979 A divorced father raises his child alone in the movie *Kramer vs. Kramer*. Lee Marvin is sued for paternity.

1980 Eight servicemen die in a failed attempt to release the fifty-two Americans held hostage in Iran. The Gipper goes to Washington. Jim Palmer appears in the almost-altogether-in underwear ads.

1981 A record 3.23 million divorces take place in America, with California leading the way with 858,578.

1982 Dustin Hoffman says he learned a lot about the very women he's portraying for his role in *Tender Mercies*. Steel announces the permanent elimination of 7,600 jobs in Laclede, Missouri. New York Harpes appears on the cover of *Time*. Lee Iacocca brings back the convertible.

1983 The U.S. invades Granada, marking the first time since the Vietnam War that a President commits U.S. troops to action. First "About Men" column appears in *The New York Times Magazine*.

1984 Bill Cosby knows best in *The Cosby Show*. America rediscovers the working-class hero as *Beverly Hills 90210*, the seventh album released by a newly pumped-up Bruce Springsteen, goes platinum forty-eight hours after its release.

1985 Paul Newman is natty.

1986 The baby boom turns forty. James Caan dies at eighty-six.



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Introduction



This issue is a mosaic—in words and pictures—of an experience that began with the close of World War II and lasted until at least this morning's sunrise. It is a record of the postwar American man. It differs, for better or worse, what has proved timeless about him. And it reflects, for better or worst, not a few of the dramatic changes that have reshaped him.

This issue is born of collective memory. It is composed of more writing about what it's like to be man, through recollection, reminiscence, reflection. That it ranges from military coastline—from a soldier's war to peacetime, from Ted Williams to Calvin Kline, from the Oval Office to the back seat of a '56 Chevy—is altogether proper. The American man is made up of all these things and more.

This issue started with the knowledge that thirty years ago, the world of our fathers gave way to a new one. And that since then, our society, our culture, and our technologies have undergone revolutions of function and form. During this time, a new

kind of woman was conceived and nurtured. Her saga has been well documented. But what about the American man? Aside from a stereotype here, a caricature there, the man the postwar boy grew up to be has remained partly a shadow.

This issue attempts to illuminate the American man from at least five perspectives. We see him at play: what he was when he wins, and what he loses when he doesn't. We see him in love: as boyfriend, husband, father. We see him at work: where he goes when he goes to the office. We see him at thought: what he says he believes in, and what he believes in. And we see him, more or less, in style: what he looks at when he looks in the mirror.

This issue will lookly man: his quiet and hidden, from the background to the locker room, evidence of twined behavior as been reported—which doesn't mean that in the very same scene men have not acted with high courage and heroism. That some men are heroes, the manipulations of women is likewise reported—which doesn't mean

other men are incapable of tenderness and selfless love.

Are men today all that different from their fathers? There are those who cry no, as if to indict the last generation as many worse and manipulative. Not all of them were, of course. And besides, this issue leaves little doubt that the men of today—their values as well as words—have been much inspired by the lessons of their journey.

The editors of *Esquire* are gratified to the small army of men who have provided us with their observations, many in direct response to the assumed image of the American man captured and recorded in the photographs of this issue. These depict the real man along the route.

On behalf of *Esquire's* editors, I would like to thank the writers and photographers who have given voice and vision to this issue.

Bottoms up to each and every one of them.

—Lyle Eisenberg
Lyle Eisenberg is the editor of *Esquire*.

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At Play

"It was a messy damn thing, a jockstrap was. When I finally managed to work it up over my naked middle, I turned up the radio and did a messy dancer."

—John Ed Bradley, *Jock of Ages*

Shirts and Skins

Pregame Jitters

by John Sayles

Maybe they don't know you. You're a new kid at school, they've never seen you play. Or maybe they have and you're not that good, or they don't like you so much, or they're a year older or whatever. But as you step onto the playground, stomach tight, your eyes jump from body to body, counting, odd, even, odd, even—all your stomach tells as you realize that today it comes out odd, that today other sides are picked there will be one extra who doesn't get to play. Who sits and watches, now available to the others, who tries not to get in the way, who tries to make a good throw back to the pitcher when a foul ball comes his way, who hates having to watch and not play but doesn't dare leave in case someone else shows up whom they all know and like and then he'll be wanted to keep the sides even. As if staying and watching gets you points, as if the hesitation earns you consideration the next time sides are picked.

The other guys mill around in the captain's area who always seems to be captains even if they're not really the best players, only the loudest, the ones who argue and throw down their gloves in disgust and give you dirty looks if you make an error, the captains shoot fingers to see who gets first pick. The first even chooses an automatic, the best, the biggest, already swinging bats and jolting, stomachs calm in the knowledge of their acceptance. Then the captains start to get choosy and strange, listening to the pleads and whimpers of the guys they've already picked. A lot of congratulations and back-slapping as each player is added, two teams taking shape behind their cap-

tains, fewer kids snickering, not calling around now but standing still and watching, trying to look talented, to look valuable, to look worth picking.

The captains aren't happy as they look at the drops. The new kids, the puny kids, the nervous squares and roundies. They point or nod silently, and whoever is picked can breathe again, relieved, and trot obediently onto the side of the lineup. Only a few remain. The captains point who they've got now, and panic rises in the hearts of the outcasts. Maybe they'll play only seven to a side today. But no, the captains sigh and turn back to their job. A kid with a new glove who looks like he has to be good to own it is picked. Someone whispers a word in his captain's ear and his little brother is brought aboard. A kid who once got a lucky hit at the right time is remembered and picked and then there are only two left. At this point you try not to focus when you meet their eyes, try to look casual, as if you weren't even sure you wanted to play today, you just happened to have that glove under your arm.

If you get picked, the rest is easy. Dropping the ball would be bad, sure, striking out, getting yelled at by the captain, but nothing worse than having the other kid named and the teams jumping into the life of the game and you, standing there in the infield dressed to play ball but coming to be. If you get picked, the other kid next to you, the one with the glasses and the pleading look and the scared shoulies, will be the one who comes to be. The one you don't have to think about anymore.

"Let's go," says one of the big ones swinging a bat. "Let's play ball."





The captain (center) who they've got over, and jumps over in the hearts of the audience.

You know that no decision anyone makes about your life will ever be as personal and important as this one. No future as public and embarrassing.

If you don't get picked, you think, the hell with them and you're not coming back for this stupid shit anymore.

If you don't get picked, you think, only be someone will get hurt or called under or mess up or had that the captain will turn to you as you lose against the line trying to look like you're only slightly interested in the game and he'll say, "Hey kid" and jerk

his thumb and you'll hit a home run and never have to worry about getting picked again and...

The captain points and grins, and the kid with the glasses and the lock and the shoelace is so surprised at first that he is rooted to the spot for a moment, but then pounds his fist and hurries to his team as if he always belongs.

Four live about nothing, nothing. You came off the field as they stood around you, trying to show this a little attitude, a little "You guys have made a big mistake,"

but nobody is looking.

Somewhere there is a kid, a nice kid who would walk by and say, "Maybe tomorrow," or "I'll somebody else comes," or "When back up the catcher" or something, some kid who always gets picked but somehow knows what it's like not to, but that kid isn't here. That kid is never here. You sit by the fence.

You see the game but it's distant, the voices below. If the ball rolls your way they don't look at your face when you throw it back at —

Shooting for the Sun

I remember the precise moment it began. There I stood, with the sun they called cruel. Kid Hansch looking my son, a little clouded boy, boss, stupefied by my own ambivalence, the interminable afternoon, thinking of the few first trees perfectly beyond the safe zone I was allowed to wonder, so I could never quite figure them out, never caught the charm or cash apples at the right time. In the three blocks from Bredebeck to Homewood only one fragment of building stood on the back side of my grandmother's street. A two-story something, crusted rusty by years of smoke rising from the town. It offered a patch of shade and support for a wretched one hoop nailed to a board, fastened to the stone.

Now this story, nearly too neat to be true, is almost all to come. All four or five white boys, a basket ball, and my need that afternoon to compare, to wonder away from the glare of whoever was assigned to check me out playing over on the hillside. I watched the kids shooting the ball for a long time. Long enough to forget myself, the restrictions on my movements, the fact that I was punk star and couldn't possibly join in the noisy game, the fact that the players were white, part of the handful still left on my grandmother's street, some of the urban low still remaining in Homewood, white, so they stuck together on their tiny islands of two or three adjoining houses or a solid block among ten blocks, white survivors, mostly Italian, like Bert. And applied apocryphally to our backwash.

This world's in place now. Little guy wanting to be a big guy, the occasional a/n, half-anything, half-distant slipping away from where I should be, the yearning, expectation, games, meanness as it observed from the margin the shyed efforts

of white boys to throw a ball into a basket.

Then the single, unannounced surprise. He'd been noticed. He'd been standing there all along, the whole time. Gave him a shot. Let him try.

My hands on the ball. I wish I could tell you how it felt. Misdirection, breast, tall and clean, the slick rubbery goos of a basket scene, the gritty leather cover, the sound I pounded from it chasing the sound they'd created all afternoon when they'd dunked. And so I look to them the way they'd looked to me, what I have my chance to launch a shot toward the one hoop dangling like a podling lip from the stones of the abandoned building?

I remember waiting all afternoon for a shot. I remember being encouraged, older boys laughing and leading me the ball as I performed my intention of how I believed it should be done. Whether I actually sank a shot or not is lost in time, as the memories of those white boys who disappear without a trace after they populate this moment when it all begins.

Nearly forty years later and nothing much has changed about the way Finance Street looks. It is still my grandmother's street, though she's been dead twenty years. The slat of building on the back side is gone, the slab of a play area constructed on the hillside during the Sixties is frosted with glass and broken glass. Hanging down the tracks where a busway downtown now runs is still the shortest way to the outdoor basketball court where I first learned how to play the game. Kid Hansch still looks on as summer days when the joint gets to jumping, and where to the run is there in Homewood or Clark Park at Philly, or Washington Park in Laramie, Wyoming; it's all the same moment, the same ball, my life racing for-

ward and backward and coming to a stop, still only absolutely right, absolutely unpredictable then when somebody passes the ball and it's my chance.

—John Wideman



It's then is noticed. It's then, standing there, all along, the whole time. Gave him a shot.

Time in advance of its time

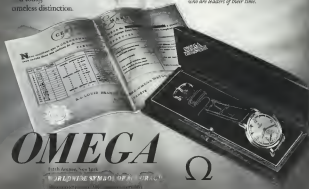


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OMEGA



Pins

My Life in the Fast Lane

by William Kennedy



The Williams-McDonnell Film Corporation, Chicago, circa 1935. The author, age twenty, is standing at the extreme left, front row.

The Knights of Columbus existed for me boy, who became one young man, as a never-quite-accessible playland where who could not be was always superior to what was. Things could not be for the boy because at the outset he was too small to fit the bowling balls or catch the medicine ball, too short to reach the functional level of the pool table, too young to smoke the cigars that the card players (playing passable, incomprehensible games) were smoking. Sometimes he sat in the shadow but wide from sunlight and felt accomplished, and he learned to call the players by name. Tom Foley and Pete

Burns and Freddy Whitmore and Hooks Korman and Ed Foley and John Cascarda, who preferred listening to playing and was a champion at his preference.

The club, a Catholic men's informal organization, was built in 1872 at 131 North Pearl Street in downtown Albany, a three-story brownstone with a large hall suitable for basketball, tennis, and holiday bacchanals of a constrained order. One became a full member after taking three symbolic degrees—degrees of prayer and ritual, the third of which was conspicuous cheating, and announcing that George M. Uhlman wanted to produce its reputation as blood-

shot theater. But, the degree being secret, that was not allowed.

The boy's father, uncles, cousins, and assorted neighbors were full members of the Knights, as the club and its building were both called. One favored great-uncle, Pat McDonald, erstwhile apartment gambler, and politician in costume. Above lightly, was club superintendant, and when the boy visited Pat's and his wife Lillian's third-floor apartment, the whole club seemed like family real estate.

One entered up several stone steps and with delicacy, pushed open the heavy right door that gave onto the main hallway,

which has about it the odor of stillness. To the left were the front and back porches, empty of people but full of handsome furniture that discouraged comfort. To the right, a semicircular staircase led up to the second-floor cantina, always busy after 4:00 in the afternoon, and to the library, always empty at any hour. It showed downstairs to the basement, where was manifested the club's magical elements: two pool tables and six bowling alleys.

Dick Daubert and Fitz Mulcahy, both elderly milkmen paving contractors, might be playing pool for pennies, then quarreling over the outcome, while the aging former police court judge from the North End, John J. Brady, wanted to play the winner.

The boy learned from his father and his most proficient uncle how to use a cue how to go into a pin and roll the small duckpin balls, and so it at an early age a good table. boy-size, appeared at home, and bowling became a sport to grow into. It was pursued with intense pleasure, then with frustration. Bowling four nights a week by the time college came along.

Its appeal increased, for as practice nightglasses at the Kragles, looking neon-stained, indoors, the allure of the baseball diamond (a depopulated and fading area of concern by late adolescence), which is to say it offered team competition among peers, with individual skills highly prized, and the sense of play and the quest for camaraderie killed.

In his association with women, the young man grew exponentially feistier; but women came to the Kuglas only for parties, dances, and bingo, the club excluded them otherwise. John Corrado never noticed some members sending their women friends to the movies across the street while the men rightly, every night, hung around the club. One of Johnny's pals, Ed Fisher, remembered the pattern of taking his date home and going down to the club where his wife or sister perhaps waited, adjourning finally to the Grand Lodge where they would sit in a booth and

Caracaldeen and Fisher were pals of Pete McDonald, a wild man who was the boy's principal uncle, a man who did many bad things well: bowling, fishing, shooting pool or darts. Eddie Fisher sometimes teased the night Pete put a newspaper over the dart board and said, "Name a number, 'then hit it, son! Name another," and hit it, and like that.

Conradson was fast and good at basketball and brought a team into the gymnasiums early Thirties and made money for the club. He was offered a basketball scholarship at a prep school with the understanding that it could lead him to Cologne; but he declined. "I was too smart," he said. "I wanted to be around with the gamblers. I was a dope, really. That's the answer to it."

Fisher had a 20.2 bowling average, very low, and didn't even own his own ball. He

used one left in a locker by Sullivan the underfisher. Then one day Sullivan took the ball home and Fisher's average dropped twenty points.

Bowling was central to club life; the skips busy all week (no closed leagues until the Forties). Joe Falcaro, the world champion, bowled at the Knabbers over Johnny Corcoran's membership. Falcaro putting obedient on his hands to keep it from cracking, which awarded Fisher of the rig the K of C team took to a tournament in Detroit, where Fisher met a man with a cracked thumb. Fisher showed the man how to keep cutting the crack with New Skin and cotton until a cloth web developed, and the man went on to be the champion's back account.

Some of the rain-bowed five-dollar jackpots after the league action at the club, which was when the boy's father made the double-perfect split (4-6-7-10 pins)—"In my whole life I never saw it made," Father said—and earned a twenty-dollar tip from a gambler who made money on the ranch.

Pete McDonald pulled a 290 game in one of the pickup matches (his team lost the match) and told the boy (and the young man for years after) "When you tell 300, come around and talk to me." Pete was there ten years later when the young man pulled a 290 himself and throwed that Pete on about the 300.

The young man joined the Knights at seventeen but found life had changed. He played pool okay, yea, bowled 236 on all-ways five and ten and led the league with high swing for a while - and he sang in the glee club as best he could ("I can't sing but I will," was his motto), but the uncle wasn't bowing anymore, and neither was his father. His uncle Pat, still superintendent but very old now, was tending to his dying wife.

Late in the club-won Chung said, for seven-

al reasons. The Catholic bishop wouldn't let the club open a bar, not even a beer line, and members defected, the boy's father among them, though he never drank. Men joined the Elton Club over on State Street, but that had become the principal sociopolitical bowling alley in town, the place where the significant Albany jobs hung out. At the time.

In the *Stofies* the K. of C. would be bulldozed to make room for a highway, and the remaining members would begin a new life at a new building uptown. But even to do early films the club, for the young men, was little more than a group of empty rooms with noisypee racing through them, just as his had when he was a boy. Bowling had degenerated into respectability, and

And anyway, by then the young man had developed bowler's finger: an agonising traumatic arthritis that prevented him from

throwing a hook; and his average, dropped from the 180s to the 120s. Oh, the shame just to think of it. In a much later year, trying out a ball with a fingertip grip, he regained his hook; and soon thereafter, with little preparation, bowled a 600 triple. The restoration had begun.

But next, he then developed bowler's green, and chose at once to retire the sport and build a swimming pool. Today he no longer has need of nighttime greens, much preferring the game of solitude. But he talks from time to time of adding a room to the upstairs of the house, with space enough for a pool table, mahogany-set, such as might have been found in the basement of the K of C circa 1936. Thus, however, at largely tall, One doesn't really need a pool table in one's life. Everyone

knows that. **Q**

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Members of the Knights of Columbus National League. The author's father, William Kennedy Sr., is in the far right of the front row, with glasses. The author's uncle, Pete McDonald, is in the far right of the back row.



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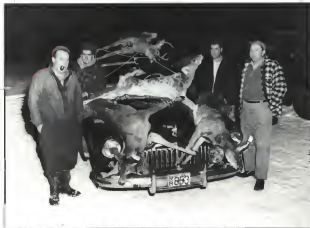


See Reader Service Card on page 163

TheHunt

Manhood: First Blood

by Geoffrey Norman



3. J. Anderson and his partner (3 from Hampshire). After brother just after they had trapped him, including a very effective one.

In a small Virginia public school where I went for a year or two, you could bring a note from your father the day before graduation season opened and be excused from classes the next day. The boys who brought those notes to school wanted to be sure that everyone knew, so just to make sure, they wore their boots. And those boots marked them as hunters.

Today, twenty-five years later, I know of men at the Connecticut suburbs who get up on Saturday morning and leave the

house dressed for golf when, in fact, their destination is a grouse covert in New Hampshire. They will change out their beer-proof somewhere on the road so their neighbors will never suspect them of being hunters.

You can deplore that trend or welcome it, but you can't deny it, and even most hunters no longer try. If you hunt, if you have hunted since you were a boy and can remember your first real gun and your first hunt alone and your first kill, and you at-

tend to keep hunting until you die...you still feel defensive about it at, at least, and like you might to feel defensive about it.

Letter writers to *The New York Times* assume that the men they see on Sunday nights with the dead deer slung over the pool rack or the hood of the car are trying to antagonize. That they are rubbing the public's nose in their bloodlust. Some of them probably are. But the usual reason for carrying the carcass outside the car is to keep it cool. No matter, the carrying of

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deer where others can see it is no longer mere show-off stuff, like wearing your hunting boots to school. It is considered aggressive behavior.

Until a very few years ago, when television finally made us all Americans, the American man had to know how to handle firearms before he could consider himself complete. Men like Sergeant York, who took what he'd learned with a squirrel rifle in Tennessee and turned it on the Boche, were our heroes. Boys wanted a Dury and then a Winchester .22 and finally a .30-30. There wasn't one rate of passage in homes, there were rats.

I can remember them all, and the loss of those memories is unbearable. The first one, in Alabama, was the first deer. When that happened, you came back into camp and the men there made you take your shirt off, then standup in front of them and tell how it had happened.

Where did you first see that book, boy?
About 7:00, sir.

And how far away was he?

About a hundred yards, at

How many times per hour is about?
Once per

Just once... Mom's good. How?

Why? What's the deal?

Eight, 117

Right, Ann. That's a nice door.

It was important to speak in full voice.

...didn't sound like some poddered Euro-

peas, cherries. Also important to give full answers, with your head up and your eyes on the men who asked the questions. Then, when they were satisfied with your answers, they brought out a bucket of

Take a walk.

They dipped their fingers in the gose
and anointed it on your face and your chest
and in your hair. You were blest.

You were allowed to wash it off. But you always managed to miss a small place, so that anyone in camp who looked close could see and would know that it had happened to you that day. It happened to me when I was twelve and it sure happened thirty years later to a boy at a camp on the Warrior River. He was good with his answers, and he sensed the whole time the blood was being smeared on his bare chest.

An hour or two later, I saw him and there was still a spot on his neck that he'd missed. My brother.

Today, if a school board tried to exclude boys from classes for opening day, somebody would sue. And any boy wearing his boots to school to show he was a hunter would be treated like some kind of geek by all the cool kids. But don't try telling a boy with a blood smear on his neck that hunting is a bad idea.

By a man who looked at him and, when he saw that mark, remembered his own due to the bloodshed. ☛

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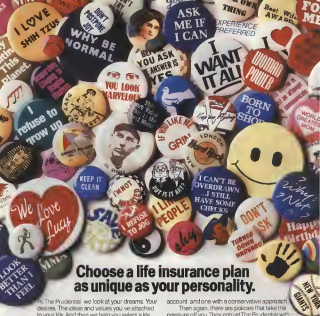
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4. **CONCLUSIONS**

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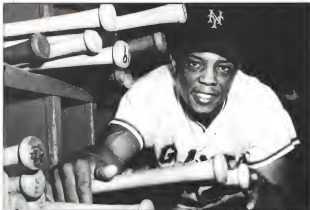
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Gamers

Lords of the Flies

by Roger Kahn



Willie Mays. In 1954, he led the Giants to a World Series victory and led the New York Giants to a World Series victory.

This is about playing baseball on a sea of grass, so far away from others that you must shout if you would be heard, and monitoring the arc of long fly balls and running, running, running until you steal the ball from us, a modern bicorneur. What, trout, and humble. Loneliness. Center field.

It is a position for the swift, the strong-armed. You need range and judgment, confidence and shrewdness, and, one tends to overwatch watching the great ones, all the blessings of fate. When such a center fielder comes along he dominates the ball park from his distant station in thrilling but not quite defensible ways.

Analysing the best hitters in baseball debate among generations. My father would have uttered "Spoke" Spenser, Thimble E. Spenser, called the Gray Eagle, out of Hailford, Texas, who played in the American League from 1947 through 1958. My father's sensory was clear, detailed, and precise, a wonder to all his friends, except when he described five ballplayers. Then romanticism touched the lens.

The Spenser he described played so close to second base that it was difficult to hit a single into center. That Spenser could spin and retreat so speedily it was often said that nobody ever hit a fly ball

over his head. His throwing arm, my father suggested, was nothing less than a whip of fire.

I met Mr. Spenser—one would hardly have dared to call him. This—at a ball park in Beaumont, Texas, during the 1950s and asked him to critique the center fielder that afternoon. His soft-voiced commentary made an otherwise routine game remarkable. He spoke about positioning yourself properly and breaking with the pitch and keeping your throws low so that the catchman could reach them. He didn't chatter. He talked toward a purpose, and I remember the cadence accurately with which he spoke. He knew his subject and

he knew who he was. Tim Spaulter. Soon I was yearning for another time, when I could have seen the Eagle playing in his prime of youth and since.

A later generation sanctifies the center fielding of Giuseppe Paolo DeMaggio, the Joker, or Joe the Stagger, as Marilyn called her husband of nine months. DeMaggio played thirteen years for the Yankees. In no fewer than ten the team won pennants. Other stars abounded, from Lou Gehrig at the beginning to Mickey Mantle at the end, but DeMaggio was first, a new breath of fame and later the soul of the club.

He was tall and rangy with a subtle, gliding speed, and played with an appearance of ease. "But it wasn't easy," DeMaggio still says. "It was hard as hell to make those plays out there." His manner was restrained, he could be rarely emotional when he spoke.

On August 2, 1936, in the rathumming of a game against Detroit, DeMaggio raced to the deepest point in Yankee Stadium and caught a fly ball between the fangpole and the green bleacher wall, 461 feet distant from home plate. It was such an extraordinary play that some newspapers wrote more about the catch than the game (which the Yankees lost). "I remember it clearly," Hank Greenberg says. "I hit the ball. An amazing catch, but don't let them tell you DeMaggio never showed his feelings. He got so excited when he caught my drive that he started running toward the infield holding up his glove, and he forgot to double the runner off first base."

The third game with Mickey Mantle and ended his rambly country stunts. The Mick was a fast, aggressive center fielder, but always careboomed. Ed was Donald Sneider, the Duke of Flirtyness, made prodigious leaps. Branch Rickey compared his legs to steel springs. But Sneider, for all his gaudiness, was not actually consistent. Like Mantle, he played a shade below the absolute peak.

You can't reasonably select this stuff for computer testing, at length it is only opinion, but the greatest center fielder I have ever seen was discharged by the U.S. Army in 1954, the year of Joe McCarthy, Brown v. Topeka Board of Education, and the fall of Darn Ross Plus. I had been sent to Arizona to cover the New York Giants, but my heart lay with the Brooklyn Dodgers, out with a Giant team that had recently finished fifth.



Mickey Mantle in 1956 in his 10,000th game and 252 as the Yankees took a subway train from the Dodgers.



Joe DiMaggio led the Yankees to the American League with three consecutive titles (1947, 1948, and 1949). He was named MVP of the league in each season.



Duke Snider led the Yankees to the American League with three consecutive titles (1947, 1948, and 1949). He was named MVP of the league in each season.

Each nodding as the Giants created came from the exuberant volatility of manager Leo Durocher, who resented, when a club official became engaged to a woman, "Forget her! Last year's girl!" Florida place at best for this Giant squad, I concluded. Fourth place with Mickey Vernon, but fourth place still.

Then, on March 2, the center fielder arrived. He had flown all night from Washington in a Lockheed Constellation and appeared at the field carrying a large bag (clothes) and a small one (glove and jacket).

Durocher smiled until the fifth inning before he let Willie into the day's inaugural game. In May's first game at last, he had a home run. Then he jogged to center field, and, sprinting to the border of the desert, caught what should have been a triple. A few innings later in center field he came racing in. Sliding on his chest, he snatched a single from the grass. Other players nodded, gaped, and grinned. They knew. The center fielder from Olympia had returned. With Willie out there, a rapping fifth-place team suddenly was something like a juggernaut.

I have not again seen such an instant transformation in baseball, and in the season progressed it was not only Willie's turnaround play that kept the Giants driving and winning. The fan's enthusiasm coaxed everyone. Show up early. Play

pepper, giggling and herring Cohen. Then center field into a lady pitcher. Then repeat to a Harlem street and play streetball with neighborhood children and die-hard fans.

The team's mood rose with the star "When Willie's out there," said Sam Hagle, the great, glowering right-hander. "All I gotta do is keep the ball in the park."

The Giants beat a stronger Dodgers team for the pennant. They took on the Cleveland Indians, winners of 111 games, in the World Series and seemed about to lose game one when Vic Wertz cracked a high line drive to center. Mays ran down the ball—the play is famous—and caught it over one shoulder about 445 feet deep Wertz, throw and tumble. Looselyness Center field. The Giants won the Series in four games.



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See Reader Service Card after page 110.

Mr. Everything

What Do You Think of Ted Williams Now?

by Richard Ben Cramer

THE FURIOUS SAGA OF TEDDY BALLGAME

Few men try for best ever, and Ted Williams is not of those. There's a story about how I think of now. This is not about baseball but fishing. He meant to be the best there, too. One day he says to a Boston writer: "Ain't no one in heaven or earth ever knew more about fishing."

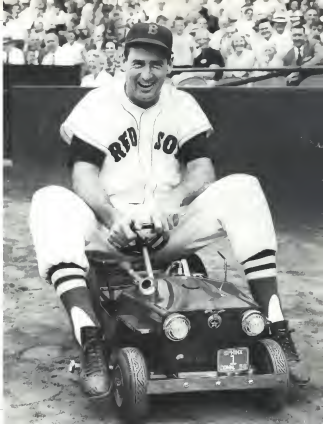
"Sure there is," says the scribe.

"Oh, yeah? Who?"

"Well, God made the fish."

"Yeah, alright," Ted says. "But you had to go pretty far back."

IT WAS FORTY-FIVE YEARS AGO, when achievements with a bat first brought him to the nation's notice, that Ted Williams began work on his defense. He wanted fame, and wanted it with a passion, but came on that would have been embarrassing as a smaller man. But he could not avoid celebrity. This is a batch of a line to



Portrait of Ted Williams at Fenway Park on Boston's Day 1954, by George Stieglitz

I hate this job.

I'm not just an empty suit who stands in front of a camera, collects the money and flies off to St. Maarten for the weekend.

I may model for a living, but I hate being treated like a piece of meat. I once had a loud-mouthed art director say, "Stand there and pretend you're a human." I wanted to punch him, but I needed the job.

What am I all about? I'm your basic, simple, complicated, mixed-up, confused, confident, frightened, outgoing, shy, most times manic, sometimes depressive guy. I know I'm very good-looking, and there are days when that is enough. Some nights, when I'm alone, it's not.

I like women—all kinds. I like music—all kinds. I don't do drugs. (I'm not moralizing—I just don't like what they do to your face the next day, and I need this face.)

Oh, yeah, about this fragrance. It's good. Very good.

When I posed for this picture, the art director, a real nice woman, insisted that I wear this while the pictures were being taken. I thought it was silly, but I said, "What the hell? It's their money."

After a while, I realized I like this fragrance a lot. When the photo shoot was over, I walked right over, picked up the bottle, put it in my pocket and said, "If you don't mind, I'd like to take this as a souvenir." Then I smiled my best f-----, you smile and walked out. Next time, I'll pay for it. It's that good.



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which takes the pressure off your knees and lower back.

But these are qualities you have little time to think about when you are running down a wicked crosscut to your backyard.

Ava: Put on a pair, then forget about them.

made for a runway with five strutting, thirty feet behind. Korrigan in a white suit hit the place and ran for their lives. Only one who came dancing, he had no dog leashes, or flag, outstare to show the place. He hit the concrete at 225 miles an hour and did for almost a mile, while his master the ashken broker and screamed, "STOP YUM IMATY SUM QPANTICH STOP STOP STOP." When the F-9 stopped standing, he unconsciously out the hatch and slammed his helmet to the ground. Two Marines grabbed him on the arms, and walked him away as the plane burned to char.

He was flying the next day, and day after. There weren't enough points to rest a man. Ted was sicker, weak and gaunt. Soon his ears were so bad he couldn't hear the radio. He had flown thirty-seven missions and was

there in 1961 when they sent him to a hospital ship. Doctors sent him on to Hawaii and then to Bethesda, Maryland, where a last they gave him a discharge. His diary still bristled with coming up, he was tired and if he didn't want to do anything, much less set up to play. But Ford Frick, the commissioner, asked him to the '53 All-Star Game, out to them on the first ball.

So Ted went to Cincinnati, sat a quiet room in the duplex. Flyers greeted him like a lost brother; even Ted couldn't hear a boo in the stands. Tom Yawkey was there and Jack Cronin, they worked on the 8th. The league president asked him to come back, the National League president, too. Branch Rickey sat him down for a talk, Casey Stengel put in a plea. Ted went to Bethesda to see the doctors, and then he told the waiting press to send a message to the boss at Fenway. "Warm up your lungs." He took ten days of batting practice and returned with the Red Sox to Boston First game, Fenway Park, bottom of the seventh, pinch hit home run.

Tril Williams was the greatest old batter in two months, upon return from Korea, he belted .87 and hit a home run once in every seven at bats. For the next two years, he led the league (.345 and .336) but injuries and

polio broke him of the habit; he didn't get the maximum leg bandage on him. In 1950, he lost the girl, in the season's first week to twenty-four-year-old Mickey Martin (also finished with 363 in 1950, 315). The next year, Martin had an even better season, but Ted, it was his turn; he, called home and won, in 1951, over that twenty-point ahead of Martin, more than ninety points ahead of anyone else. Whether more like (up, the leg hit that a younger man might get), it would have been 400. As a win, it stood in the highest average since his own 406, ninety years before. In 1952, Ted battled for the crown over the season with Garretts, the crowd was even with Garretts, but Ted didn't win. He, then, once again, Ted pulled over to win in 1953. For the final five years (including one on his father's birthday), he had 400.

[illegible]

light, and his appearance, long, greyish, hair-fringe prominent. He then bit a house rat in the bottom of the eighth and clamped his hand over his mouth as he secured the victim's life. In 1952, *quercus laevis* had and stuck him in its hole for seventeen days in September. He came back to his burrow once sometime house rat. In 1954, pinecone from had system suffered opening day, then he spurned as noble, pulled a muscle in his side, and then he went back. In September, after about a week, he was back. He was then watched in his hole. It asked in the hole and clanked a gray-brained body on the board. Ted sat in tears in the dugout and had to be ordered to his place in left field. But over the next twenty or more, he left 500

Now the stretch is just put some always on. The Red Sea goes into a single notes and banded the press into the clubhouse for two years before each name. The Red Sea goes into a single notes and banded the press into the clubhouse for two years before each name. The Red Sea goes into a single notes and banded the press into the clubhouse for two years before each name.

But old Ted had a terrible year in 1959. A pain in his neck turned to stiffness, and he was in traction for three weeks. When he came out, he could barely look at the pitcher. His average languished below .300 for the first time in his career. For the first time, he was benched for not hitting. The right of the Red in the plate was pathetic: even the paper



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offshore. They started seaward, to his corner, floating like his old building, noticeably the wayward ball. He finished at 25 and went to see Tom Vinkey. "Why don't you just wrap it up?" Vinkey said, and Ted tried to back. He was going to make him retire. Ted said he wanted to play, and Vinkey, who owned the Red, offered to assure his contract: \$125,000, the highest ever. No, Ted said, he'd take a buyout and be wanted a cut. So Ted signed for \$80,000 and came back one more time.

Opening day, Washington. A five-day-dred-box home run. Next day, another. He slugged his five hundredth in Cleveland, scored Lou Gehrig and then Mel Ott. Only Fenz and Stays would top him in the all-time list. At forty-two, Ted finished his year with twenty-one homers and 334. Ted revised that Ted might be back. But this was really gone. On his last day at Fenway, a headless crowd went wild, not to watch Ted. And though the day was dreary and the season without hope, the thousand came out to cheer him and hear him say goodbye. There was swelter, cheer for the Fenway Guard, and then, a silver bowl. And Ted made a speech that said, despite all, he felt lucky to play for these fans. And when he came up in the eighth and they roared to cheer, he showed them what Ted Williams could do. He hit a Jack Fisher fastball into the bullpen as right field. And he thought about tapping his cap off as it rapped first but he couldn't, even then, couldn't forget, so he went straight into the dugout, and wouldn't come out for a new

Now it was no hobby. Ted fished harder and fished more than any man around. After his divorce from Diana, he'd really hit home in Massachusetts, bought a single place on the ocean, with no phone and just room for one man and gear. He'd walk before dawn and spend the day in his lake, there come in maybe once a week, maybe drive off to a Cuban or Italian spot where they served big portions and left him alone. Then, back home, he'd be a few lines and he'd be in bed by 3:00. His last night was like that. He didn't even have a TV. That's how he met Louise. He wanted to see a Joe Louis fight, so Jerry took him to Lou's big house. Her husband was a businessman from Ohio and they had a TV. They had everything. Lou had her first kids, the best house, best furniture, best car, and best grades. Though the woman's a woman of letters, she was a pretty good angler, too. She could talk fishing with Ted. Yes, they could talk. And soon, Lou would have a little money at her own, an inheritance that she'd see to buy a divorce. She wanted to do it herself, she said. And there was something else, too. "I love Ted Williams," Louise said. "And he was the most gorgeous thing I ever saw in my life."

New Ted's life was his to make. Too. He signed a six-figure deal with Sears, to lend his name to their line of tackle, fishing gear, and sporting goods. Now, when Hurricane Diana wrecked his little house on the ocean, he bought his three bedroom place on the bay, near Louisa's house. Now he bought a palace, paid the \$1.5 million, in New

Beverly, Canada, and he fished the summer some time. In his house, he was out every day, fish, some, some. He would be most and the biggest—hundreds, maybe, millions—he called them the Big Three. He wanted a thousand of each, and he'd look for his prize. He thought fishing and outdoor fishing and caught fishing in shops for Sears. He felt the joy of the sport, but now there was something else: the catch that either when he'd get a big fish that ran and broke off his line. Ted would also have had to the fish, or break it in half on the boat. "HERE YOU LOUSY SON-OF-A-BITCH. IT'S HERE! THE END OF THE LINE! TAKE THAT, TOO!"

He married again in 1981, a tall blond model from Chicago, Lou Howard. They'd both been divorced, and they thought they'd make a go. Ted brought her down to the Keys. But he still wasn't staying home: he'd be out at dawn without a word on which he'd go, or what he planned, and then he'd come home, sometimes still without words. Sometimes there was only rage and Lou found she was so much. After two years she couldn't take it. She said, "I couldn't do anything else. If we went fishing, he would know as one, call me a — and let the tackle box."

So Ted had another woman, one recent time, five with five. Her name was Diana Wernick, a tall, large-eyed, former Miss Vermont. He spotted her across the aisle on a long plane flight. He was coming from fishing in New Bedford, Doreen had been in Australia, on doctors' appointment for vaginal dis-

ease a man. "Who are you?" He asked it up, looked it at her. She looked him over, and said, "Who are you?" He asked, "Mr. Williams, a fisherman?" and Lou told her his first name was Tom. It wasn't until their third date that she heard he'd done anything but fish. When he found out she was a farm girl who loved the outdoors as much as he, he figured he'd met his match. In a way, he had. She learned to fish, she could hunt, could drink, could curse like a guide. And when they fought, it was like to be, and Ted who showed out of the house. They had a son, John Henry and daughter, Chloë. This first date was the fight, just as it had with Diana. Ted would tell his friends he wasn't out on his family. He was sick at heart when Bobby Jr. left school and didn't go to college. He would write him any message he had know that he'd be in charge. What he had did they went! When Diana became his third divorce, Ted was through with marriage.

TEH MADE THE HALL OF FAME in 1966. He did the honors, the writers, gave him the biggest vote ever. So Ted went north to Cooperstown, and gave a short speech outside the Hall. Then he went back to Florida. He never went inside. They gave him a copy of his plaque. It listed his 406 runs, his best trophies, slugging title, total bases, walks, home runs. It didn't say anything about his wife, his friends, the dogs, the boat. But how much can a plaque say?

There are no statistics on how, how they left, what they took from the game. How many of their days did Ted turn around? How many days did he turn to Cooperstown? Ted just said with him, there was a special sound from a crowd when Ted got his pitch, batted on the ball, whipped his bat in that perfect arc—and missed. It was a momentary miracle, as thousands at once let breath again, gathered themselves, and bowed forward again. To see Ted make a home run was an event for many more runs. And more remarkable, that seeing him get a hit. When Ted retired, some owners turned for attendance in the league. In Boston, where millions came through the years to cheer, so too, to date what he did, there was an absence of memory so bright, however, and among them when he left the light was gone. And Fenway was left with a lesser game.

And what was Ted left with? Well, there was pride. He'd done, he felt, the hardest thing in sport. By God, he hit the ball. And there was pride in his new life: he had his name on more cars and ovens, hunting guns, tackle boxes, jackets, boots, and hats than any man in the world. He studied fishing for no other man, and left to it his time and grace, his discouraging eye. He had his camera, his fishing gear, and his fishing book and fishing movies, and he got his thousand of the Big Three. Jerry Albright says to the day "That all around, the best is Ted." But soon there were scores of boats on the bay, and out so many fish. And even the Marathons had no goals with silver walls to sell.

And Ted walked away from the tournament. There wasn't the feeling of sport in them, or respect for the fish anymore. Somehow it had changed. Or maybe it was Ted.

Last year, Ted and Lou went up to Cooperstown together. This was for the opening of a statue of the fish. There were many plaques in the Hall of Fame, but only two statues: just the Babe and him. And Ted went into the Hall that time, pulled the sheet off his statue and looked at his young self in the flesh of that perfect thing. He looked and he looked, while the crowd got quiet, and the statues stopped fishing. And when he tried to speak, he wept.

"HEY, WHERE THE HELL IS HE?" It's after 4:00, and Ted's getting hungry. "TM GOSNA CALL HIM!"

Lou says, "Don't be ugly." "It's not ugly," Ted insists, but quietly. He fish, and breaths to look at me. "Hey, if this guy doesn't come, you can eat. We were out here!" Then to the phone. "WHERE THE HELL ASK YOU?"

"Ted, don't be mean." "Yes, yes, YES! TOM! GOSNA! WELL, OKAY, BROTHER," Ted has had a successful phone conversation. Quick, and to the point. "Alright, you can eat. Hey, come, take him up to the car."

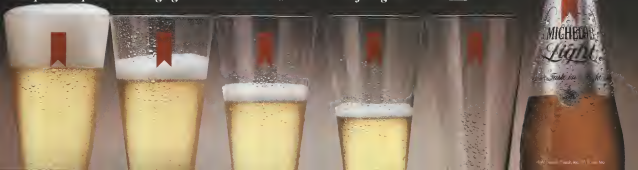
There are no memories in the living room, but Lou has put a few special things in a little room upstairs. Most of the pictures have to do with Ted, but the worst of the room, and his character, have to do with Louise. This is

The finest
imported bops...

old-world
aging...

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taste...

and a
less-filling beer. You can have it all.



no shame. It is a room for right now, a room they walk through every day, and afterwards take place, too. Now it is filled with her quiet energy. Here's Ted Williams when I met him," she says. "And if that isn't gorgeous, I'll eat my hat." And here's an old photo of Lou in shorts, with a fly out, looking through next to a tarpon he pulled from Florida Bay. She does not seem fragile now. She is sexy and able. She has been with Ted ten years straight, and that speaks volumes for her strength and ability. She gets angry sometimes that people do not credit Ted with intelligence. "You don't know him," she says, and her voice has a surprising edge—but she also knows he'll seldom show it. So here she shows a lately young Ted with a 1976 pickup, all in tight school. Here's Ted and Tom Yonkers, and look, the Yonkers has pictures of Ted behind him. Too "Here he is in Korea," says Louise. "You know, when he landed that plane, the blood was pouring from his ears. I have to tell people that." Because he's not dead. Right, Lou? Lou picks up a cushion off a window seat. There are pictures



Williams at forty-seven: the sportsman extraordinaire, still active as he enjoys the long off-season

beside it. "See, he's done so many things."

"Hey, you want a drink?" Ted is calling. "TED WILLIAMS IS GONNA HAVE A DRINK."

Soon he flips into his chair with a tumbler, and hands over a videotape. He wants it in the VCR. He says, "This is the most wonderful part. I shot of my Bill Ziegler. I got him into the majors." That was when Ted came back at 66 to encourage the Senators. Bill Ziegler was the trainer.

"So he had a son and he named him Ted Williams Ziegler. You're gonna see him now. IS IT OK? HEY, YOU LISTENING?" The tape shows Ziegler's two sons hitting. Ziegler sends the tapes for analysis. The second track sends out a steady percussion. Ziegler, through a headset, both boys get winded on the ball. "The camera shows you the first tape he sent, and I'm gonna ask what the difference. See this kid, I told him his boys, he's got to get them OPEN."

From the kitchen, Lougrotsen: "Ted! Not one. Not for one!"

"SEE?" Thank "Ground ball. A little

slow with his hands."

From Lou: "Okay, okay, I don't know either."

HANGS THROUGH? Thank "Center field, always to center, just where he belongs are posted? He's got to (shout) OPEN 'EM UP!"

From Lou, coming in, wiping her hands as she waits for "He doesn't play until like Ted Williams."

Ted/Ziegler he doesn't have "Hips come through OPEN."

He doesn't bring his hands around like you do, honey."

"Yeah he's got to GROUND-BALL! See, when I'm up"—and now Ted takes his stance in the living room—"I'm grounded."

Now his hands are working. "I got the hands worked. CYCLED?" And here's the pitch.

"MUMMUM!" says Ted, as he takes his cut and asks: "We got Bill Ziegler's number?"

WHERE'S HIS NUMBER?"

Ted is yelling on the phone in the kitchen, and Lou is in the living room, trying her

thoughts to small silence. "When Ted takes

letter of acceptance from Bates in his present to Ted. It's got Ted thinking most about the car he's got to buy so John Henry can take a car to school. "Got to have a car." "Hey, anything about Lou? can check this out." "Course, there's gotta have to be rules. He's working it over to his mind, and he makes." "Maybe say that other then school. He can't take the car if his mother says no." "Lou is in a chair across the room. She's nodding. "HAVE to be rules," Ted says, "so he doesn't just shut out of the house. slam out and JUMP IN THE CAR."

Something has turned in his gut, and his face is working growing harder. There's a mean glimmer in his eye, and he's thinking of his elder daughter, working away from him.

"SLAM OUT. LIKE MY DAUGHTER USED TO."

His teeth are clenched and the words are tight. It's like he's turned toward to face something we cannot see. It is a hurricane night, this way out, forward, and also clear, holding only words at his vision of pain. I feel I should leave the room, but too late. THAT BURNED ME.

The match is on. Lou calls it the Devil is in.

"A PAIN IN MY MANY RECTUM?"

"Now," says Lou. She is fighting for him. She has not finished.

"WILL DID," he says through clenched teeth. "AND MAKES YOU HATE SWIMMING."

"Ted. Stop." But Ted is gone.

"FIVE GOOD."

"TED?"

"HATE LIFE?"

"TED! JUST STOP!"

"DON'T YOU TELL ME TO STOP. DON'T YOU EVER TELL ME TO STOP!"

Lou's mouth twists up slightly, and she says "HAH."

And that does it. They've beaten it, or Lou has, or it's just gone away. Ted walks back to his chair. The girl is unchained. He grins slowly. "You know, I know this just a little more."

Lou sits back, but Lou laughs.

"GUESS I'M TRAINING," Ted says. "TEACHING HER."

"Because," Lou says, Mr. Ziegler, but her voice is limp. She heads back to the kitchen, and Ted follows her with his eyes.

Then he finds her at his couch, and she comes over through his legs. "WHEN ARE YOU LEAVING? HUH?"

JEN'S, "YOU'RE LIKE THE GOD-DAMN BLESSING SECRET PEOPLE!"

"ORAY, MY? YEAH SURE, GOODBYE?"

Ted walks me out to the driveway. As I start the car, Lou's face is a smile in the window, and Ted is bent at the elbow, guiding

her new delivery engine, holding it with his big hands while the dog rols and paws the air. And as I ease the car into gear, I hear Ted's voice behind, saying, only quiet now.

Do I love this little dog, baby? Yes. This little shadow dog. Yes, just I love you.

Yes, I do. ©

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0-60	6.2 sec
0-100	17.0 sec
1/4 mile	15.6 sec
1-5	A B C D E F
0-60	2.0 sec
0-100	10.0 sec
0-150	18.0 sec
0-200	30.0 sec

LATERAL ACCELERATION

0-20 sec	0.8 G
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Private Parts

Locker-Room Confidential

by Tony Kornheiser



Maybe the locker's about women. Not the whole women, mind you (just some of her parts).

Most of what you need to know about locker-room humor is in the following twelve words: We are teenagers. You have seen us. I call you Puss Face.

We do not talk about ideological disagreements. We do not talk about social harmonies. We do not talk about privatization of government assets or strategic defense

initiatives. We talk rocky.

Rocky (and, occasionally, arthroscopic surgery) is the currency of the locker room. All the guys, even the smart ones, the ones who carry something besides Red Man, condoms, and a cordless phone in their attache case, talk rocky. That way nobody has to talk about love.

Link, "How many orgasms can a woman have at one time?"

Did I mention we are naked and scratching our groins when we engage in the riveting dialogue? Locker-room humor is by and for people who strip towels at each other's bare backsides. It was shown that

It is a safe place: manic, regressive and powerful, making things to the floor (creating holes in underwear, smoking kinnikinnick and pecksnoots). And the whole pursuit of sociological acrobatics. It's not for everyone. Warana, for example, it's not for women. Mostly, it's about women. Not the whole woman, thank you, just some of her parts. Were I a woman, I would not be amused by locker-room humor, but perhaps I am overly sensitive. No walk into the ladies' room after your first date with Miss X and conclude that that she is a woodsprite. I stare and conclude that you have a new girlfriend and Miss X. One by one, our intimates are

press recognition. "Blond. Herbie rock. I did her, and so did my dog. Give her our best."

There are too many special-interest groups to accommodate: blacks, whites, dogists, Vaagists, God-squads, party-tanners. We need to find a level deck on which everyone can stand on. Try to understand it all about self-protection. We're not all so reformed Vaagists. Most of us, in fact, answer the dose and answer at the same time. Some are even witty like Gung Nettles, who commented on the dudiness of me: "Spewy! Lyle was eating the Yagler's Penis! Yag! Yag! to me in a yag!" We choose the kind of humor because it serves the group best. It keeps everyone alert and insulates us from the evil emotional problems like isolation and despair.

Stalidity, without ever leaving a comfortable zone, we find a tender spot and hook it. We belittle your accent, your education,

your mother, your dad, and... That thing you've got. It looks like a real penis—only smaller." But all this we're stealing, she's admonished that the wife is our own agency of showing affection. We need to thank ourselves as much as we need to thank the other person. The things we steal about us can be soft, especially our love. You have to be tough to be the locker room, at least pretend that you are. Partly because we don't want any distinctions, we want to know as well as what we can create when the locker room is open. We want to know the inside of laughter keeps everyone, including our comrades, from showing how weared we may truly be of losing our job, of admitting our vulnerability... That speed and quickness is so much everything out there, like they are in here, in the same, with the perpetual adolescence of the locker room.

So maybe we're not funny. What's it to you, huh. Pizza Place? 

Jock of Ages



It was at Fontenot and Gaudry, a department store in Church Point, Louisiana, that my father bought me my first yodelling strap. My great uncle Hugh Gaudry ran the store and kept them in boxes bringing out books in the underwear department. There were only two men, large and extra-large, and every one was the same. A pouch that looked like the breathing apparatus of a great fish was sewn into a elastic waistband and joined at its tapered bottom by two support straps that served to embrace the buttocks.

There was a jockstrap was not the sort of thing you wanted to try on and look at in the tall reflecting glass next to the women's closets. I put mine on and home in the dark I pulled down the shades and looked at the door and worked it up over my blue jeans then took off my blue jeans and worked it up over my all-cotton briefs. It was a small door that, a jockstrap was. When I finally managed to work it up over my naked male, I turned up the radio and danced manly dance. I did some hot freestyle rapping. Then I put on a pair of gym trunks and learned another. I ran down the street.

lacked up gravel in front of Linda Valenzuela's house. Everything felt good and right and precise. Later in my room, I practiced taking it on and off in front of a full-length mirror.

My first bought the pocketing knowing I would be expected to wear one during physical class at the junior high school I attended. It was his way to make the occasion of the purchase an uncomfortable one as possible, and for that I am eternally grateful. Other boys were less fortunate—remember one poor creature named Mott who turned up on my eighth-grade football team. Mott owned an amazing shag that crinkled and bent, but he looked downright hostile. I fought with a clipped Custer accent all season when he took out. He was almost always wearing a pair of pants that were straining on a shambler's knees. I told him for two simple reasons. He was famous for not having known what a pocket strap was and five being dumbly enough to believe it was a nose BRANCO.

"You dip it over your face, when it's your turn at bat," somebody told Mott the first day of camp. We walked him into the bath-

more. "Try it on for size," somebody else said. "See how it fits."

A ninth grader who had been wearing jackets for years threw a hoodie-puller little at most North. He said he was doing his first throw a fence. She said he was breaking it. Most's new nose protector. Most cried and cried and ran to the PE instructor. "Make them stop," Most begged. The PE instructor took out his paddle and spoke to the accused. When it was over, the student walked off by himself and thought of grades out. He came back and said, "Most couldn't carry my damn protector." There were tears in his eyes and a heavy weight of blood in his purple cheeks. "You see no-coast ones, Most?" he said. "You are nothing but a piece."

That was back before they came out with jokes that look like women's nylon panties and ruined everything. Matt trans-ferred to another school and started his life all over again. That was a long time ago.

—John Ed Bradley

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Flow: better, more, longer



Incidentally, Acid built to stay that way.

Fight Games



Somebody who would not have a right to be a surrogate wanted you to take the first swing, all he had to do was cling on your rather and you were obliged to rip his lungs out. In that kind of parental discourse, the crassness, the coarseness, the worst was defining our rather was as generous. All psychoanalysts at work.

"Dear Skan, I'm sorry we had that fight because you and my mother had a vein on the side of her forehead."

—Richard Price

That Day on Mount McKinley

I had just finished a successful circumnavigation of Mount McKinley when one of the group members, Galen Russell, suggested we crown the trip with a side-dip attempt up and down the mountain. No one had ever done this before. We took off at about 2,000 a.m. roped together, with me in the lead. We were on skis, trying to move as fast as possible, and we had our ice axes in our pockets.

The conditions can change quickly on McKinley, so instead of sitting on soft snow we found ourselves on an icy slope. This was no place to be on skis, so I told Galen I was going to turn around and put on my crampons. But when I started backing up I lost my edge on the snow, and I was gone like a shot—boom—headfirst down the slope. We were tied quite short, maybe fifty feet apart, and when I came to the end of the rope the force of my fall just popped Galen off the mountain. By sheer luck someone had left an old fixed rope hanging onto the mountain and I reached out and grabbed it off the snow and caught myself—there was no thought, nothing, I just grabbed it and it stopped me. I was hanging there, upside down, and Galen tumbled directly on top of me, headfirst into my ski edges, and out his face along. I couldn't believe it was him, but I couldn't see him, so I said, "I'm holding onto the mountain with one hand, and you've got to get off me and let yourself into the rope." He was going into shock but he pulled himself together enough to spin off me, then I wiggled around and tied myself in.

Galen's entire mouth was split open—blood was pumping everywhere. We had a dirty bucket (right around his face) to staunch the bleeding and started our retreat. On the way down I fell again, this time into a crevasse. I yelled to Galen to let me and somehow he hauled me out and popped me back up like I was out of a trap. Finally we got down to our buddies. We broke camp and got Galen to the hospital that evening. But someone let something like that go around and our work was on. So this week later we tried it again and did it.

You know, everyone thinks the things are very risky, but you calculate your risk very carefully, you do your research. And when you're out there you're



actually very conservative because if you take a risk very often you're gonna get chapped. I always use Inverness to be the best climber—just the oldest.

—Ned Gillette

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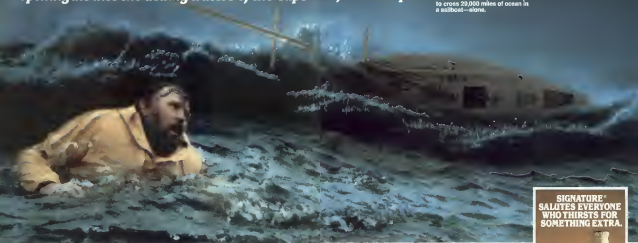
**SIGNATURE
SALUTES A MAN WHO THIRSTS
FOR SOMETHING EXTRA.**

RICHARD KONKOLSKI

**"I was alone, when a wave as big as a house
spilling me into the deadly waters of the Cape**

**crashed against my boat, capsizing it, and
of Good Hope."**

Richard Korkorfeld, in his attempt
to cross 23,000 miles of ocean in
a sailboat—alone.



Self-sufficiency is the key to singlehanded sailing. At sea I am my own doctor, mechanic, chef, dishwasher, navigator, carpenter and weatherman. If something breaks, I either fix it or live without it. The saying, "Necessity is the mother of invention," is never more true than when you are alone at sea.

After 150,000 solo miles around the world, I have learned that the learning process never ends. And I certainly know better than to say I've seen it all. But I have been fortunate to enjoy a life filled with adventure, excitement,

challenge, often rare beauty and always a sense of personal fulfillment.

What follows are a couple of the highlights.

It had been three years since I left England to begin a solo voyage around the world. In that time I had covered some 25,000 miles. All that was left was to sail around South Africa's Cape of Good Hope—the notorious "Cape of Storms"—and on to Great Britain.

I left port with a favorable breeze, but it grew with intensity

through the morning. By noon I had shortened sail considerably and by mid-afternoon I struck them entirely, allowing the boat to drift before the raging wind and rain.

It was a full-fledged gale but nothing I hadn't weathered many times before. I went below to the cabin to ride out the storm.

What ensued was a sound I'll never forget: the incredible roar of a violent wave. Its force plunged my boat, bow first, toward the ocean floor.

Water poured into my cabin and kept me from reaching the

hatch. Then the first of several remarkable events occurred. The boat miraculously rolled over and righted herself. I poked my head above the now chest-high water and took a long breath of sweet, fresh air. Looking around the cabin I knew that first and foremost I had to bail out the water.

There is no better bilge pump than a scared man with a bucket. I bailed water through the ports and through the hatch, like a man possessed, until finally, the boat's bottom reappeared.

For the first time in hours I made my way topside, to assess the damage. Happily, the mast was still standing, and even though my compass was swept away I considered myself fortunate that the situation wasn't worse.

I went below again to make minor repairs in the cabin. Even fixing the ports proved to be an arduous task, as I found myself slipping and sliding on a floor that was now a slippery conglomeration of eggs, avocados, flour and sea water.

By now it was dark and I was

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"When you're alone, even a school of whales is welcome company. But when a frisky, 30-ton creature starts banging his head against the hull, for fun, it's no laughing matter."



cold and hungry. I longed for a hot meal to be followed by a short nap in a warm, dry place. What I got instead was another unwelcome surprise.

Through a porthole I saw the lights of a huge freighter; it was bearing down on me and a collision seemed inevitable. I went up on deck again and began waving my flashlight at the ship. As I waved frantically I was unaware of a high wall of water that was about to engulf my boat. The rushing sound alerted me and as I turned towards the noise, the giant wave smashed

against the boat, the impact throwing me with great force into the sea.

Struggling to stay afloat, I could only watch with helplessness as my boat capsized. I knew there was little hope in flagging down the freighter in the dark, so my only hope was to reach my boat—even though it was rapidly drifting away from me. I swam as fast and as hard as I could, calculating the spot where the mast would probably break the surface when the boat began to right itself. Luckily for me, I reached the mast just as it

was rising out of the water.

I grasped a strand of broken rigging wire that yanked me towards the vessel. I was now close enough to the boat to pull myself aboard.

By early morning the sea was stable again and at dawn I witnessed a breathtaking sunrise. Perhaps it's this natural paradox of the sea—one moment a raging, threatening force, the next a thing of beauty—that has drawn me to it time and time again; challenging and fulfilling me at the same time.

For 17 days the boat was becalmed. No storm was in sight until a school of whales off Cape Verde, Africa. Not even the slightest breeze to relieve the oppressive heat.



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**"Cape Horn, U.S. Mt. Everest of ocean crossings;
of icebergs; a deadly menace ready to smash**

**Screaming winds, heavy seas and the threat
a boat to pieces."**



If there is any place on this earth that can be rightfully called the "sailor's Mt. Everest," it is Cape Horn, the barren, rocky promontory at the southern tip of South America.

It is a giant depository of the huge waves that roll unobstructed and unchecked across the breadth of the wide Pacific Ocean, finally piling up in the shoal waters off the Cape like top-heavy monsters.

To say that the winds blow fiercely at times is the height of understatement, and as if conditions weren't difficult enough,

there are always the hazards of icebergs and fog.

So, understandably, it was with a great deal of apprehension that I first approached the infamous Cape on one of my solo voyages.

It was a starless night; the sea, solid black, except for the white crests of an occasional breaking wave. Since my last port of call, thirty-five days of sailing and over 6,000 miles were behind me.

Ahead lay fog banks like huge, soft land masses, and beyond, always the threat of icebergs and a close-hugging

shoreline.

For several days poor visibility had denied me getting a sun sight, so when the shadow of Diego Ramirez Island loomed into view—signalling that the Horn was not far beyond—I was pleased to have my position confirmed. The fog, however, continued to close in, and I knew that this would prevent me from having a visual sighting of the Horn itself.

The wind built in intensity during the night, keeping close pace with my growing sense of anxiety. Between the wind, the

fog, the menace of icebergs and the starless sky, I was more than a little concerned. Around midnight a number of birds appeared, totally unmindful of the hazards around them. I was grateful for these cheerful companions, and there's no doubt they helped ease the tensions of the nocturnal passage.

By morning I was in the midst of a full gale, and even though I hadn't slept a wink all night, I was wide awake, exhilarated by the knowledge that I had single-handedly sailed safely around Cape Horn—a feat accom-

plished by fewer than 50 men and women in the past half century.

After sailing to the end of the earth, I was ready, once more, to point my bow toward home.

Richard Konkolski, adventurer and author, is one of a handful of men who have twice circled the globe under sail, alone. He has also completed three singlehanded trans-Atlantic races and is the holder of numerous sailing records. He and his family make their home in Newport, Rhode Island. ■

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Middle-Age Crazy

The Mild One



Over man a dream machine: the 1980 Honda Silverstein 750. It's delivered 20,000 miles in 10,000 days.

I am not now and never was a member of Hell's Angels. Nor filled my belt with a Piss and Vase. Nor worn leather's spiky rips, angs, chains, and leathers, its bulging, spit-to-your-eye costume jewelry. Trying to prove something through the twenty, white equivalent maybe. I taught at the University of Wisconsin in Milwaukee the summer of '69 when Richie went to school, Ralph Malph (lured by where Arnold (fugged) hawwaggers, Fosse cool to that schoolroom where Armstrong peered at the moon and Monroe baller glauzed Sharon Tate, and the entire 1974 English department for so it seemed to me, all naming a apocryphal select already engines (don't old drive motorcycles and old cars, not a ball alone among them) coming to have left actual houses. They lived in tents maybe, or tents in actual tracks, in the wide coils of trucks and long trailers on the leveled ground of construction sites. Never admitting they had homes to return to, spouses, kids, etc. joy, or no, not joy, not anything religious, just guys off on a tear, long being boys. (This is how they seemed to me, who envied them.) Men with expertise, showing about the names of their bikes as if they were equipment in which they were checked out, men they were qualified to drive, the lengths of the fuses they were certified to light, the condescension of the acetylene they were certified to spark.

It was the summer I met sky divers, rockers, traidlets, men who roller skate and dance, themselves engaged in respectable risks, their motorcycles only by exposure. The summer I traveled mach-

man carles on colleagues' long Leatherette bike backs, a sixteen understood as a Roman with. And watched my pressure, took my pulse, turned my clothing leathers, and counted to my age when I loved. I had this ritual. I'd start counting when my stomach started, and stop when it stopped. Unless the numbers added up to thirty—dirty—no, I was a dead guy—I'd divided everything after thirty was, my age at the time, by two and added that to the total—fifty-eight. I was history—in sea how long I'd left to live.

Back in the Louis I spent for a motorcycle of my own—a Honda 750 with an electric starter, though I made the purchase contingent on someone teaching me how to operate the thing. For I'd never actually driven a motorcycle. The man in the showroom, looking more academic than the profit in Milwaukee, was very cooperative and assigned someone to teach me. I was promised, we were all so confident I could make it past the death of so lights, map signs, and truck left turns between the agency and home. I wouldn't be and, to himself off the lot observance (I wish, I thought, sure.) Only I couldn't quite get the knack of it, showing the delicate tap dance required to shift gears, the precision heel-toe, brush-tooth lemons, just using hand levers to stop and to a left checked out as an iliac Schwinn whose controls consisted of stand on what weren't even pedals. (Because it's true. Once you learn to ride a bike you don't forget. Even if it runs your efforts to learn anything else.)

I went back on my word and bought the thing anyway. It was important for me to have a motorcycle that year, even if the

salesman drove it home while I, a passenger in a pal's car, held my helmet and tapped the field. And indeed, "Get it on the backside?" Good, let it stand there forever."

Copping surreptitious peeks when I passed a window. Checked out at late and wagon, scooter, sled, my very own Be Wheel, vision, vision. "I'll just spend me again." "Have neighbors without head problems move it into the living room. Use it as a planter."

I learned how to ride from the owner's manual. I'm not slicky, a baron, uppers were before I discovered into a splendid, unadorned Alfy. There are no encounters in life. What would they show? Boning Up on GP Learning Tool Kit? Making Maintenance?

Hey, I was too scared of the thing to get my good at it. Or feel settled in my pants whenever altered transubstantiated power those 750 cc's of engine were supposed to represent. But you know what? When I put on the helmet it covered my bald spot. Strangers threw me high signs, peace signs. A lot of nice, occasional birds. Which, too aware of my skills to take up head off the handlebars, I rarely acknowledged, earning me points for my cool.

We sat out, the m-lens, my kids, again as back like people parking on patios. When I sold the motorcycle in 1974, it had less than twelve hundred miles on it. I'd tell you exactly, but it didn't add up to thirteen.

—Stanley Elkin

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Muscle

Hulk Triumphant

by Charles Gaines



In the late 1940s, muscles had credibility in this country, and Charles Allen was one of the most celebrated Americans alive. His company, founded with Charles Fennan in 1945, was selling tens of thousands of exercise courses annually. Allen was heard on the radio with Fred Allen and Eddie

Cantor, seen on television with Bob Hope and Garry Moore. He was written about in *Reader's Digest*. Look, *Saturday Evening Post*, and *The New Yorker*, and was photographed with Marlon Brando, Joe Lucas, Jack Dempsey, and Gene Saragyn. He even counted a member of the British royal fam-

The Body Builder as Charles Allen's 1945 portrait. Since Allen captured an aging Charles Allen in all his glory, he died of a heart attack in 1972.



Arnold on display: The 1977 bodybuilding documentary *Pumping Iron* made Schwarzenegger famous. In reality, he took the sport out of the gym and made it much bigger, proving that his 1980 hit, *The Terminator* flopped because it was of less, rather than more, of his off-camera muscle.

ly among his nearly one million pupils.

But the great majority of people who wrote to Atlas and bought his course through ads in the backs of comics and men's magazines were not really of any kind. They were laborers, clerks, clerks, and adolescents—people not often at the top of their heap, with reasons to dream of new beginnings and make events and reasons to long for the physical courage, attractiveness to women, and self-determination that his ads promised. Atlas sold the country on muscles because he made a pact with his body. The pact had to do with achievement against odds, with dreams becoming reality, with the body being put in his place, and most of all, it had to do with referring self-improvement. Atlas made American boys and men believe that by building muscles like his, they could become something more and better than what they were, and that that becoming would save them.

But things change, and from the 1980s until very recently the only connection you could find between muscles and mainstream America was the gym rat. The gym rat was maybe eighteen years old, and you

could locate him in the culture, if you looked in the right places, anywhere from the central middle class on down. He had puffy arms, skinny legs, and he tended to burp a lot in public from all the Tiger's Milk he drank every night before bed. He was the one—the only one, really—who bought the vitamin supplement, the "crusher" grip exercisers, and the Dime Dropper meal-order chest-expansion program. And he was the only one in America in 1970—the only one—who had heard of Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Today, anyone who doesn't live under a rock knows who Arnold is, and muscles are big business again. While your average sportsbook still doesn't put on skinny little trucks on Sunday and top onto a young dad in a public place, chances are that he pumps at least a little Nautilus, if not more. The interclassific has sprung from the backs of comics and is everywhere now, being bought and used not only by the gym rat but by his parents, his grandparents, his boss, even his girlfriend.

Muscles, in short, have arrived again in America. As the bulk of the population begins to age, a precursor was put on the

young look. And that looks fit. What are muscles, after all, runs the current thinking, but the remnants of fitness, the hard-won jewelry of the good life? Then Arnold happened, gloriously wearing the wearing of our muscles for the first time since Atlas. With his enormous charm, intelligence, and success, the Austrian Oak has all but missed the deep-seated desire most Americans harbored of the body builder as a stupid, coordinatively helpless misanthrope with suspect sexual preferences. But the matelot of the present American muscles renaissance is the "new patriots." Recently, the whole country has seemed to cross eternal apocryphal and it got them, sort of, in Rambo, Springfield, and a woodchopping, weight-lifting President.

In 1980s America, muscles have come to mean something again, as observed with the beauty of health and a growing impatience with having used locked in our face have continued to give back to muscles a national symbolic credibility. And in Arnold, who we see as with such relief and panache, muscles have, for the first time since Charles Atlas, a salesman who can make almost anyone want to own a set of



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See Reader Service Card after page 100

In Love

"The overwhelming attraction between his wife and best friend would eventually die down. Meanwhile, as lived as three, or nearly, and now Max once he carried her upstairs as she moved wistfully to me over his shoulder."
—James Salter, "The Captain's Wife"



Flames

My First Girlfriend

My first love was so thin and fragile that she could wrap me leg around the other knee. We were entering adulthood before the Vietnam War, before sex turned into politics, while we were still able to snicker at wags that were merely personal.

When she studied she became more intense. As I walked the long aisles of the library I could feel her feet looking under the tables. Below the vent she rounded the ankles in a medical design.

In the moral sphere she was also a connoisseur. She loved me, but I was alien to her vision of living happily ever after. She came from the heart of bourgeois life. Her cryon in her family was a lawyer. The suburbs of Chicago were her Nurture. She knew other kinds of life must be possible, but it was all so abstract—like existentialism. She would feel legs, loved me secretly, didn't dare mention my name to her parents.

I was not accustomed to such heart wrenching. I came from the working class from houses clustered near factories. The girls I grew up with knew that youth and beauty would be brief. They understood at fourteen that by twenty their flesh would sag and their femininity would best them. They had forty-five-year-old divorced grandmothers who sat on benches still waiting to meet the right fellow.

From that tragic but unapologetic world of young bodies, I somehow became an intellectual and at college found my heart opened to this intense suburbanite. I

loved her confusion, her nervousness, her hesitancy. I had no previous experience with courtship or coitus. When she told me that she wanted to wait, I thought she meant minutes.

We were lovers of a sort for two years. I understood that she would not have the courage to come away with me; that she would live the safe, careful life her parents planned for her. But I tortured myself with hope. I was hardly an anarchist, but I was not a doctor-lawyer-engineer either, and she sensed in me the dangers of unpredictability and failure. She also loved to be right, wished she too could take them. She would feel legs and fantasized and I waited, finally, from half a continent away.

When she called to tell me she was marrying someone else, I swallowed my rage. They told her they stuck in my throat. The next morning a grass seed, big as bed for several days, eventually, ricked by lost love. Finally I dragged myself to a doctor, convinced that a broken heart was no more curable.

The doctor looked me over. I told him nothing. I thought that he would prescribe a long, slow recovery in the Swiss mountains, a decade at so of withdrawal from the world. I was ready.

"Marry," he said.

She assured I recovered with new intensity, but only for five months.

—Max Apple

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Now that you know about these *Ana* headphone stereos, we're going to let you in on another secret. There are 14 other great *Ana* headphone stereo models we didn't even tell you about.



Our First Girlfriend



We looked at her now, and all we saw was a girl. There is no woman here. Uncle Walt has made sure to hide the evidence. He has stashed it behind the Mousepeter, so that none of future ages have to wonder with their hearts and not their eyes.

The summary is that much sweeter. She was our first older woman. She was the first girl we knew who grew up. We watched her spend, day after day, as we sat at her feet, owned us.

She was our first afternoon after. We stole time with her after school. To make a moment with her, we had to endure the tap dances and giggles of girls like Cheryl and Karen and Doreen—babies, all smiles and no secrets, girls like our sisters.

She was our first movie queen. She was up there bigger than life, with liquid eyes and dark mystery. And a body. But when we reached our own pudgy hands, Uncle Walt stepped in. He kept her behind glass.

She was our first wish object. But she hung around with jerks like Jerome and wimps like Cubby—guys who looked at themselves in the mirror as much as she did. We knew that boys like us had no real chance with a woman like her—and deep, deep down we didn't want it. She was best from afar. She was real in a dancer. She was the first one we ever loved full way.

—Lee Eisenberg

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See Dealer Service Center for page 102

The Captain's Wife

by James Salter

*Once upon a time
there was honor in love*

A few years after the war I fell hopelessly in love with a woman in Honolulu. She had a wide mouth and good-looking legs. She'd been a page at the Mo-Sar-Ben Hall when she was six years old, dressed in a white satin tunic, long white stockings, and a line with ostrich plumes—there was a photograph of it, the costume oddly provocative, in her living room. She told me she'd been brought up by missionaries, girls straight off the Nebraska farm who were addressed as "mademoiselle."

We were attracted to each other instantly. We educated each other and adored each other. She was high-spirited and careless. People always told her they liked the way she talked. She used words like "sincerely," "entirely," "beckons," and "god-awful." Years later she would get a job by smiling sweetly and saying to the boss, "I'll bet I can make you say 'what,' Mr. Conover." She was a year older than I was, but at that age it made no difference. She was also married. Her husband was a captain in the Air Force. I was a lieutenant. He was my best friend.

We had been in the same company at West Point, Leland—that's not his real name—and I. He was a couple of classes ahead of me, which is to say useful. Laid-back and not very studious, he was slender, with black hair and white skin. He'd been raised in the Army—his father was a general—and they'd lived in Hawaii before the war. One of his sisters who had died just before her wedding was buried there. At the funeral they had played island songs, calling to the wanderer to return.

Like a wanderer's son, Leland was somewhat indifferent to the

Lieutenant James Salter on the wing
of his fighter plane, Hawaii, 1947



jeep. Unidentified at West Point, a mere cadet sergeant who didn't bother to polish his shoes, he had the misfortune of an heir. I knew little about him then, even in the gutter that underlings know things, and nothing at all of his fancier suit on the frigate June afternoon he graduated and left. On the floor of the basement, unintentionally abandoned, were strewn the love letters he had written that were being passed from hand to hand.

He went into the Air Force, was assigned to attack bombers, A-26s, and was shot down somewhere over Europe and made a prisoner of war. By the time I knew him again, he was a staff officer in a headquarters at Hickham, had a set of quarters, a car who had been been while he was in prison camp, and a beautiful wife I had recently arrived.

The war passed my days by. We sailed for the Philippines in its break—the day after, in early 1945, beneath the Golden Gate Bridge. Even which being a huge sign we were unable to read. When our troop ship had passed it we went to the rear deck, thinking of the glory of mission at last though gloomy at the losses, and looked back. Facing the Pacific it read: *you come to me, sailors!* It was the era of light but not jet fight. The Pacific was endless—it took almost forty hours to fly to Japan and fifteen days to sail to Manila. The water in Manila Bay was still the color of rusty brown, and the mountains were dark and far away. Underneath the water, the water was still dark and far away.

I saw MacArthur as the Manila Hotel on Philippine Independence Day. He was thicker around the middle than I had pictured him, and shorter, with hair slicked across a balding head. MacArthur was then still a disputed figure, slandered by many who had been under his command and at least interested in him. The fighter pilots met in the barracks of bars and nightclubs who, wearing on their feet, clanked to have been Richard Bong's wingman or possibly McGuire's. Of less interest also than one of my historians at Nichols Field who every night showed, put on fresh bloomers, and went off to his morning dance hall in a once-famous district, Santa Ana, returning the next morning soiled, exhausted, missing insignia, and smelling faintly of ammonia, who was approximately the color of Filipino women. I went with him finally. It was a place as big as a field house, seething and crowded, with a full band on a stage at each end and a thousand sergeants, petty officers, and girls sitting at tables.

There were still flying helmets and field equipment to be found on the floor, and the group of officers I arrived with occasionally got permanent assignments and were scattered over the Pacific, to Okinawa, Guam, Japan, and—miserable luck for a man—Hawaii.

Hawaii in those days was not much

changed from the town James Jones described in *From Here to Eternity*. The war had filled it with money and strangers but the social structure and pace were of a colonial domain, untroubled by the remote. Visitors came by sea on the Matsun line, and usually stayed for a couple of weeks at one of the two big hotels that were on the beach at Waikiki. The bloomers of the barracks Royal Hawaiian, which during the war had virtually belonged to most officers on leave. There was a fountain in the lobby that gave forth pineapple juice, and musicians strolled beneath the windows in the fragrant darkness. Close by was the general Outrigger Club, a low-rise restaurant and shops, and beyond that the low, ramshackle houses of the tropics.

Hawaii was in many ways a distant province of California and its reputation so unimpaired that they said, as they did of Tahiti, you left a rather crying or drunk. Most stars were part of its life. I had a navigator, part Hawaiian, whose beautiful sister had run off to the other side of Oahu with one, hoping to get into the movies in the time-honored way, and their mother had made her follow and harshly reprimand her. He had been a beachboy, this navigator, at the Outrigger, an envious position something above a caddy and beneath a tennis pro. He told me that before the war when the old *Matsun* sailed they would go from Honolulu to Hilo, and when the grapefruit was raised they would still be aboard. As the ship passed the breakwater they would dive fully clothed and heaped with leis, from the stern, alone.

Apart from this ready and romantic manner there were the case files, the little farming communities, the military posts, the expensive houses out by Diamond Head and up in the hills, the outer islands, and the sea. The Navy and the Army had possessed some of their wartime prestige. The brass still clung with society, which was beginning to flail its leathers again after some chaotic years.

Sometimes, when visiting Los Angeles, in the wild, mid-nights, I felt the flavor of all that again—dancing under the palm trees, drinks on the lawn, boom machines, molasses, manner clothes. I had been at Hickham a few months when I ran into Leland. Did I just call, he wanted to know? I began to write him. He was a wonderful companion on the golf course, generous and good-natured. Instead of a kind of reunion, it was as if we were meeting for the first time and taking immediately to each other. I only understood later that he had more or less been looking for me, a friend to divert him from difficulties that, beneath the surface, existed at home.

There house was just behind the headquarters where he worked. I remember it only vaguely—small, company-grade, a bit at best, the bedrooms upstairs. I entered for the first time one Saturday morn-

ing and there she was, young, greenish gray, slightly awkward. As there was a vague mention of friends, I asked if there were any signs.

"Eggs?" she said as if the word were completely new.

"Poached eggs?" I asked, which was what they served at the club. From the first moment we were supping it on another she gave me a look almost of unexpected admiration. There were no eggs, she said. We ate cold omelet. Paula didn't like to cook. Leland explained to me later. Nor did she like art houses—she looked toward him. Going to the university was a horror. She looked down at military life, making of the Army some who didn't have her sophisticated style, and was too clever for bridge. In short, dangerous.

I loved her looks. I tried to talk to her, in her presence. The situation was perfect. I didn't have to take account about it, she was there. And from the beginning I felt she was attracted to me. I began to see them all the time. I don't remember the first physical contact. It was probably at a dance. When we stood up she found awkwardly with my arm and her body touched mine with complete familiarity. I finally screwed up my courage enough to tell her, at least discreetly, of my real feelings. If I had met her first I would have married her, I said.

"Fancy," she said, "because I'm a little in love with you, too. I was going to tell you tonight."

Before long we were leaving the movies early and going off to the warmest officers' club, where no one knew us, to drink and dance. Leland was on duty at the headquarters. When we came out she stopped just past the door and said, "Will you do me a favor?"

"Yes. What?"

She raised her face. "Will you kiss me?"

Leland was too prosaic for her. I knew it and she told it to me. Suddenly I was painfully aware of the meaning of possession. The privileges of the marriage bed, the intricacies of dressing and undressing, clothes on the same closet, a woman breaking her hair, putting on silk stockings—these were performances I tried not to think of. I had felt that once before but not so strongly. There had been one married couple assigned in Salt Lake City whom we lived for a while in a hotel there. She was blond and unadorned and you could smell her perfume. After dinner in the hotel or a nearby restaurant she and her husband would go up to their room and in the morning, sometimes, come down for breakfast. There was a piece of Scott Fitzgerald's that we wallowed in.

In the fall of 1945.

In the cool of the afternoon

I saw Leland

Under a white moon—

It was not perfect. Paula's and mine. Leland struggled at it. He didn't have that

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particular weakness. He was rather like an English aristocrat, a mix of decency, little snootiness, and certain prejudices. The things he knew he knew very well, and they were social things on which side the point of honor sat at dinner, how to care a horse, he a dress he, which shoes were best, which clubs. When Paula and I did as he wanted, he trusted it, for his happiness and to keep her, I suppose, and probably because he was sure of it. He himself was not the sort of man to be unkind or to find distraction in others, and besides there was little opportunity. He didn't have a job where he traveled much, and post he was strange—something was suspiciously known, especially if repeated. He was completely masculine—his marriage was his life just as his uniform was, his ball shoes, his good name. The overwhelming attraction between his wife and friend would eventually die down; he had to believe that. Mean while we lived in three, or nearly, and knew that once he carried her upstairs as she saved worthily to me over his shoulder. We had dinner, we went to places in town, to the club liked to be obvious. As a party in Kahala she sat by me, talked to me, and tried to open it up. I was sure that everyone knew what was happening. She pointed against me well, as if no one could see it, screamed my loud.

"I dreamed of you last night," she said to me. "Widely. I feel particularly close. Oddly enough," she added, "I dream of you all the time."

Meanwhile at large games Leland sat sultry throwing beams at her across the table.

She: You're getting into my dress, Leland. He, dragging: Isn't that where I'm supposed to be?

And she and I would dance and whisper our deepest confessions. She had to sleep with him for three months, she told me, it was a crime against. "I dated right,"

she said!

"Paula is as close with you," a mutual friend told me. I didn't know what to do. I loved her passionately and I knew I would never feel that close with her again.

She had been dressed like that it would not be that easy. Devere was a rarity in the society in which we lived. Besides, we were trusted. Afterward, where would we go? A general's wife told her a story about the same post with a married woman named Eleanor. Her husband had taken her on a trip for two months and asked her as a friend to drop by and cheer his wife up while he was gone. The upshot was that when the husband returned, his wife asked her for a divorce. Eleanor flatly agreed, but with a condition: that she never see her little daughter again. She gave in and married the other officer. Of course, the general's wife continued, they weren't accepted in three after that and had to leave. After some years the wife died. Their son, who became a famous officer himself, used to say that his mother had died of a broken heart because she could never see her first child.

That was another thing, Paula's son. He was just over a year old and they were having difficulties with him—something was wrong. He would not learn to talk or behave. It turned out that he was dead—he had lost his hearing before birth as a result of Paula having had German measles early in her pregnancy. There was also a heart defect. He would need pace and more care, although we hardly thought of that—we were dealing only with today and tomorrow. I was nearly twenty-two years old. That night four years ago pre-school, three more in military school. I had a broken heart tooth, five an accident, which I refused to have fixed—it was my only honorable scar—my nose, class ring, and a knowledge of Populace's campaigns. In the words of the epitaph, "I was

unconsciously unprepared for life."

"You know, you're really stupid," another officer's wife said to me.

We were driving back from party, I had been her escort—but husband was away. She'd been dressed like that. She was a tall woman in her husband's tuxedos, the neck of her evening dress cut low.

"You don't understand anything, do you?" she said.

"Some things," I said wisely.

"No, you don't."

Paula and Leland were in the back seat. This woman was the wife of one of our friends and I didn't know what she would say. I was afraid it was going to be some terrible, drunken truth. I could feel her looking at me as I drove.

"How is it you're so stupid?" I thought you were supposed to be smart." Suddenly I realized I had nothing to do with Paula, who was watching, around. I caught a glimpse of her at the rearview mirror. The woman had moved closer. Her hand was on my leg. "You're not very smart. You don't even know what I'm saying."

I did but it wasn't the time, I said. The time? It was the right time, I said. She gave a helpless smile. "Oh, have a year your own way," she said. "I'll not care. Have it any way you want to but for God's sake, have it!"

I felt like a fool. I was made fun of often but I didn't mind. It was the saying later with a Navy man: from Pearl Harbor—she was a lieutenant's command, I went with her to know how old I was, and then with the daughter of a coast artillery colonel to show some sense of propriety. The colonel's daughter was blond and lively. The daughter of the Marine Major and one she liked to call her friend Fred C. Dobbs. One night we went to Trader Vic's and then for a midnight swim at one of the little beaches beyond Waikiki. We lay down in innocence for a few minutes in the darkness beneath the

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police, and suddenly someone was shaking me and shining a light in my eyes—it was the morning sun.

I drove her home just before going to work. Half an hour later the telephone rang: her father wanted to see me. I went over at the end of the day. She met me outside and told me what had happened—"They had taken her to a doctor for an examination."

"And?"
"Of course, I'm all right," she said thankfully.

A doctor. I couldn't believe it. She insisted she had long loved him and pretty abductors. We hadn't even been swimming in the lake.

All these things I told to Paula. I was going out partly to entertain her, and also I didn't want to waste too time. I was a long-gone courier squadron and I had no other money. He flew to Hilo every day and Kona twice a week, and there were long tangarua trips to Australia, Japan, or one of the dots of islands in the north, usually with double crews. But Paula I would hurry to the quarters where Leland and Paula lived. I flew my first fighter, a P-47, out past the base softball game and all of Honolulu and when I landed, passed myself and my deep-dying cat, went right to her house. "My Girl," Paula said. "I've never seen you look so pale."

What wouldn't I see each other we spoke for hours over the phone. Across the hall from me in the sleepy butcher's quarters I heard of some who was a person's aide had a plane I could use. I would have been responsible to use the common one downstairs and carry on the low-rated useless conversations.

The current was pulling faster and faster. Nothing is so intense as unconscious love. The way married in the service was. He was decent, loyal, understanding, though he would never really understand her. He was also gentle. She had been so young when she married. It had been a kind of accident. She was then and would become an independent woman who drank, liked people with money, was scornful, and could change anyone she chose to. You are the one, she said—why hadn't she met me? Why hadn't I met her? He would have been so nice. I wrote.

Could have done.
For every place you were
He came to love.
You could have his feelings
To the same
Stop, wait, or football game.
"Send a report," she said to me.

I would die in a crash, I knew, without ever having made love to her. There is that certainty of a woman who has made for you just in time for you. On my driver was a photograph taken at their engagement reception, a young, filled with life, the best one of her I had

ever seen. She had made Leland bring it to me one day. She was ready to give anything, do anything, and we were told apart by all that was drawing us together: love, conscience, trust. There was no way out.

We used to take our places, the long-range transports, back to the States for major operations and modifications. On one of the first I went to Los Angeles for the first time and in the late afternoon, driving along Sunset Boulevard, was passed by a convertible with the top down. There were three or four people in it and one of them—she turned and I saw clearly—was the girl I had been in love with in high school. I was in uniform and I called out and waved. I saw her wave back but then whenever we drove the car sped up and cut through the traffic. I couldn't catch them. I watched her disappear down the valley road and reached another car. I think it was near Bel Air. The world of school days and youthful dreams from which I had never really separated myself had suddenly passed me by and gone. I was in a new world, a more serious world, in which love was even more powerful and consuming.

It didn't end as I expected. The lover never broke as Leland had hoped, but Paula, sensing perhaps the impossibility of our situation, let her disappointment go, but her heart was on me in another way. It was a very pleasant way. I came to see later, subtle, teasing, sure. She chose for me the girl I ought to marry, where I had met one afternoon in the courtyard of the Museum. A virgin, from the best country in Virginia and with money perhaps or at least solid social connections. Her father owned a big farm and his first name was merely an insult. She was perfect for me, Paula said, exactly the kind of girl I needed. I looked her. Who else loved me so much or knew me so well? What she did not say was that she saw someone she knew she could be friendly with and who would not be a threat to her.

We were all stationed in Washington together for a year and a half and not long afterward I came back to stand at the altar in the chapel at Fort Myer with my wife-to-be. Paula and Leland were there—he was my best man. The reception was in a little house. The reception was Paula had new baby in her arms, a little girl, and my wife and I drove off in a beautiful, shiny MG, shopping for the first, away night in some nameless motel on the road to Florida.

What our first child came she was needed for Leland and he was her and father. As couples we were living far apart by then. Leland was an attaché in South Africa. I was a fighter group's Gummy Paula's letters had beautiful attempts with words on them. Everybody is a brandish colored, she wrote. I love you. We saw them once or twice in Europe—once they

drove up from Paris to see us. He was the same, vibrant, more moody perhaps, the less deeper in his love, a little more often in his hand. They were good each other like little snakes. They had come to a rocky part of their marriage, but we knew they would continue together. They were bound by children, friends, career—everything that had once stood between Paula and me. It was the long road that held them together. It was good sense, plus all they had lived through.

They were divorced in 1959, two years after our second child was born. Paula Paula she married in the divorce—the man was been young and happy once but she couldn't remember, she said. Leland was shattered by it. He married again soon after. She did not and we drew close again. I had resigned my commission and was trying to make my way in a writer. She came up to Washington frequently and we went there. There was then of us again, and it was still she and I who were sometimes excluding the other. When she was visiting I would go to her home in the evening and find two women, both available, smiling, sitting on cushions on the floor and waiting for me. We would drink and have dinner at a low table in front of the fire. She would tell stories of dates with other men or the lack of them just as I had once done with her. Sometimes had a man they would like to meet. Concerning adventures—he brought his sister, they were obviously in love with each other, and it looked like a long affair, she added. She worked for a while in Capitol Hill, then for a while in a bookstore, and wrote for The Washington Star. For years she had an off-and-on relationship with the alcoholic son of an old family she and Leland had been fond of, but she was too intelligent to marry him. Finally she met the man she was looking for, a gentle, devoted, without. He and I seemed to have limited interest in each other or perhaps he felt her interest should end. In any event, the curtain descended.

I saw Leland once again. I was recalled in 1960 during the Berlin crisis and sent to France. Leland was stationed at Fontainebleau and one weekend I drove up there. He, his wife, and I had dinner. It was as always—at the last minute there wasn't enough food for the house and she and I went out in the evening dark for some heavy shopping, a bottle of wine, meat, some cheese. He was in two minds and on good terms with the shopkeepers. I was impressed that he knew the French word for "wedge" as in "wedge of Camembert." He spoke good French. He called his wife darling. Somehow I didn't believe it.

He retired as a colonel and they went to live in the south of Spain. I had news of him only rarely. I imagined him as he had always been, a perfect companion on the bike, driver at the bar afterward, the heels on his boots a bit worn down. Like

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More than the movie definition lingers in a man's lifetime moment. When you remember most is a light shining above the door where you just went in. And the balconies on the porch and the hedge beside it. The way the front of her house looked the night you brought her home and got your first goodbye kiss. You remember how good you felt looking back where it had just first happened. The music in all your favorite



(When reached on an error or a steal [though on occasion I was walked intentionally by a pitcher hoping to keep third empty], second is the only base that is not, to a novice, slightly disappointing. You don't need a long talk with an older brother to find your way around it. And it provides a vastly greater sense of accomplishment than first down, but no second.

Second is the basic flat, in our culture anyway, comes closest to applying the whole ball game. If you forget about it for a while, something—often it will remind you: *Pratzenstein, painted, drooping, spherical, guvning, tumbling, dactyls, inebriety, elephantine, ascetic* base is more various than the bosks of Darwin's *friches*. Entire magazines are devoted to second base. A girl I hang around with in elementary school modeled (miming) bras in the Sears catalog. Knowing her was the sixth-grade equivalent of knowing Janis Joplin.

Closer to the heart than first or third, second is the most welcoming base. Its warmth is like a crackling hearth compared to the gray oil-fired furnace below. Miraculously strange yet primordially familiar, second is the base that feels the most like home. Sliding into it on a summer evening you count your blessings and exclaim, like Brigham Young, "This is the place."

As in real baseball, triples are rare and often not worth the effort. There's an awful lot of running and sweating and punting, then a lot of standing around waiting for something to happen. Sure, it was exciting for the crowd, but ultimately was more noise than fun.

"Hey, Bob-ee?" you would say to your best pal. "I touched it last night."

"What?"
 "The Little Man in the Boat."
 "Get outta here!"
 "Saw it and tracked it."
 "Get outta here!"
 "I swear!"
 "What was it like?"

Now this is where it got tricky. If you were honest, you had to admit that it was quite a shock to your schoolboy's senses. And the girl wasn't too thrilled either, for that matter. It's not as if you had the delicate touch of a brain surgeon, in all likelihood, you were the Dick Stuart of back-seat sex.

So you had to be
"It was great."
"What does it feel like?"
Clearly you couldn't say, "Like a dead frog" and thus
you'd reconsidered the entire idea of ever having sex.
So another he
"Great."
"Get outta here!"



I wasn't one of the legendary stuff, like my friend Cliff, who let his first horse run at fourteen in his parents' Westchester bedroom with *Air New Expressos*! screaming from the \$5,000 stereo and a bottle of fine bourbon at his side. I was more typical. I waited until high school.

I'd been working on her for more than a year. She never said yes, but she never said no, and as summer turned to fall, and fall to winter, and winter to spring, and spring to summer again, her will finally snapped. She said the word I'd been longing to hear: "Where?" Where indeed. A note? Too public. My keyboard? Too démodé. We settled on my Westchester bedspread, which, at the time, had much softness.

She was lucky. I remember her cool skin, her voice, her hair, her knees. But I don't really remember her going. I do recall that it was very intense, and not as lengthy as I'd been led to believe by certain scenes in *Am Caruso* (Yulian). But I can tell you this: if you ever saw Carlton Fisk wear his home run hat in the sixth game of the 1975 World Series, you have some idea of how I felt. I think she enjoyed it, too, because when I asked her the title she said no.

In the years since, I've hit my share. Some were mighty parabolas over the center-field fence, others, looping arcs that squeaked inside the foul pole. They all coast, of course—not that a gentleman keeps score.

was a bit little boy with pimples, she was a tall, slender girl with glasses, but we were in love. Or at least I was. I had thought of nothing but her for two years, to the detriment of my scholastic career. Actually, looking back on it, I suspect she was less than enchanted. Otherwise, why didn't she talk to me? It's not that easy to guess someone you're dancing with at all, but she said: Maybe she was offended by my lack of interest in her. I'm not sure. My right hand shook desperately at her back, attempting to draw her into erotic proximity with firm, unrelenting (and most) pressure. She resisted with no more will than surprising physical strength. For a thin girl she was awesomely powerful. Unable to strain with muscles, I tried the next best option, leaden cleavage. Gently we shifted around and around in a circle, ever-widening circles, and around we went, until I was sure I had lost her. It was 2004, I was fourteen years old, at the ranch house, on my first day, and we were trapped in an endless nightmare. ❧

The Pinup

The Varga Girl was the American man's dream date, airbrushed to utter perfection. Beginning in the early 1940s, Peruvian émigré Joaquín Alberto Vargas y Chaves presented his paintings of endlessly desirable, hopelessly idealized women in the pages of *Esquire*. Soon the Varga Girl was part of the American vocabulary, a byword for the woman of sensuality and glamour. In addition to her appearances in these pages, she became the subject of a calendar series that by 1946 was selling nearly three million copies annually. Upon her introduction to *Esquire* readers, the magazine noted, "Every once in a while a new girl is born, fully grown and partially clothed, like Venus herself risen from the sea. She becomes a legend; and she disturbs men's sleep."





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Hello?

Is this the man with the secret tattoo?

Now that you know about it, it's not a secret anymore, is it?

Your tattoo is safe with me. Were you able to get a taxi?

I walked home.

And how was Paris while all the trouble felt were still in bed?

It was grey and drenching and bloody marvelous. I kept making up poems with your name in them. Also a love song that, for rhyming reasons, ended up being all about your right elbow. I don't think my feet touched the ground once all the way home.

I want to tell you. I love the way you smell. Most men's colognes make men smell like they take themselves too seriously.

I thank you. My Paco Rabanne cologne thanks you. My mother thanks you.

Your mother would never approve of what you and your Paco Rabanne do to me, so let's leave her out of this. And I going to see your tattoo again tonight?

That's up to you, isn't it?



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What is remembered is up to you.



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How I Spent the Sexual Revolution

by Harry Stein

A view from the trenches

Already in high school, it was beginning to happen. Kids were getting laid. I don't mean growers. That didn't exist. They'd been getting laid back in junior high, maybe—whoknows?—in the fifth grade. No, I mean regular kids, kids who walked around the halls in neatly pressed corduroys and madras shirts, who watched *The Dick Van Dyke Show* Wednesdays at 9:30 and *The Flipside* Tuesdays at 10:00. Kids who adored President Kennedy and would shudder to come to despise Lyndon Johnson.

The first guy I knew for sure was someone named Theodore Beck, known, with no particular affection—indeed, behind his back—as Beaver. Occasionally, Theodore and I would sit at the same lunch table in the cafeteria and talk, usually about sports, in fact, during the period of question, the spring of 1963, his very favorite subject seemed to be Bill Bradley, the extraordinary forward on Princeton's nationally ranked team. Theodore, for reasons of his own, loved Princeton and had always dreamed of going there, but this was our junior year, and he was smart enough to know he wasn't smart enough to get in.



Making out:
"I was doing
askewishing new
things. Heavy
petting.
Learning my
way around
breasts."

Wah, to get to the point, is what took him to Washington, D.C., one weekend—to meet old George Washington University.

"How'd you do it?" Iilly inquired the following Monday.

"He leaned forward and dropped his voice. 'Never mind that. I've got something to tell you.' And instead of coming like and course offerings, I heard about Steven's female cousin—the one who was a freshman at GWU—and the fact that the cousin had a roommate, and that Beaver himself, sitting there before his spaghetti and chocolate pudding, grinning stupidly at me, was no longer a virgin.

"I was shocked, flabbergasted, incredulous. How could it be. Beaver? But I mean, look at him. If he could do it, you know maybe it was possible that... meek, crumb, get lost."

Not, of course, that I didn't think about it, at least in the most wildly abstract sense. None, in my room—after school at night, all right, just about any time the room was reasonably clear—I was wont to imagine myself in carnal suspension with my number of female schoolmates, including some whom I'd merely glimpsed in passing in the halls.

The fact is, having grown up in a family of boys, I wasn't even culturally sure what a naked young woman looked like, let alone how one of them might, in actual point of fact, meet to a pair of hands in lecherous rancor. I managed to get hold of Playboy every month, of course, but even I knew that they went heavy on anatomical break-up and the prominence this regularly turned up on the faces of the women was almost to pages—unavailable, yet unmissably come-when-ever—was unlike any that I had ever noted upon the visage of a female at New Rochelle High School.

Still, it is hardly even that at that time, for millions of us, Playboy represented the social at its most aesthetically sublime. The Playboy Mansion. The Bunny burlesque. The underground ghetto, in which most women took tonight's class. In recent years, in response

to the women's movement, it has been estimated that there was little connection between what went on at our parties during sessions with that magisterial publication and what was beginning to happen at our hearts and heads. That, as someone merrily wrote in the pages of Playboy itself, it hardly even simply "scribbles for beauty whenever he can find it." Yeah, right. I did not read the Playboy Philosophy! anyway—I considered it much too loud, like Kasey or Wetmoreland—but it was comforting to know it was there, providing solid ecological underpinnings for all the good stuff.

None, in light of the Beaver Beach episode, there could no longer be an over-the-top wing of doubt, the sexual revolution was definitely at hand. The problem was getting on it.

For a day, very awkward teenager, a sure bet, that was far easier imagined than done. At last, by the start of my senior year in high school, I had a sort of girlfriend—a gentle-spirited soul encountered the previous summer at a soon year of escape, the right look from whom made my heart soar—but there was also a lot of agonizing: "let's be friends" talk in her part, and she was, moreover, if possible, even more lustreless physically than I was. It took us six months to get around to kissing. Given any further was untenable even to me—and I was a hero.

Still all around us, the world was coming to seem to seem in odder directions that would within the bar of a historical epoch render such accidents entirely asinine. At last, I had participated in a small, quiet demonstration against the expanding war in Asia. Already, the people had begun defining themselves according to whether they preferred the Beatles or the Stones. A month before I left for college, a friend, two years older, named me out.

This led to a bit of occasion to indicate that I was somewhat big. My very first college date, with someone I found extremely, devastatingly pretty, nearly went best when, striding

together on the spot following an no-carnal performance of the Ballet Folies of the Moon, she suddenly asked me what I thought of marijuana.

I cleared my throat involuntarily, tried to gauge the tenor of the question. "Oh, well," I replied. "I guess it's pretty dangerous."

She—was I kidding? The kind of person from whose mouth words about—looked at me like I was some kind of insane bag. "Dangerous? You believe that nonsense?"

For weeks after that, I was obliged to play coy, coy, and eventually, and after much angst, getting back on her good side. Fidelity to my high school sweetheart, sharp needles will not, not much on my mind—not, it would turn out, on hers—I shortly found myself with a new girlfriend, doing astonishing new things. Heavy petting. Getting high to the crack of Lilo Dylan. Learning me was around breasts and eventually a garment I'd never even heard of before, known, I believe, as petting.

She was a virgin, too, but became increasingly less adamant on the subject. And one evening, a couple of days before we were to depart from school for Christmas vacation, saying goodnight at her door she, she admitted, without quite saying so, that the time was at hand.

The following afternoon, after class, found me before an elderly pharmacist, playing as a nurse I never believed was destined shortly to become a deity.

"Could I please have a tube of Crest, a small bottle of Afta, some deodorant—yeah, that stuff they—used, I mean, how about lighters? Thanks?"

None in my room, screaming up the impending encounter in every possible permutation, electric with excitement, I had, by afternoon's end, exhausted fully what of me I could. Not, in it turned out, an auspicious sign. For if I used myself as being at the edge of some great divide, about to leavely leave behind dark times, it was also the one that I had never been tempted otherwise to these features of Playboy devoted to the no-things of courtship, style, technique.

We ended up, in fact, not at my girl's, a dance room that always smelled faintly of sick socks, but in the dark, on a blanket spread out upon what felt like a rock pile, and there, after a couple of quick licks, she identified herself from that previous parent and I glowered, almost in a state of disbelief, the Trojan sex tippled of head, hung half on and half off—which didn't stop me, a moment later, from plunging in again. No one believed me, that, in such circumstances, a change of color is not a rare occurrence.

"Oh, God!" she moaned.

I stopped, startled, then relaxed. Of course, that I had not meant.

"I love you," I said, making her think.

"Oh, God!" she moaned, a dark rock deep into my back.

It is difficult to convey to those too young to have experienced it, or those too rigid to have tasted, a sense of what the Vietnam period affected upon the spot of a generation that had entered those years so oriented by

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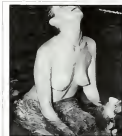
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Photo's Retreat:
"All over the
place, couples
were going at
each other with
great and greater
obedience."

idealism. Of course, in contrast to the emotional and moral confusion experienced by those who fought the war, the psychic damage suffered by those who fought against it hardly seems worthy of note. But in fact, as a result, the war hit some victims. Before the war was over, untold millions of us—beast by feelings of betrayal and alienation, found ourselves cynical for beyond our years—which, the case is readily made, has had much to do with our behavior ever since.

What if that makes the fact a bit uncertain, but what I'm getting at here is that being on a college campus in those days was also, in many ways, a time of a belief in a lot of fun. With all the old values under attack, with moral rigor increasingly associated only with the narrowest of faculty dogmas, restraint had never been more out of fashion. Nor attracted more of a turn-on. Indeed, on my campus, the widely cited rule of peace—dozens of souls sitting around in front of the student union for fifteen minutes in silence and reflection—was quickly acquired a reputation as a terrific pickup spot, the consequence of a roomer of a wild party.

As it happens, my college got filtered and I would connect together, on and off, throughout our four years at the place. But the "on and off" part is not to be passed over lightly. For, like just about everyone else back then—well, just about every man anyway—we sort of wanted a boob way. Being kids who'd come of age with *Quar* and *Navy* and *The Donna Reed Show*, the notion of being part of a couple, showing one person intensely and being intensely loved, was no less compelling than it had been in our parents' day. The sound might have been revolutionary, but the message was timeless: guys find company to love.

On the other hand, you know, we are not just sort of in the end of it was easy to, like, start being trapped.

That it was, in our case as it is in many others, that we would come apart, make up, break apart, make up again. More often than

not, it would be the one behind the trouble—it wouldn't take much more to get me into than a pleasant lunchtime conversation with someone else who never more a lot, and in any case, the relationship just seemed, in contrast to what was out there, so predictable—but the truth is I never quite knew what to do with the independence, either. Quite simply, in practice, I just wasn't as easy about sex with other strangers as I continually imagined I would be.

The problem, of course—and it was hardly mine alone—was that the entire atmosphere always seemed not to have not only the parts located in the class books, but also things like feelings and expectations—and if there was rich between us, we just didn't seem sufficient justification for going through the preliminary routine, let alone the negotiating aftermath.

Not at the time, that my discomfort was anything like a point of pride. To the contrary, being kindly aware of the possibilities everywhere around me and extra for my own fear alone, it was a part of myself I like at though I should probably recognize I never quite managed it. But that did not leave me wholly without options. Secure vision of my sophomore year, back home in New York, I found myself, one particularly memorable evening, after it as easy apart, meet with my old high school girlfriend. We were discussing Vietnam—specifically, whether or not the war would gain me in a huge peace march the following day—but, at the same time, I very much wanted to get her into bed. The time, however, casually came a changed during the previous couple of years, she was not altogether averse to this last, but the subject it had kept getting in the way.

"What do you mean you're not sure about the war?" I demanded, pulling back from a long, passionate embrace. It was after all, *how*.

"It's just that my dad feels in strongly that everyone should support the war."

We sat in silence for a long moment, then, slowly, resumed our act of fondling.

"Why don't we try a look about Vietnam history?" she suggested softly.

"What?"

"Check. I'm kind of glib, I really want to know what the whole thing's about."

"Now. Let's not, please."

"Well, then, how can you expect me to go on the march tomorrow?"

So we straightened ourselves up, sat on and tonight I stepped into a The New Museum at Bookstore's on Fifty-seventh Street, west across the street to the Museum Ten Room, and began flipping through the index. After an hour and three bloody wars, we still hadn't gotten past the Geneva Conference, and I slammed the book shut. "God damn it, I really want you to go to that demonstration tomorrow!"

"Don't you tell me what I have to do!" And she looked from the restaurant, across Fifty-seventh Street and into the Seventh Avenue subway. I ran after her—some schlocky yellow. "Go get her, partner!"—and even while I was in the subway, she was already boarding the downtown local.

"Don't you ever touch me again," she blazed to the smiles of a good many of our fellow passengers. "Don't you ever touch me again."

And that was what the Vietnam War did for my son.

There came a knocking on my door so violent that I literally shot up in bed. Instead, it flashed through my head that it might be the police. Not that I was guilty of anything in particular, but then, I was in *Paris*—had been living and working there and working there, my graduate school was months before—and it was already my experience that French behavior is apt to be beyond facile explanation.

"Oui?" I called out.

"Harry, open up. It's me."

And there, a sleep on his bed, he stood, stood my good friend Michael, who had been in his story before he even stopped under Michael, it seemed, had passed the previous night in bed with two women, one American, one Dutch.

"A message a man?" "What that moment, I am not sure I had ever even so much as noticed the phone."

"He giggled. 'I can't believe it myself.' And he proceeded to describe the episode in such private detail that I almost felt like an interloper. Almost."

My purpose was, at large measure, a measure of my continuing ignorance. It turns out that there was quite a bit of that sort of thing going on in Paris, at least among expatriates, and probably had been back in New York's day. Quite simply, the fact of living there, temporarily without one, embraced by local social convention, tends to make the barriers to sexual union oddly pliable.

Indeed, to counteract my less dramatic delusion, I was doing startlingly well just then myself, unobtrusively in inventing, if less than intense, relationships with women representing three of the original

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Make love, not war: "The eerily silent vigil for peace quickly acquired a reputation as a terrific pickup spot."

Common Market statue, coming closer to living out the Playboy fantasy than I'd ever imagined remotely possible. And if the old Mexican proverb—*if I frequently yearned for something far more meaningful—it was also the case that what Michael was describing sounded like quite the opposite of an ideal.*

Indeed, there was only one part of his account that gave me even momentary pause: his assertion that both of his cohorts at the previous night's meetings were active feminists.

"They were?"
"Yeah. Sex, the thing is"—and he grinned, even more sheepishly than before—"it was clear to me. They were the feminists. All I had to do was let it happen."

It, from the perspective of the here and now, this sounds rather suspect, back then, with the women's movement in its early, most militant stage, it frankly seemed credibly. All regardless, after all, now saw themselves as being under systematic attack. Behavior they had always regarded as innocuous—at most likely, had never thought about at all—was being called into question by wily, glib, and, even mothers.

But, as Michael told it, his friends were as committed to the cause as anyone. It was not that they were at the moment, even, above all, in throwing off traditional role roles. One

of them had even given him a book containing an essay entitled "Ladies on Top" by, I am almost certain, Germaine Greer. "That's the way we, too," he said, smiling. "It's about time they took over the heavy labor."

My own experience with feminism, up to that point, was mostly via the printed page and conversations with women friends. Being a good liberal, I professed not only to support its broad goals—who could be against equality of opportunity or equal pay for equal work—but also the notion that, ideally, in one-to-one relationships, no one ought to hold the upper hand. And, never having been put to the test, I found it easy to believe that I meant it.

Of course, as I learned in Michael that evening, two-to-one relationships were another thing entirely. They could do to me whatever they pleased.

It was just a couple of weeks after my friend's coup that I ran to him with a tale of my own. That afternoon, at a reception table at the American Cathedral on the Avenue George V, I had made the acquaintance of, and lingered over hot chocolate with, a young Swedish woman.

"Swedish?" Even he was impressed. "What does she look like?"
"She's fantastic. Brown hair, enormous blue eyes, terrific body..."

"Brown hair? I thought they were all blond."

"Yeah, she told me that's a myth," I passed. "But the main thing is, she's so sharp. We spent the whole time talking about the Democratic primary campaign." This was the spring of 1974. "It turns out she's been making the same Hunter-Thompson series in *Rolling Stone* that I have."

Though I didn't say so to Michael, it occurred to me that this was a manifestation of what feminism was really about: a woman as engaged by the world around her, as men, or, as any man I had ever known.

Over the following weeks, as I came to know her better, that impression was only reinforced. The trouble was, I didn't seem to make any progress with her at all. We would have a wonderful conversation over dinner, maybe take in a movie, there would be a couple of us-so-known, and then she would bid me goodnight and dart into the nearest women's shop.

Finally, one evening, after the dinner, I put it to her directly: "What is the world as going on?"

She looked away, frowned, looked frowningly, unconsciously, I saw myself in that person. How many times, basking the emotional upper hand, had I done likewise?

"Listen," she came out with it finally, "we



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have a list in common. Like you, but I don't not as interested as you'd like me to be."

"Hey," I began to argue, "being always being there isn't necessarily a sign of interest." "What we have in common is important."

"—She," she cut me off. "If you're hoping to sleep with me, you can forget it."

Like so much of the rest, the porno reveals two pretty much empty on an. One moment, by definition, hard core was pornography, the stuff of peep shows and grungy movie houses populated by scanty men with newspapers on their legs. The very same, it was little more disposable than chocolate or violence on television.

I remember attending, while covering the Cannes Film Festival in the early Seventies, a new release that wasn't just of the festival, entitled *Behind the Green Door*. It had no idea what I'd stumbled upon until fifteen minutes into the screening, when Jay Marley Chambers, spread-eagle upon a table, writhing and moaning, used oral sex as an entire episode of gorgeous women.

Don't get me wrong. I was more than just sexually titillated. But this was after all, Cannes, and afterward, someone actually posed the question: Is it Art?

It was, in my case, beyond the merest doubt. Commerce, and pretty soon staff like that was turning up on local theater screens all over the United States. And shortly thereafter, shows like *Nightlight Drive* and *Only George* became readable, not critic, in cul-

tures of living rooms.

But perhaps the most startling development of all was the emergence and revival of relative respectability, and to mention by name, all the new clubs.

It was, to be true, a rather scandalous phenomenon, a questionable subject for conversation in even remotely polite company. Still, as article after article about these establishments, especially *Clubs & Retreats* in New York, appeared in the mainstream press, just about every man I knew became secretly intrigued by Pina's. I don't think eager to flag sexual into the state of indulging flesh as the infamous strip scene.

Given the club's couples-only policy, however, the problem in planning such an evening was the nearly insurmountable task of finding a suitable date. By the thousands, and hundreds of thousands, women, there, therefore, the club's rivaled only by their absence of their male's evident enthusiasm for them, put their lost down hard on their own.

This was my experience also. The several times I ventured to ease the matter of Pina's Retreat with the woman with whom I was living, in a "No, no, I wonder what that place is really like?" the response, "Ha, ha, forget it," seemed vaguely accusatory. In fact, it was not until a good year and a half after we had broken up that time at last manifested any sign.

It was the weekend of my thirtieth birthday—by point of reference, a few days after the main male at Jonavren—and an old

Penis friend, a photographer I'd always admired both for his decency and uncommon spontaneity, was taking me to dinner. She showed up at my apartment in a striking teenage outfit.

"What's the plan?" I inquired.

"Rubin food. Then, Pina's. You should see what I'm wearing under this."

And about hours later, we were wondering about the place, knowing to dig our fingers in the pool, glowing pistol in the game room, peering around corners. There were, obviously, a great many other first-timers on hand, but half the clientele present were at least partially nude, and all over the place, couples—and the occasional threesome, foursome, five-some—were going at each other with great and greater abandon.

It would later serve my resident sense of propriety to report that the scene's lack of subtlety, its raucousness—on top of the fact that many of the bodies on view would certainly have looked a lot better in clothes—left me ready to bolt the place. In fact, after a while, as I noticed, I left, to my surprise, almost inclined to join in.

So, it seemed, did my companion. Before long, we found ourselves in a private room in the back, sitting on cushions, backs against the wall, in conversation with two other couples. One pair was male, the other was only female, and the talk struck me, under the circumstances, as remarkably experienced. Maybe Kathy's recent performance. The declining quality of the club's ballet solo. Most acute price in the neighborhood.

But abruptly I became aware that the woman opposite me, the one without the pencil, was appearing nude.

"Why didn't we get to know each other a bit?" she proposed a moment later to the group. "We don't see and how we ended up here?" And—I'm not sure anyone else noticed—she started my nude pants leg with a bare leg toe.

For three or four minutes we proceeded as instructed and it was clear that the sex was beginning to break. There it was my friend's turn.

"Well," she began, "my name is Susan, and I'm a photographer, and for the last two years I've been living in Geneva."

"Garcia?" It was the woman across from me. "You mean, where all those people..."

She smiled.

"Did you know Joe Jones?"

"Of course. As a matter of fact, I'm a member of the People's Temple myself."

At that, I actually remembered a name I never began to define.

"Really?"

"And I want all of you to know that it's a terrible tragedy, what happened to poor Jimmy Jones. He was a wonderful man."

Five minutes later, after everyone else had left the room, she offered me a drink that was the very essence of alcoholism. "Sorry, I guess I really got drunk by this time, after all."

The first real conversation I had with the woman who would become my wife, over

dinner at an Indian restaurant, was about how incredibly long a head it had been. There we sat, I a mere thirty-one, she only thirty, yet we'd been through more social conventions and emotional gymnastics than had several generations of our kinfolk combined. (Although, no, I guess it wasn't exactly easy for those who see it through the Empire State and World War II, either, but which one?) The point is, we were exhausted.

"Finally," I recall her saying, with a wan smile, "at this point I find it a terrific effort just getting to know someone new. I'm so tired of repeating all that history."

As it happens, we did not sleep together that night, or the day or the days we saw each other after that. Eventually, neither of us would have objected to the idea of marriage, but somehow, for some, it seemed less than possible.

It now appears that there was a rash of that kind of unacknowledged restraint around them—evidence, some would maintain, that the pendulum was already beginning its swing back to the right. I don't think it was that, precisely, but, either, I don't think the death of the mother that Ronald Reagan let alone Jerry Falwell, has ever had anything whatever to do with my sex life.

No, in my view, the process at hand had less to do with politics or psychology than with the most rudimentary of biology and psychology—the business of beginning at long last, to grow up instead of merely sleep.

Obviously, that is to cut it in its most shamelessly flattering sense. In fact, it is

only now, six years into my married life—finding ourselves together at, of all places, the subway, with two children and even a statue upon in the driveway—that I have stopped being embarrassed by the phenomenon, acknowledging that, while some people (and why is it that I feel similar to them?) never seem to change at all, and a few slip back to better heads in new directions, most of us simply take the circle route, ending up somewhere near where we started.

Not that I, for one, had a moment regret the journey. Having encountered a great many men of my father's generation, and more than a few of my own, whose relative sexual inexperience is a cause of continual self-reproach, if not a threat to their domestic tranquility, I look upon wild ones, in addition to the real, as highly therapeutic.

Said I myself have been conspicuous for the entirety of this decade, and expect forever to remain so.

It is, all in all, given the continuing state of the culture, a somewhat humbling thought, not to mention one that makes of the kind of young property I myself seem so ashamed for—that can I tell you—nothing in my prior experience has been remotely as satisfying.

Just let me right, my wife and I need to bed early, make love, gentle love, and then, since we were both exhausted, tried to fall asleep. But we simply couldn't help ourselves. In the end, we stayed up another two hours, lying in each other's arms, talking about the kids. ☐

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What Burt Told Me



Burt was my oldest friend—the kid in whose basement I played hockey, the guy I went with to Europe on a City College charter. Over the years I watched him break away from our apt-level “abstif” in the Bronx, driving to encounter the rest of America and, in the ultimate act of emancipation, joining the Peace Corps. He’d come back laden with trauma and a noisy way of saying “Chilly.” His aura, which once radiated, seemed to have retreated, as if dented by experience.

Burt had lost his father that year, and he was adrift in the troubling fall between

grad school and career. Meanwhile, I’d plunged into a life as a workaholic hippie and happily married man. I was struggling to achieve a harmony between the world my parents wanted for me and what John Steinbeck said I must become.

Three years have gone by and I still remember the waxy afternoon when Burt dropped by, his green eyes flashing with mischief and determination. I was used to old friends shattering the abstract silence of my life with some magnet of self-discovery: usually wine, politics, drugs, or open marriage. I was averted to other

people’s Changes, and had developed my own ritual for surviving the Socratic. Intemperately, and knowingly, and then hug. It had to be a lingering, hands-around-the-shoulder-blades embrace. There was no more effective way to focus ice water on a conversation between men.

But Burt caught me by surprise. He told me he was gay, always had been. And though I can’t remember the words he used, I will never forget their effect. In the course of a conversation, our starship changed; I became oriented with the straight gratings of a straight white male, and

he with the herons of an epiphany so covert that it could go unmentioned, so long as Burt kept his closet body and locked himself inside.

He’d come out in the Peace Corps, liberated from the strictures of our neighborhood, where homosexuality was something, in which you might noddy on an airplane, but only from the top and always as a prelude to beating up the queer. In Chile, he’d found sex easy to come by and free of instant rage. The platitude and platitudes of it had provoked a crisis. How far do I have to go with who I am? One day, he

stood on a street corner in Santiago and said to himself: “I am a homosexual.” Then he went home and said it loudly, several times. Soon he began telling his colleagues. It was fine by them when they’d go working, he’d go cruising. He’d returned to the States, determined to come out to his family and friends.

It was a test—of their northness, of his. Ever-maker: it was an attempt to reconcile his past and present, with the consent of those who sustained a sort of misperception to be whole. The odds were imperially in Burt’s favor, but under all that

empathy, the most profound bonds would have to be reassembled.

I understood all that. I knew I’d have to play it like his battles in the Peace Corps differed starkly. But I was shocked, and not just because we’d slept sleeping bag to bag without my suspecting Burt’s announcement suggested something that felt truly scorching. It was as if the bond between us had suddenly become a threat. We’d been terribly hip about homosexuality as Bronx teenagers. We didn’t share the premier’s location with budget prices, and thought it terribly polite for two men to love each other. We imagined a universe where people free from the tyranny of gender could fall in love on the strength of mere affinity. But we didn’t live in that Arcadia, and we treated each other as much as other kids, maybe more, since, as teenagers, we’d harbored a little Liberace in our Mickey Mouse souls.

For his sixteenth birthday, I gave Burt a homemade “How to Be a Homosexual” kit, which included pictures of guys in their underwear and a fake ticket to Eric Burdon. He showed it off less publicly at his birthday party, with no conscious sense that it represented anything more than an elaborate tease. Burt was mortified, though he didn’t show it then. It must have seemed as if I’d somehow discovered his secret. In fact, it was a secret we shared.

I had always been attracted to men. But I convinced myself that homosexuality was just a blizzard on my otherwise flawless halo, something that could be shook away. Burt’s confession suggested that something far less superficial was involved. He couldn’t have known that I knew all about the painful space between feeling and acting in the world. Hearing him reveal the secret he shared, but never dared confide, was a sad in the coffin of my illusions—perhaps too late. Many of my closest childhood friends, those who were now gay, a consciousness that could not go unexamined. It meant we had been drawn to one another by something fundamental, and though we couldn’t acknowledge it—eight even try to recognize it—the fact of our common sexuality would never go away.

Years later I, too, would come out—first dubiously, then defiantly, and finally precisely. But back then, I was far from ready to reveal myself, even to another gay man who was also my oldest friend. I had to be straight for my wife, my parents, and for Burt, who needed me then as I need straight men today. They are as good as giving permission.

So I turned to his story a state of rigid apathy, and in my own way I convinced myself I had more to do with the death of his father, and with his trip abroad, than with any remarkable aspect of his identity. I needed to know, and when he was finished, I gave him a ruddy bag.

—Richard Goldstein

Tying the Knot

Love Is Wonderful...



Christopher and Lucy Buckley, Christopher K. Buckley, The Woodhouse, Washington, D.C.

I am the kind of person who saves flowers as mementos from such occasions as funerals and weddings. Open a thick volume on one of my bookshelves and a decorated yellow rose is likely to fall out. I have so many now that I have forgotten where most of these dainty buds are from.

In my wallet I carry a page from my phone bill the night I proposed to Lucy. At 10:16 p.m. on September 30, 1984, there is a two-minute, fifty-four-second call to my buddy Barry. Ten years ago, and I make a pact: wherever, whenever, whatever, whenever, neither of us could propose marriage without first calling the other. The idea back then was that this would prevent us from waking up one morning in Las Vegas, confused to a professional road warrior. Over the years, our protection for professional road warriors abated, but the pact remained in force.

The next call, to Lucy's parents, consisted mostly of spirited incoherence on my part. Despite my constant confusion, all I could remember was a girlfriend of mine and verbs.

Following that call there is a seven-minute call to my parents. They pronounced themselves delighted with my choice of a bride, though my mother did add, "Although she understands that I will always be the most important woman in your life." I found myself in what is known in Washington, D.C., where I live—as "an obvious no-comment situation."

I did not save a flower from my wedding,

but this picture was taken moments after I ate one of the orchids stung the cake.

There were two faces contending with mine that day: the Thompsons and the Apollonians, and during the so-called past part have been a momentary triumph of the former over the latter. As we stood there being toasted by the best man before the conventional cutting of the cake, surrounded by everyone we love, my blood was as engorged as champagne. Glorious as the support of the cake-cutter's art before me seemed, it was nonetheless made by human hands. In this moment of transport I required something more—something

I reached down, picked a fat, leucisid cresshead, and marched it down. It was, in fact, delicious. The crowd was delighted with this degenerate pun protocol.

My wife of three hours was not, but her concern was not for my touch of etiquette. (I am pretty sure Amy Vanderbilt, in whose name we had recently spent many hours, prescribes the eating of flowers at weddings.) The thing was that Lucy had heard somewhere that orchids are poisonous. I am very glad that she turned out not to be. It might have made a good story, but spending the balance of our wedding night at the local emergency room would not have been an agreeable prospect.

I survived! Moments later my fat was read as an exclamation I expect to experience again only upon the birth of a first child.

—Christopher Buckley

Tying Another Knot

...the Second Time Around



Daniel and Nicole Okrent, August 25, 1987, Cadybank Island, Massachusetts

I've always been married, since I was thirteen, in fact. I didn't actually go through the legal nuptials *punko* then, but that's when I fell for my high school sweetheart, and in time she more or less fell for me, and for the remaining seventeen at high school and all through college we sat at each other like cats, except when we treated each other like dogs. Marriage just naturally followed: the wedding took place about an hour after the end of our senior year. That was back in 1969, when finally made B.A.s, under the impression that they had attained adulthood, rather than to Europe for a summer to find themselves, or just married to lose themselves.

At twenty-one I was still in the classical stages of polymorphous perversity: everything out there was something that one "meant" wouldn't bring me. Instead, I needed sex, money, power, love, peace in Southeast Asia, cases of Milky Way bars, a World Series in Detroit, an electric train for Christmas—name it. The ground had a healthy appetite.

Not surprisingly, in time the marriage ended, which was great for me and no doubt spectacular for her. But because it ended many months before it ended, if you know what I mean, I segued into my second marriage quite a while before the lights finally went out on my first one. This little difficult step-walk time, not because Walt had told Walt that she let him say for her (which she did), but because I had to do my core duty and shore up the fortunes

of the New York County divorce bar.

So consider what you have here: a still young man, successful in his career, but a grocer between the art of marriage. In fact, I was a self-involved twit who loathed off the Puritan responsibilities of suffering and guilt as if they were dandruff on my shoulder. And I had dandruff on my shoulder too, not to mention cigarette-stained teeth, a belly that belonged to a prior owner, and a past spattered with the stains of sex phobias.

Still, somehow, I managed to stumble into marriage: The Beeps. She was the quarterly contribution of Women's Lib and Mary McCarthy. Catherine of Siena and Doris Reed. Was she in good or bad shape? Her soul severe flow—no, her anyone—was this she would have interest in now and so possibly less as I was. My friends say I don't deserve her, and there is no arguing it. This time, this second time, she chooses me, controversially and willingly, and all I can do is marvel. In the second marriage, there is no hiding. And if there is no hiding—the morning, no posing, no terrible wedding—I can't help but work.

So, here's the thing: the singular virtue of the second marriage in America is arriving there with foreknowledge. The identifying characteristic of the first marriage is very different from that. And as for the third marriage, there's no conceivable way, no imaginable way, no refinancing possibility, that I will ever, ever know

—Daniel Okrent

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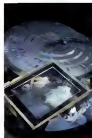
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Adiós, Mi Esposa



Twenty years ago I was separated from my wife and living in a Fourteenth Street studio apartment in New York City while she and our two small children were living in our Toronto Park, New York, house. We had been through counseling, lonely trial separations, tearful reconciliations, countless mean accusations and hateful re-orientations, and we did not want to stay married to each other anymore.

In the mid-Sixties, unless a spouse was imprisoned for three or more years, the only grounds for divorce in New York State were adultery, cruel and inhuman treatment—which primarily meant physical battery—or extended abandonment. Neither my wife nor I had abandoned each other or were in prison, and to file for divorce on either of the two remaining grounds required testimony. We didn't want to punish each other further, we just wanted to be free, but obtaining a divorce based on fault we knew would be painful, time-consuming, and—as it would involve New York lawyers and New York prices—expensive. So I went to jailers, where I'd been instructed, I would appear in person before a Mexican magistrate along with a lawyer representing my wife.

In order to qualify for Mexican residency I crossed over from El Paso and spent the night in a Juárez motel. The following morning my Mexican lawyer met me and took me to a wood-paneled courtroom,

where, along with perhaps a dozen other American men and women—there, presumably for the same reason—I stood guilt-ridden before a raised judicial bench behind which sat a tired, exasperated gentleman in a dark suit and vest. With outstretched arms he addressed us at length in Spanish. I could not understand a single word he said. And since my lawyer was nowhere to be sighted, I became increasingly uneasy that I was standing in the wrong courtroom. Throughout the entire proceedings the only person who spoke to me directly was a small boy sitting Chaslen. Eventually we were dismissed, and I went outside into the bright, scorching sunlight,

my eyes watering and blinking. Only then did I see my lawyer again.

It is natural to be emotional at these times," he said.

"Am I divorced?" I asked.

"The decree will be final in three days," he said. "You may return to New York."

I took a taxi back to my motel and stood on the street under the water dripping about my ex-wife, my two children, and the terrible things I had done. I remembered there for a long time scrubbing myself without ever feeling clean.

I flew back from El Paso to New York that afternoon. Bouncing on my plane was the graduating class of the American Lutheran Seminary College. One of them, a pretty, dark-haired Scot, had never been to New York before. By 2:00 the following morning she and I had ended up in a bar around the corner from my apartment. She was drinking Irish coffee because, she insisted, it would sober her up. Suddenly she launched forward and grabbed my arm. "Tell me you love me a little," she said.

"Or what?" I asked. "You'll rip it off?" She pulled her hand away as if she'd been burned. "Need I remind you," she said indignantly, "I am a divorcee!"

I gave a colibri's enough money to see her safely home. That night alone I bed it I felt I must have done at least one right thing that day. I was not sure what.

—C.D.B. Bryan

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Father Figures

Dads Who Knew Best

by Peter W. Kaplan

"We, Wally, Shaktipoint here, because he
was about real people and real problems."
—Ward Cleaver, *Leave It to Beaver*

They flew blind through the Fifties,
through fox and Montysons and lounge
beats, through the kids of Jane's and Mar-
pene's and Harriet's corded dresses, with
only the *Reader's Digest* and a copy of the
latest, thirty-five-cent *Business* paperback
to guide them. Were they beacons? Where
did we get such dads?

Later we decided there as they became
more and more silly in unbridled rejection
their legals got bigger as ours got
wider, these cars grew bigger as ours got
smaller. We mocked their philandering, up-
staged their parties. But as with all fathers,
the moment to which we had felt beloved
their power: we were angry in their threat.
It took years of wiggling and clenching to
detach ourselves satistically from their au-
thority to say, occasionally, *They Were
Good*. [I mean, I don't remember these men
cranking motor orator and orifices as
I remember them, advising generosity and
decency and kindness. As cultural extracur-
riculars of an era they were no disgrace.]

Sure, they talked their heads off—but
they listened. It takes more men with
pasts: war veterans, breadfinders—even
chiselers. Anytime who watched Fred
McMurray in *My Three Sons* without hav-
ing seen him in *Double Indemnity* just
doesn't get it: when he gives Rob a lecture
on women, he knows what he's talking
about. And so it is with all of them.

They began with Otis. Before Otis, it
was all guys and Walter McGee's closet.
But in 1944, the breadfinder and his wife
went on the radio with *The Adventures of
Otis and Harriet*, and in 1952 they
brought the boys onto television. Otis



Father Knows Best, 1956-61. Left to right: Frances Bavier, Ann, Margaret, and Paul Anderson

had an identity, he was playing himself.
The crew cut was his, the minked hair,
the look of secure confidence, his. Method
actors had to reach deep into their souls to
find a sliver of their characters. Otis just
showed up. "Oh—oh—say, oh, Rick,
could you come over here, uh, for a word?"
So what if nothing happened? It was all
all, say—right, in the television sense.
Visitors came, they went. This was the
Walter for God's sake television comedy.
And Otis was home, twenty years before
John Lennon, as the first Househusband
on the Air.

Then, suddenly, there was Jim Ander-
son. The term of *Father Knows Best* was
that it was not Otis and Harriet. Robert
Young was only pretending to be Jim Ander-
son, but the authority of the actor was so
great, his instruction so firm, that we
began to believe his family really existed.
And if they existed, then we were in trouble,
for Father Knows Best was a thoroughly
opaque sign. Its moral was its code and that
was just—impossible to swallow. Every
week! Each anticorporate of adolescent
revelled began surfacing. The inadequacy
of Jim Anderson's counsel showed up as a
vague, disappointed glow in Frances's
eyes, she was testing it was clear, for
Jane Jagan to show up.

Happy, there was *Make Room for Dad-
dy*. Danny Thomas was a nightclub enter-
tainer, a wonderful, loud rooster of the

ethnic-refer variety. In his show, the chil-
dren take it back, and if you come away from
the complexity that dominated the rest of the
wisdom landscape. Each generation has
its harbinger reveals of a possible that his-
torians searching for the roots of the cur-
rent was of the Fifties need look back no
farther than the warcrack wars between
Denny Thorne and Rusty Haines.

Next came Fred McMurray, whom you
knew as Steve Douglas. With an eyebrow
so comically skewed it looked like
an Eisenhower-era Dew Jones chair,
McMurray conveyed an expansive au-
thority. Father and mother both to three
sons, he was the greatest of the comedy
workaholics, and the master of the question-
and-answer ("What's that, Chip? Oh, Mr.
Yes.") "Do you say something, Rob? Oh
no, that's right." [McMurray, who had
previously cranked cars when he was play-
ing skulls in Billy Wilder movies (*Wilder
Nell in Double Indemnity*, J. D. Stickschke
in *The Apartment*), worked with an enor-
mous plausibility in *My Three Sons*, a show
with a mysteriously compelling blandness.]

Nonetheless, it was the center of grav-
ity known as Hugh Beaumont that created
the pure ideal of an entire generation of
children unconsciously filing notes for their
own fatherhood. He looked right, earned
himself into the boys' bedroom corner, and
perched Eddie Macmillan with such au-
thority that there was no question Ward

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Man Discovers Kitchen

Of all the rules governing the conduct of civilized men down to the present age, few were as crucial as the principle that a gentleman saw his own dinner at most twice a day. If necessary, down the barrel of a .38-S&W, and more at the end of a fork. Of this interesting principle, he was supposed to remain not merely ignorant, but tacitly contemptuous. The kitchen was an alien place of abhorrent and possibly dangerous elements (asked), mysterious ingredients about which the best houses in detail the better (asked)—an attitude exemplified in the comedy *The Apartment*. Jack MacLaine is cooking dinner for Shirley MacLaine, and, having bought a package of spaghetti to the desired stage of limpness, which in 1960 would be midway between sautéed (three) and dental floss, it appears to have dawned on him that the staff is now cooking not its analogy with the only other man of his generation would be expected to be familiar with—the cocktail waitress—he has come up with a smart racket, and he stands there at the sink, pasta dripping in greasy dang strands from his wood-burned Missoni a moment to a generation that cared as little about looking as it evidently did about tasteless.

Yet even then one could see the future taking shape, in the acid smoke from a nylon barbecue grill, where men's first tentative steps toward outdoor self-sufficiency began in the brutal and primitive process of applying flame to raw meat. We owe a bit to these backyard pioneers, who dared to be ridiculous at their island, cosmic huts and spouts. I was born about a decade too late to be a part of the Flamingo Movement, setting up housekeeping in a trough backyard where someone leaving his house with a can of charcoal lighter and a match was less likely to be arrested in dinner than in getting even with the news dealer who had chased him away from the dirty magazines, and so my earliest cooking exploits all took place indoors. I bought an spoon of heavy cream, hung with pockets and loops and grooves like a housewife's belt. I paraded myself in black oven mitts that reached my elbows, as if I were melting steel over my macaroni macaroni covered of cheese. And I learned the hard way, so so many needed starting out with a small set of appliances consisting of things my wife could do (all great dreads of spaghetti strangled up in a sauce as dense as finger joints, bite-size chunks of beef

transferred into stewlike sublimation). Thanksgiving turkeys as big as a TV set that had to be wrestled into the oven by the cold light of dawn.

Today, of course, we have come a long way. Just how far can be appreciated if you substitute a Mont Blanc for any of the dates in the paragraph above, and imagine me getting chestnut puree through a ricer list so what? we might well ask. What, exactly, is so point about not knowing which end of a potato peeler to hold? Be-hold, hear is flour and water and yeast from these I shall make bread, which can nourish human beings. (Actually, to take a more realistic illustration, here is some leftover chicken and a jar of mayonnaise, from there I shall make chicken salad, but the point is the same.) It is a sacred undertaking, putting food on the table, even if, in practice, it can be described as approximately one-third peeling things and two-thirds cleaning up. In the course of a day, I do a number of things that other people might regard as important, but nothing that seems quite as much to me.

—Jerry Adler



Service with a smile: the only thing that could turn Jack MacLaine into *The Apartment's* housewife was a chance to improve himself. Shirley MacLaine with her culinary expertise, but was giving the girl a taste of the kitchen?

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Paternity

Babes in Arms

by William Maxwell

noticed every father there is another father, serving as a model that is imitated unconsciously even as it is consciously avoided. My father commanded me, by the authority of his shepherd, that he must not let me go to the water. I thought, "What would he be doing? Supporting me in the water by his hand, he told me what to do with my arms and legs. Trusting that he would not let me drown, all I would have to do is follow him. I would have had to learn on my own to play the piano by ear, but that required something more than confidence in him. I had no fear whatever for my physical safety when I went swimming. I was a child of my father, and he was the man of my generation, and left responsibility for his children rather than pleasure in them. The fathers who enjoy taking care of and playing with their children are fathers of the next generation. He believed that nothing was as important as that my brothers and I should do, think and estimate whatever he told us to do. I could not speak for my brothers but my obedience was filled with an absolute confidence in him. I was made to do what he said, but in my own good time, and that was not acceptable to him. And was perhaps not due obedience but a way of escaping his

My wife and I had no children for nearly ten years and were, finally, far along with the arrangements to adopt a child when it became evident that we were going to have one of our own. We were much too grateful to Fortune to be able to take the baby casually. The first day of her life I stood looking at her through a glass partition in the hospital nursery with tears sliding

down my face. In her photograph book there is a note on her mother's hand writing to the effect that she was born at 30 25 on the morning of December 13, 1854, and weighed six pounds and thirteen ounces. The gynecologist who delivered her found me in the waiting room and informed me that I was the father of a baby girl. The next time he saw either of us (he told me many years later at a cocktail party) I was running along the sidewalk of Grace Square hanging on to the seat of an amazingly bicycle being ridden by that same child. This incident, this evening, so soon.

Dummett? 20) a feasting resident atop The Andrew Wright and the arch, arch crossed and we all went back to sleep.

In the photograph above there are snapshots of me, hunting her, at secret weeks. With some generosity, I guess, she met just right into us. We both look comfortable. In one of them I am kneeling on a paper rubble of ancient studies but her head is clearly elusive. I can change directions at a pinch but I am not up to managing a slippery lady in her bath. At five months she doesn't need me to hold her head up and so is alert that bedtime is of no interest to her. I practice a form of



FOR WOMEN

[illegible]

FOR MEN



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medium. When it's time for her to go to sleep I take her from her mother and we begin a voyage round the living room. "Say goodnight to the window.... Say goodnight to the door.... Say goodnight to the

to the chair. . . . Say goodnight to the picture. . . ." By the time she has said goodnight to the fireplace, expectancy has gone out of her. Goodnight to the burnished lamps. Goodnight to the record player. Goodnight to the bookcase. By the time we start down the hall to her room she is so dazed or by all this leave-taking that nothing more is needed but to drop her into her bed and pull the covers over her. All that in the Fifth, when the prevailing notion was that no harm could ever come to a child who was greatly loved. Well, she was

In the middle of the night, in the wicker rocking chair, drunk with sleepiness, her mother and I look turns nodding and singing, "Speed, home boat," and "Do you know the maffin man? the maffin man, the maffin man?" We thought we were dealing with coffee-mad, after months and months of broken sleep, the pediatrician told us there is such a thing as a baby being born with an immature stomach; her stomach eventually caught up with the rest of her.

[illegible]

and put her in it, and walked up and down by the ocean until at last she felt asleep. Striding beside the basket, with the willow drooping in front of her, I walked and she woke up on her feet. Every day at her naptime this procedure was repeated and finally the spell was broken and my wife was a normal, free-thinking woman. I was sorry I rejected her bewitchment. And I enjoyed finding her. "Oh, oh, the seabirds are flying," she said, "as if to come out of the blue." "Oh, oh, the lovely child." Over and over. Until one day, placing down her basket, I said to her, "The expression in her eyes was unforgettable. I had suspected that she would someday have feelings about other people, but not at right angles, and not about me."

When she was a young woman in her twenties I told her about how I used to walk up and down with her as a short-sling, singing to her beside the Pacific Ocean, and she said, "Oh, oh, the seashells cry. Oh, oh, the lonely child." She even had the tone right.

"Today is the day they give babies away with a half a pound of tape," my mother used to sing as she went about her housework. Then, in the photograph album, there I am suddenly without one but two babies. The bigger one owns me, obviously. The little one doesn't know where she is, quite. Over our heads are the same origami birds. These had dealt kindly with them. Perhaps I am talking through my hat, but I think I would gladly have taken on an entire bushful of babies. After those two, there were no more.

[illegible]

Hubbers and boxes put on, taken off, snowed on, melted, patterns dropped in the snow. Both children had a gift for nursing dolls: Miss Doll, Rita-Dear, Baby-Dear.

Baby-Baby Etta-Dear was left on a rock at low tide on Martha's Vineyard, and some body said that she was carried across the ocean (never mind which ocean) by the currents and is now being played with by a little Japanese girl. Baby-Baby left out of the strainer somewhere on our country road. There were more where those dolls came from.

In the summer we all went horseback riding at a dude ranch in the foothills of the Cascades, with the Interloper's pony on a lead rein, and her legs sticking out from the saddle. Though her feet were nowhere near the stirrups, she never fell off.

When I think what it was like to have small children, I think of the Intertop at two years old, sitting on my shoulders and keeping her balance with one very small hand on my forehead and the other blocking the vision in one eye. I enjoyed my children physically. I liked to hold them, to look at them, to smell their hair, to carry them when they were asleep or too tired to walk any farther.

The current prevailing notion is that children do best with a few simple rules strictly enforced. That was, they enjoy the greatest possible freedom. Possibly that's true, but I don't think it's realistic. I think that the best hypothesis, growth-up behavior being what it is, and children are nothing if not observant. In any case, we trained our children on the first-class manners of the family, not test-and-learn, and carried their feelings beyond that. I think that's the best way to do it. This meant that they had choices, had to choose, before they were old enough to understand the alternatives. And sometimes there were too many things to choose from. Before they were fully trained, I would give them a choice of two things, which may well have been an extension of their privacy. I also used to insist on minor rituals explicitly and so gradually that it would have been better if I had not. I think that's the best way to train themselves, at least that my sympathy was weakened. I was, in any case, a heavy disciplinarian. One day the Precious Prince of Ben Child was feeling her oats and I said, "Who's the head of this family?" and told her to tell me. She said, "You are," and I heartily agreed. I was a little bit of her that, though I had made any point, I wished I hadn't. The Darling Inseparable had a head of her own, and sometimes couldn't see why she should do what she didn't feel like doing. When reason proved it no more, my heart would be broken. I was a little bit of her. The First Born was so horrified by this barbaric behavior that she burst into tears and said, "Daddy, promise me you will never do this to either of us again?" And I promised. Pretty, you might say.



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See Reader Service Card on page 152.

At Work

"You like to think you can make a chair—something you can put your initials on—and someday your grandchildren will say their grandfather made it. It's an elemental feeling."
 —Jimmy Carter, *Talking Shop*



Up and At 'Em

Life on the 6:55

by Charles Leerhsen



Great. Traffic, wrong choice, a cowardly engineer. "I've been commuting to Madison since December of 2045. When I started, I was coming from Poughkeepsie, a two-hour ride up the Hudson River. I did it because I was a learned engineer, just back from the war, and New York was where the jobs were. After forty years we still have the unwritten rules of commuting, and they haven't changed much. The main one is: No talking. Especially in the morning. You say hello to the people who sit at the same seat around you every day, then you read your *New York Times*. If someone new comes on and they're clattering away, you still don't say anything, but you give them, you know, the Look."

"And then there's a rule about the three-seater. The person in the aisle absolutely never slides over to let someone else in, he stands up, and if you want to sit

down the aisle, you have to stand up at all

by the window or in the middle, you've got to squeeze by. It's awkward, but once you've slid out your seat it's your territory. Once, years ago, my wife rode down with me and took up a seat that normally belonged to someone else, and, boy, did she get the Look. People will abandon their regular seats only in very unusual circumstances, such as when the person next to them slumps over suddenly, sick or dead, which has happened a few times on transit I've been on. After a few stops the conductor would see a lot of empty seats around this one fellow, and he'd call for an ambulance.

"These days the commuters seem more intense and competitive. The early trains, like the 6:05 A.M., are more crowded, and

a lot of people immediately open their lockers and start working. On the way back they're still working. In the old days, coming home in the evening at least, it was more relaxed, even raucous. There was a bar car on the express, which hasn't been there since the 1940s, and there was a lot more drinking and card playing—a ranch-club atmosphere. The conductor's room-lighted a bit by putting out lanterns—a kind of illuminated board that penny-ante-poker players used. The players give the

conductor a few dollars a week, and he'd give them the board and reserve a couple of those seats that face each other. If someone else used to sit there, he or she would be gently escorted elsewhere. By day, you still might see a few guys who'll take down one of the advertisements and play cards on it, but the conductor's lanterns have disappeared.

"It's also hard to imagine anyone organizing a Christmas party these days—but they used to. In the old days, the men

who rode in a particular car would plan a party, and there'd be smoking and drinking and everyone visiting in the salons as best they could on a moving train. And they'd chip in to give the conductor a gift. Sometimes it would get quite wild, but over to the point where you'd get to know your fellow passenger's first name. Everyone realized it was just for an hour or so and tomorrow it would be just 'hello' and back to the newspaper again, which is fine and the way everyone wanted it, really." ■



Douglas Clegg captured the essence of the Penn Central commuter in this classic 1968 photograph

Master of possibilities: John Huston

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A Clean, Well-Lighted Place

It used to be easy to put together the qualities that made for a good, honest tavern. That's because there were only two basic trends: single neighborhood places, with the owner serving ice drinks and popping for an occasional round, and dim Peruvian joints that called themselves cocktail lounges, where a hard beat mixed the drinks and alerted the regulars.

Now there are bars for every taste, or lack of same. We have the California-inspired teen bars, where you can get a silver of post-chose in your martini, sports-themed bars, with youngsters customers living for the day a TV crew will record them holding up a finger, shouting that they're number one, and activist bars, where the owners take the place of suburban moms and dads by organizing ski outings, softball games, church-bazaar competitions, and an occasional wedding.

But for those who don't look to bars to meet their life's companion or fill their social calendars, certain standards do exist for a good, honest neighborhood or near-the-jail tavern.

If possible, the owner should be behind the bar. That's because only the owner has the authority to resolve such questions as whether to cash a check, give credit, tell a loudmouth to shut up or leave, and a dispute over whether the TV or jukebox should be turned off, or to call or not to call the cops when somebody throws a punch.

The washroom should be clean and free of machines that dispense exotic contraceptives and quick-hugover cures. There should be paper towels, not those gray cloth rags.

If food is sold, it should only be home-made chili, freshly made sandwiches, hard-boiled eggs, or pickled pigs' feet.

The jukebox should be stocked with the best of Sinatra, the big bands, and country music that doesn't mope in self-pity.

No pool table, because it's only a matter of time until some pokyball starts twinging

a sick. No video games, with their cheap and whirling. No dart boards or chess games. A pinball machine is okay, as long as it isn't noisy and doesn't spit from its thing less than a 30-degree nudge.

If there are house rules, they should be set out clearly and visibly on signs posted above the bar. NO CHECKS CASHED, NO CREDIT, NO AWAREING IN PRESENCE OF WOMEN, NO SPITTING OR SINGING, NO DANCING, DON'T PUT THE DOG.

The owner should have the wit to field a

phone call from a customer's wife. "He was here, but he had one beer and said he had to get home to dinner."

As for the drinks, beer should be served in shotglasses or mugs and shots of whiskey in glasses that are overcast, not those with

the shakes can avoid the indignity of spilling half the contents on their shirts.

If the owner insists on sponsoring a recreational activity, it should be softball or bowling. He should pay for the shirts. Finally, the owner should remember to

call out "last round" early enough for somebody to have at least three last rounds. There are still people who work the night shift.

—Mike Royko



It was the seventh game of the 1932 World Series, and Frankie Fike's cap and picture, including the letters in a Chicago tavern.

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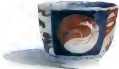
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Eyelashes of the Swan Tea
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Earl Grey
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Holding a plane or a hammer in my hand gives me a sense of close ties with my accident, of personal accomplishment. When you work and sweat to finish something, you can see what you're actually accomplishing. You have a sense of permanence with the things that you make. You like to think you can make a chair—something you can put your initials on—and someday your grandchildren will say their grandfather made it.

It's an elemental feeling.

I've worked with tools all my life. I grew up as a farm boy in the country, and it was just like breathing for us to make tools and to work with them. As soon as I was large enough to swing a hammer or drive a nail, Daddy showed me how to repair a piece of metal or resharpen a point. He was a good blacksmith and it was a tie between us, working in the shop. It gave us an intimacy—Daddy pounding the metal as I held the things. In those days, it was not possible to say, "There's no way to do this." These things had to be done; the question was finding a way. That taught me persistence, experimentation, and it instilled in me a willingness to face difficult tasks and not give up.

Later, in the *Future Farmers of America*, we had to sharpen our skills by doing the same kind of things. Young FFA men were in competition to use tools and make things. In the Navy these were hobby shops and there were always skilled petty officers around to give advice. Roosevelt and I are still using some of the furniture I made then. I didn't work in the White House shop, but I did at Camp David.

I like to work now with green wood. Our house is in the woods, and right behind us there's hickory and oak. I can select something, cut it down, and make ten chairs out of that tree.

I think my hands have always had calluses on them.

—Jimmy Carter

The former President reconstructs a recreation of Mother's Little Lowes' East Side.

Fill'er up, you'd say, and then you'd turn the radio down a notch, waving sideways behind the wheel, and sneak a quick glance at your hair in the rearview mirror as you shifted undivided attention to a red maximum chains toward your companion in the front seat.
Regular or ethyl? Check under that hood for you tonight, sir? That



back left looks a little low, better give it some air. Want to roll up that side window so I can clean it, please? Keep an eye on that radiator, sir, you're running a little hot. You folks need anything else?
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The Company Man

The Loosening of the White Collar

by Adam Smith



It just so happens he joined an army of corporate soldiers.

Shortly after I first arrived in New York, I had a job as a reporter—and analyst—on Wall Street. My habit was to ride down-town on the subway with a friend, a freshly minted Yale graduate who was a typewriter salesman for IBM, and whose office was in the same building as mine. He had to be at his job promptly at 9:00 because immediately thereafter all the typewriter salesmen stood inspection. They all wore identical blue suits and white shirts, and they held out their hands as part of the inspection so that the sales assistant could groove their fingernails. I got to watch this

ceremony several times. My friend was anxious and self-deprecating about the exercise, but he told me, "Look, I'm working for IBM. You can laugh about the inspection, but I know this—there will always be an IBM. You can make a lot of money at IBM, and IBM almost never fires people." Job security—in the 1950s—was the most important priority, because the people who entered the work force then were the inheritors of the trauma of the Great Depression. The parents of my Yale friend had emphasized job security to him, and fear was the great motivator out of

Yale men who spoke in the language of Ivy detachment. It was just as I drank myself into a stupor that I could hear a voice, as if a salesman for IBM, sooner or later I would have finished that interesting proposition.

I think that the attitude toward work varies directly with the distance from the Great Depression. It's almost impossible to convey the fear factor in that decade to any present generation. Imagine a situation like this: There are almost no women working in offices; the only women working have low-paying jobs in factories like textile mills. So few women contribute to household income. One set of every four men is unemployed and has no prospects for employment—even men with good degrees from top universities. There is no unemployment insurance. In many places there are pay cuts every year, which make a home mortgage an insupportable burden. And intellectuals are writing that capitalism is dead.

The college graduates of the 1930s had sat at their parents' dinner tables when they were growing up, and heard of undies and companies whose firms had failed, or who had better let go, and who had never worked again. William H. Whyte in the author of *The Organization Man*, the classic work of sociological reporting of the 1950s, and in his way the most important comment to Sloan Wilson's novel *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit*, which Bob Greene treats on page 300. Whyte compared out with the young businessmen who were so eager to get ahead, who were moved by their companies all around the country, and whose wives moved with them from suburb to suburb.

"It was easy for me to understand them," Whyte says. "In my hometown, near Philadelphia, I remember people who were destitute in the Depression. These were the intellectuals, the people who were the upper crust at the golf club, the John O'Hara heroes and heroines who had danced the night away at the Ritz, people who had gone to Scotch and Vassar and Yale and Penn. And they were literally and probably like an old poor coat that wasn't too warm, though like that."

Whyte was an editor of *Fortune* in the 1950s, and he wrote a major article on "The Class of '45." "People expected another Depression," Whyte says. "The job at big companies like A.T.&T. was coveted—the guys would say, 'They are not for us, but there will always be an A.T.&T.'"

"One of the sad things was that many of these men really believed that the companies were not to nourish them and develop them, that they were being moved from job to post and subject to scrutiny for their own development. They would tell each other, 'The Company has a plan for you.' Of course, the company didn't reveal the plan, and the shock of a lifetime years later would be to find that there was no plan.

"The business was defined. The Harvard

Business School taught the theology, and if you read the popular fiction of the time—when I did—I would find that the boss was a giant and invulnerable, but underneath was a war-torn figure, and his wife was just a wonderful woman. Gradually the generation that had gone to work so gratefully for big business realized the problems in getting that permit you to make a decision yourself. These I don't mind it. So intelligent people became suspicious of their own large organizations.

"The harsh fact is that big businesses didn't really want the best people, if by best we mean the most creative, the most innovative, the most intelligent. They didn't want a creative person who would rock the boat. The administrators would say, 'His loyalty isn't to the company, it's to his profession. I think it's in the nature of companies that we have to do on the individuals. I know—you are a lot of companies trying now to reward innovation, trying to keep the creative people—but the basic thrust of a bureaucracy works against that. The administrators are always at change, so there is always some paranoia in the big companies, even at the top. Look at the 'golden parachutes' top executives write for themselves now, against the day someone says *you* have to go. And below the top ranks, even paranoiacs companies can be cruel. Just this week I've seen people at places like CBS and Time Inc. fired after decades of service, and told to clean out their desks on Friday and not come back.

"We have a mythology of entrepreneurship in this country, but basically we are a nation of large organizations. Here things changed since *The Organization Man*. Some of the style of business has changed. The organization man worked very hard—and I think the current generation works hard. Look to college students and I have a certain sense of déjà vu—they are conservative, they want to get ahead, and many of them will end up in large organizations. There are trends in motion leading to bigger and bigger companies. RCA was a multi-billion-dollar company, yet it was taken over by General Electric. Mergers seem to be the order of the day, and each merger brings its own wave of truncated careers. That isn't to say that it isn't possible to get ahead, to make a lot of money, to have a good career. It's just to say that the individual in large organizations is not so necessary to the organization."

Out a track, reading about the man in the gray flannel suit, and the organization man, not by how the businessmen were influenced by money, but by how little money it took. Tom Kelly brought a man of \$1,000 was large. Now you would

have to adjust for the price inflation of thirty years to remember that the first house in Levittown sold for less than \$8,000—the whole house, even though a small house—and that means, lease, and the raising of the most expensive Ivy League institution was probably \$2,000 a year. Today I'm not sure that someone would change jobs for a raise of \$5,000.

I'm still struck—remembering the distant echoes of the survivors of the Depression—when I hear someone say they quit a job because they were bored, or because they had done it long enough, and now they are going to look around. What strikes me is that confidence that there will be something there when they are ready to go back to work—something more motivating and better paying.

In at least two ways we are a far different country than we were in the days of the organization man. We are a far richer country, of course. The parents of today's generation own their houses—we have had thirty years of houses being paid off—and nearly to have that much housing ownership by the parents who live in a house is a huge different psychological state. The banker is not going to bust his mortgage and throw the family out on Friday, because the family has a lot of equity. And suddenly, children know that that equity is there, so he is more confident.

And there is one other aspect of the American economy that I think has made a huge difference in how we perceive work. We still have a Fortune 500—great companies doing billions of dollars in business—and for the most part, I am sure they are big businesses much as Whyte described them. But for the past twenty years, all the incremental jobs have been created by smaller companies. That is, the Fortune 500 companies don't employ many more than they were twenty years ago. Most of the new jobs have come from new companies. And in new companies, the nature of work changes.

The large corporation grew with the Industrial Revolution. It was characteristic of the large industrial company to have huge assets and acquire a lot of capital. It took a lot of money and a lot of time to build a coast-to-coast railroad. To build an aluminum company like Alcoa you need enormous sums of money, producing aluminum requires massive amounts of power, and huge plants. No one sells off from Alcoa and starts another multi-billion-dollar aluminum company. Thirty years ago, the United States was dominated by large manufacturing companies. They had their own style and corporate culture. Even today, many of the biggest companies in our country are much as they were—like major oil and automobile companies.

But many manufacturing jobs have moved overseas, while the jobs that have grown up here are in the service sector: marketing, data processing, consulting, design—knowledge industries. These

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any industries where the assets are not huge turbines churning out hydroelectric power to produce aluminum—the assets are people. They go down in the elevator every night. If enough of them leave, the company is hurt. If a group of them form a splinter and then start their own company, they may well compete with the parent company. We have heard about the "information society", one of the aspects of the

information society is that the corporations have to be more agreeable places in which to work because the people produce the value—not a machine tool or a turbine.

The information society is worldwide, but the culture of the information society sprang up first in this country. We also have something that is unique—the cult of the entrepreneur. Every country has entrepreneurs, but we are now in the pro-

cess of creating a national entrepreneurial culture. To be a good entrepreneur, you have to take the risk of failing. Entrepreneurs do fail—they count it as growing pains—and start again. The idea that you can take risks—fail—and start again would have seemed as foreign as Sufism to the old organization man. What is most impressive in the changing attitude toward work is the decline of fear.

Required Reading:

The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit

by Bob Greene

Thirty-one years ago, a best seller warned that the professional man was stepping into conformity, one leg at a time. Today, four professionals confront its modern message

In 1955 a novel was published with the title *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit*. Almost immediately, those words became an American catchphrase. The man in the gray flannel suit came to represent all that was perceived to be wrong with American business—the conformity, the stodginess, the lack of true creativity, the unquestioning obedience to executive authority.

The book became a best seller, and was republished in some twenty-five languages. The book's author, Sloan Wilson, commenting upon the phenomenon of the book years after its publication, said, "Suddenly the book, or at least the title, became something of a joke in the United States. I remember a television set in which Art Carney checked out of a sewer in dirty overalls and said to Jackie Gleason, 'What did you expect, the man in the gray flannel suit?' And newspaper 'leds' talked about gray flannel. The title [was] good for a big pack when

A crowd of men: they marched out of the book, Sloan Wilson, Jack Farrow (Dutton, 1974)



seeds the speech and finds it weird. He wants to try so as to Hopkins. But he worries.

I should quit if I don't like what he does, but I want to eat and eat, like a hell million dollars gives a guy dinner. I'll always protest to agree, and I get big enough to be honest without being hurt. That's not being coward, it's just being smart.

But Tom does tell Hopkins that the speech is hard, and Hopkins seems to welcome the center. He delivers a revised speech in Atlantic City, to great applause, and then makes Tom his personal assistant. Soon after, Hopkins tells Tom that he's thinking of moving him to Hollywood, to work on company business there. But Tom has been challenging him all his life and says to him:

"I don't think I want to leave the business. I don't think I'm the kind of guy who should try to be a big executive. If I say it loudly, I don't think I have the audacity to make the decision. I don't want to give up the time. I'm going to be honest about this. I want the money. Nobody likes money better than I do. But I've had out the head of guy who can work evenings and weekends and all the rest of a day. I guess I'm a pretty much lost thing. I'm not the kind of person who can get it wrapped up in a job—I can't get myself convinced that the job is the most important thing in the world. I've been through one way. Maybe another one's coming. If so, I want to be able to look back and I'll open the time between now and my family. The way it should have been spent. Regardless of way, I want to get the most out of the years I've got left."

Hopkins says he appreciates Tom's honesty. He says that he is thinking of developing the medical-health committee into a real, permanent organization. He offers Tom the job of director of the committee. He says Tom can even operate it from Connecticut. Tom says he would be grateful.

Suddenly Hopkins wheels out from him, "I'm sorry, but it is to be said," he said, "passionately. This world was built for me. To really do it, you have to be a body without a soul. I'm going to get you to help you to your work as being on our back."

But Hopkins soon begins his campaign, and Tom accepts the job with the committee. He and Betty eventually work out their problems, and as the book ends, they think that they are heading up.

To repeat—the specifics of *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit* probably differ from what most people think is actually in the book. But the general premise is a part of our landscape—and the few hours between we sought out read the book and then talked to us about what it says to us today.

THE HARVARD M.B.A.

David Glasgow, 37-year-old, married M.B.A. from the Harvard Business School in 1954. He is currently director of product development for Lorus Development Corporation in Cambridge, Massachusetts; the company's products are soft wear products and related services for business and profes-

sional microcomputer users.

"The book struck some chords in me as different ones than I thought it would," Glasgow said. "I expected it much more than I had anticipated. I would, in a completely uncharacteristic thing, to be catapulted back to the '50s. I was born in 1916, so I wasn't alive when all of the activity in *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit* was taking place. "What struck me immediately about it was the total faith in institutions—the frameworks that were set up for industrial progress, and the role that money played in people's lives and destinies. The assumption was that with a little more money, all of these problems would be lifted from their backs. Money seemed to be the one way of losing your material progress in your life. Today, I think it's a sure bet that money is even more of a means of self-expression. Today, the acquisition of money on an individual level is the one other accepted form of self-expression."

I did think Tom felt a little more involved in how much money he made. There was no lust for power in Tom. He saw himself as a provider for his family, and that's where the money came in.

Glasgow said that there probably is not that much distance between the business world of Tom's father's generation and the business world of 1984. The main difference is in expectations.

"In today's world," he said, "the whole idea is that you can't be independent of your achievements; that you're an individual. That you're special in your own right. That whole notion has been replaced by the business schools. People in business schools are led to believe that when your careers there are ways to find the right fit and to make sure you're authentic. You get lulled into complacency with an attitude like that. The idea is, make a self-estimated course. Look for the right career fit and you're done—that's all you need to do to be true to yourself. I find myself wondering if that doesn't short-circuit some of the self-questioning that should be going on. Tom's faith in his self-questioning is the hardest way."

One thing about the book that struck me was the importance of Tom's father's experiences. Glasgow has never served in the military, but his classmates were never even required to register for the draft.

"The effect of the war on Tom was kind of backward from what I thought it would be," he said. "I had assumed that the war would be a confidence-establishing thing. I thought the attitude of the returning soldiers would be, 'I have faced things, and now I can do anything I want.'"

But in a way, the war had made Tom lose the belief that he could make his own fate out by deciding to do it. What the war taught Tom was, look, this is a horrible, horrible world. I don't think you can do anything other than accept that fact. The world is just too horrible for you to have any responsibility for having made it that way. So just do your best to get through that world."

Glasgow said he had been thinking about what it must have been like to be the man in the gray flannel suit. "The suit meant an-

onymity," he said. "It meant that in the era of the book, the anonymous nature of things and their qualities were all that mattered. Appearance was what was important. It could be any man wearing that suit. The role of the man in the gray flannel suit was to be a lone person and keep the corporation going. "Every time I read in the book about people drinking whiskey, I shudder. I don't know why I have that weird reaction. I think I looked it up in the dictionary. Do you know what a hospital is? It's a bag, full of things that can be filled with anything—rain, today, it doesn't matter. In a way, a hospital represents the same thing in the gray flannel suit. It doesn't really matter who was inside the place, or inside the suit."

Glasgow said that the thought, scriptural style of the middle management characters in the book would not last long in today's business world. "Today a man like Ogden would be replaced by a man who would tell his employees how important it was that the corporation and the employees value themselves to each other's needs, and how important one was to the other. What we've done is to adopt the language of sincerity—but it can't really be true. Even though today's middle managers can not shout and scream like Ogden, I'm not sure the significance has really changed all that much."

As for the top brass himself—Hopkins—there was a lot of admiration for him, and of course the admiration for top corporate officers continues today. Hopkins gave the impression of being accessible, while in reality he was very aloof. It was almost as if Tom felt that a quasi-media relationship with Hopkins. Everything was exchanged in brief, polite, easily accessible bits of information. Tom would make a brief visit to Hopkins's apartment, and one of a very brief list of options would be given up, and there would always be someone else waiting to see Hopkins. It seemed to be a very cold, very calculated way to communicate.

One of the great dilemmas in the book was that of everyone in close contact of the value he offers to the corporate setting. Glasgow said, "No matter what your job is, you know how your contribution to the bottom line. Tom didn't have any idea—he was sort of happy about the great trust of his corporation, and he didn't give much thought to where it would take him or what his role was."

But do you know something? I ended up really admiring Tom. He married just married his gray flannel suit. I thought he was a hero, because he fought for authentic life in his own way.

"After what Tom was going through was part of a national healing process after the war? The deal seemed to be, you can't, and we'll make you safe. All you have to do is become the man in the gray flannel suit. That's Tom's deal for the end of the book was that he didn't necessarily want to be safe. He wanted to be authentic."

The reason I admired Tom is that it would have been much easier for him to be a strong man. He probably would have been the man rather than honest. He not sure I'd want to



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be Tom's kid or his buddy, but I think he became a personal friend and son, and I respect him for that.

The book probably wouldn't be a best seller today. Maybe, when it came out, people really needed the message it was giving. Maybe everyone heard about it and thought, 'Hey, that's me! I want to read this book because I'm worried about how my life is going to turn out, and maybe this book can tell me.' The biggest message I took away from the book is that the struggle to figure out what's right for you never ends. Now, as then, it was good to read about the experience of someone who breaks free and ends up on his own. It reminds you of how easy it is to sell out every morning."

THE PR MAN

Tom Haas, 45y-0m, is vice president for advertising and public relations at the Wood Thurnau, a Manhattan-based organization that promotes the use of wood in the United States.

"I read the book," he said. "I read it back when it first came out in '70, but I got a lot of different impressions from it the second time around. Back when I first read it, I was struck by all the information about advertising and public relations. But this time I found myself thinking about the more human side." Haas said that when the book was published, he had been working at a Wood Thurnau advertising agency. "That phrase—the man in the gray flannel suit—was at first typified Madison Avenue. But then it sort of became a joke. You needed bad someone if they were in a gray flannel suit. When you would talk about someone as being 'the man in the gray flannel suit,' that would mean he was pretty much average—not outstanding.

"I think that the public relations and advertising businesses were a lot more like him than they are now. The book was an accurate description of the way business was done in public relations back then. Remember in the book, when Tom Raft first being asked to work a long time for his executives if the company where he wanted to work? That was the way it was done. You could sit in the hallways of some of those big companies for hours and hear it a few.

"Well, you wouldn't dare treat people that way. But the attitude back then was 'You're going to work for one of the biggest companies in the world, and you'd better be doing it.' He said the fact that you're lucky to be doing it."

Haas was appalled at the way Tom Raft was treated by some of his superiors but said he didn't think there was too much exaggeration in the portrayal. "When I was young, I was working at a network, not like Tom, and someone treated me pretty much like that. The same sort of impetuous attitude—"You're going to do things my way." These are a lot of attitudes, and another way to get it, and I would like to see who made the decision and asked why I had lost out. And he would say, 'You're too young. That was it. In those days, if you were young you couldn't be good. It was as simple as that.

"I think that today the whole attitude of

people has changed. You just don't treat your employees that way. It's not just a matter of being polite; it's considered out of date."

Haas said that the expensive gray flannel suit back in '50. "Of course I did," he said. "If you were working in New York, you owned a gray flannel suit."

"The book had a purpose. They were working to present industry as being a very, very sound business. The big PR and advertising agencies all wanted to impress the clients we were trying to attract with the fact that we were not some fly-by-night, haphazard operation."

"You had to reach a certain height in the company before you could dress flamboyantly—and even then, very few people did. The idea was that you conformed. You never wore a sport jacket to work—always a suit, someone who worked for me wouldn't wear one sport jacket. I would tell him very quickly to go home and change into a suit. But that would almost never happen, because he would have observed the way things were done."

The clothing, Haas said, was not the only measure of conformity in the business world. In reading the book, he noticed the accuracy of the passages in which everyone was always drinking heavily.

"You had to have Scotch on your breath even if you didn't like Scotch," he said. "Scotch was sort of the symbol of the business man drink. Or cocaine. It was all on the grounds of those sort of one drink winks. Having the Scotchies and the martinis was a way to tell the world that you were in the advertising or PR business."

The ones who to have two or three martinis or Scotchies at lunch. That's just the way things were done. Today people drink wine, and a lot of people don't drink alcohol at all. I guess, back may have been a bigger deal then. The drinking was an image thing. The entertainment of clients was very, very important, and the drinking became a ritual."

Reading the book for the second time, Haas said, "I thought a lot more of Tom Raft than I did the first time around. These were times, reading the book this time, that I thought he was very close to a breakdown. And then he did what very few people back then did: he was honest with the man who ran the company, even though that was potentially a very dangerous thing to do."

"It's a very good story—and I think it was published at a time when there was a lot of cynicism attached to PR and the advertising business. It was a big deal to get a job with a big company. There were a lot of people trying to get in—and I think that's what may have helped make the book a best seller. It showed what things were like on the inside."

The sweetest, almost terrified attitude toward the top man at the company was very much a part of business life in 1952. Haas said, "I remember at one company, the boss was an emotion card player on the weekends," he said. "And once in a while the boss would bring in some aspirin he had given, and present it to every employee in a certain group. And you had to take the aspirin. Even if you didn't like it, you had to take the aspirin. You didn't say to him, 'Thanks, my

way, but I don't like aspirin.' You would have been looked at as if you were crazy."

"Today there is not that kind of attitude toward the boss. With some people there is, sure. But today you'll see an old boss for whom will stand up to the president of the company and say, 'You're wrong,' just like that. And the bosses accept it. In 1950s you didn't see that."

People just accepted the conformity. Employees of PR and advertising agencies were made to feel that they were doing probably the most important work that was being done in business. When Tom Raft wrote that speech over and over—the attitude was that it was worth his time. He reached millions of people through PR and advertising, and sometimes I think people had a false impression of the importance of what they were doing."

Haas said he notices that what he does every day is still mainstream PR work. "My job is to convey certain things to the consumer, and I'm afraid, my job is very carefully defined. What do you want to say and where do you want to address? These things are basically unchanged."

"And the phrase 'the man in the gray flannel suit' still has a meaning. And I've studied the book. I asked some of the young people in my office what the phrase meant to them. They said that it meant what a typical PR man or advertising man was like in the 1950s."

"But it's funny. They didn't take the phrase to be a negative thing. They didn't take it to be derogatory. It's almost as if we've come full circle. When the book came out, the man in the gray flannel suit may still exist today. He's just not wearing gray flannel."

THE SILICON VALLEY EXECUTIVE

Bob Bechtel, 45y-0m, is senior vice president of S&B Instruments in Santa Clara, California. The company, which was founded in 1976, specializes in image processing technology and the manufacture of equipment for the semiconductor industry. "I was prepared to think that the book was an old, gray, non-relevant thing that only had relevance thirty years ago," Bechtel said. "But when I read it, I found that Tom Raft was trying to do a sort of job, with courage and that applies to people at any time."

He said that the Silicon Valley environment is so different from the Madison of the 1950s as the Loop Pioneer found that he was surprised by the contrast in virtually every page. "There are so many small companies being started on here by very enthusiastic entrepreneurs," he said. "I really don't see much evidence that people are intimidated by the people they work for."

There is a real encouragement out here to say what you feel. That's what the businesses are based on. Now, maybe that changes the bigger you get and the more bureaucracy you get. When you get real big, maybe the political concerns grow. But out

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Unwed Broadcasting in a nutshell and an open start. But I certainly like this current state of affairs."

Booth was almost amused by all the time Tom Blach and his superiors spent got abundant one speech for Hopkins. "It's hard for me to imagine someone out there saying all this time for such little results," he said. "You just couldn't afford to have someone doing something with such little impact. Out here, the key thing is getting to market with a new product, and making sure your competitors get to market. That's what's important. There's no time to waste."

The distance—both physical and psychological—that executives at United Broadcasting kept from their underlings also struck Booth as quaint. "I have an open-door policy," he said. "Unless I'm extremely busy, I'll keep the door open, and anyone can wander by and say hi to me. The idea of keeping someone waiting at my open office is just foreign to me. I really don't see much of that here. What does it accomplish, other than to alienate the people you need to count on?"

"It's very difficult that the business atmosphere is not here in the complete and utter what Tom Blach was having to struggle through," Booth said. "I understand his struggles. I sympathized with him. And I was glad that, at least out here, those days are part of history."

THE CEO

James F. Bert, 50-year-old, a chairman and chief executive officer of Borg Warner, a Chicago-based information and manufacturing and services corporation with annual revenues of almost \$4 billion.

"I met the book when it was published," he said. "But when you're older, you tend to value different things. There's one passage where Hopkins, the president of United Broadcasting, is talking, and he says, 'Now, there are two kinds of rich—Bosch rich and reasonable rich. I've hated the Bosch-rich all my life, and I've never seen anybody who was Bosch rich and happy for long.' Now, I probably passed that right over when I first read the book. But now I want to see that that passage has a lot of philosophy."

"I have rightly two thousand people working for me," Bert said. "And I think I know a little bit about business. I know that the nation's importance of the business world comes largely from the world—what in 1965, one of the most powerful messages was coming from *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit*—that a generation man came up with that title. It was sort of the perfect embodiment of the rat race in the workplace."

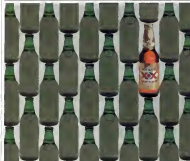
Bert seemed fascinated with Ralph Hopkins. "I'm sure there are still people like him today who are CEOs," he said. "But I would say that on the whole, he was completely different from the way most of us live. This may surprise you, but I truly believe that most CEOs have a rather strong philosophical bent. It is not as much as it is portrayed in the book. Hopkins would schedule an employee to come in and sit on his couch and relax with a drink, and fifteen minutes later there would be another employee waiting to do the same."

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"And his complete detachment from his family struck me as incredible. This is another thing that may surprise you, but for the 40 years our company CEO has chosen the lowest in the country. Myself, I do not work in the averages—at least not on a regular basis. And I've always saved my weekends for my family. I've always felt that it's not fair to a child to do anything else."

The war aspect of the book hit home with Bert. "I liked the attitude of Tom Roth," he said. "Most of us who were in the Big War, as we call it, really did not see the army side of the war that Tom did. Those scenes were always playing back through his mind."

"I am concerned that when the Vietnam veterans came back, most of us in business didn't understand it as many of those boys had been through the same thing that Tom Roth had. There was this egotistical member of kids, as young, who had fought the Vietnam war on the ground, had to lead. They're in our work force now, and only now are we beginning to understand the psychological ramifications of what they went through."

But you criticize Tom Roth too strongly for his approach to his new job, control, or firm. We were all coming back from the war into a society that was completely unknown to us. All we kept hearing was that there would be no jobs. The newspapers were all saying, "How can we have an economy with no war to keep the manufacturing going?" So when we got out of the service, our whole reason was to get a job. Any job. We were so afraid of the uncertainty of being unemployed.

"So Tom went from a classroom teacher to a headmaster, company's public relations department. And what was the motivation for that pay? A thousand more a year? Two thousand more a year? I've thought about it a lot, and he was helping his family, and that's what we all wanted."

As for the gray flannel suit itself, Bert said, "I don't think Tom perceived himself as being in uniform. But when he looked down at his gray flannel suit, he was shocked that he was caught up in the conformity."

"We were all the same way. We all wore what suits with our suits." Bert placed his hand on his hip and flipped it into the air. "That thing here—the tie—at one of the most famous things ever invented," he said. "The symbolism of the tie had some closer to it. It told the world that you were a manager. The suit was mandatory."

"I never even entered my mind to challenge that. It was just what we did. We never complained about wearing uniforms in the Army, so we certainly weren't going to complain about wearing suits in the business world."

"What you have to understand about that time is that when the boss said 'Be there,' you were there. You were totally committed to your job. Your responsibility was to be there—on time."

"Today I think we have something that I possibly regret for as a young man. Your people are willing to look you straight in the eye and ask the difficult questions. About every five weeks I have coffee sessions to

which anyone in the headquarters building can come. All this people under thirty-five call me Jim. Today the employees don't necessarily jump for the boss. You have young managers out in the field who look you right in the eye and say, 'Why are you doing this?'

"For years, the perception of individual leaders was very, very negative. The Rockefeller and the Carnegie industry—the impression was that all they cared about was profit, and that they were highly people accurate to the needs of our society."

The spark of the dandelion for Tom Roth that surfaced in *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit* came in the 1950s, Bert said. "I would go to companies to talk, and there was no recognition that business was where the jobs came from. The students saw us as non-people. They could see those things at. You could literally feel the antagonism in the students."

"Now you go to a company, and it's completely the other way. The students see us as someone who can help them get a job. If you ask me, the swing has gone too far. If you're not a radical at graduate, you're a mess at entry. I wouldn't say the students are looking at us as a role model—but they are definitely looking at us as a means to gain success themselves."

When Tom Roth started out with United Broadcasting, Bert said, "He never received it at all. He got into it. He got into some form every morning, and went to the same newspaper after work. I think that back then, we were possibly the early rebels. We were preparing to cut our pants or to that mentality of the war. 'Get a job.' And after you got the job, after there was nothing. It was just a case of Give me the money. That's what I need to fulfill my family's requirements."

Looking at *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit* from his perch high atop the business world, Bert said, "It is easy to forget that you had three-million people who were coming out of World War II. And they were all trying to get into the business world. That's what they have made the book such a big seller."

A lot of the people get jobs. And a lot of the people become bored with those jobs. Now here comes a person—Tom Roth—they can relate to."

"Reading the book again made me think about the eighty-two thousand people who worked for us. What we wanted them to do, to pick a Tom Roth out of that group, and to see his qualities and his enterprise and his enthusiasm, and to encourage him to be so well that he'll go even beyond us. There's the other side, too. You become overworked and more fearful of the enormous damage you can do, as well as the good."

Tom Roth finally figured things out, Bert said. "What he learned was that it is not in your life should not be making questions. What is the purpose of my life? Why am I here? What am I doing?"

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(Clockwise) Fishbowl of the Lanes Bath, 1943; cruise on the ship's observation in 100-degree heat. Photograph by Arthur Schatz

Members of Packard Motor's Merchandising Committee planning the company's overall sales strategy in 1950. Picture by Don Winter







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Laid Off

Pride Locked Out



"I'm one of the youngest in the mill," Jerry Harrison says, the words flying from his mouth. "Yeah... that should be past tense."

Past tense isn't easy. It's been more than a year. He has maybe two weeks of unemployment left. But there's always the hope that the next phone call will be some great voice saying, as it did when he began work in the world and not just a job—"Clay Harrison, you're on. First turn Monday."

Jerry Harrison is twenty-seven, he works (worked) at Whiting Steel's Yorkville, Ohio, mill, and he says he's been laid off maybe fifty times. That, no doubt, is an exaggeration, but there's a while you get two months to coast. The layoffs started in 1982, when the company began to ask the union for concessions. "It was a couple weeks on and a couple weeks off," Harrison recalls. "You kind of get used to it. Sometimes you could do an internship, go to the mill in Berea, West Virginia, and work there. But this last time, they just laid Berea out. Forever. That's when I figured it was going to be different. But you don't start to accept it. My wife, Joan, is a nurse. We don't have kids. We could go somewhere—maybe Canada—but it's hard. I can't explain it. You feel paralyzed."

He sat at home. He listened to records. The phone would ring—shops had news, people wanted money. "It's embarrassing, but what can I say to them? I'd get off the phone real depressed and have nothing but the fear with me company—and the scums. I get real depressed sometimes,

not at all, more like wanting to take it out on someone else."

He'd take it out on the pavement, wondering. He tried to think about the future, which wasn't easy. He thought a lot about the past, the decision he'd made at age seventeen to work in the mill instead of going to computer school. The mill was offering about ten dollars an hour, which seemed a fortune. But he didn't take it just to blow it, he had plans. He was going to save the money and buy a house, a car. Now that dream was gone with his savings.

The dream hadn't seemed so important when he was working. The big thing then was the union, the steelworkers. Jerry had cold eyes and a hot temper, great tools for a union man. He was a shop steward and when he was twenty-three—he's treasurer of his local now—and it felt more like family than anything he'd ever known. The local became deeper as times got harder and the union was blamed for all the bad things happening. "Like it was us that destroyed the steel industry and not greed," he says.

There have been a few good times since the local laid himself out, he said a couple of other union officers drove to Chicago for a conference. They were invited to a singing, stone concert, and there—with eighty thousand people at Soldier Field cheering Bruce, who talked about unemployed steelworkers, about them—he felt for once that he wasn't alone and obsolete.

There was another time, he'd felt pretty good. Christmas week. The phone rang, and it was the grief work calling him back to the mill. After two days of hunkering, he started working the first shift of the new year. That was January 3. On January 3, the interview came over and said, "Harrison, you're off again." It was midnight when he left. He brought a bag, went over to his favorite lake, and sat there, blew out, not only blowing himself out—but for hope—wondering how many times they could let him believe he'd really die.

—Joe Klein



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On Reflection

"When I was younger I used to feel I wasn't enough of a man, and then after many years I began to realize that all men felt that way. It didn't matter how good you were, you were never good enough."

—Norman Mailer, "Maileron Mailer"



Boy Books

Hale and Hardy

by Jonathan Cott

Teen-Swift, Ragged Dick, the Rover Boys, the Hardy Boys. I remember them all, but it is the last of these whom I, and apparently most men, remember best. For since the first volume (*The Tower Treasure*) describing the adventures of these two teenage brother-detectives appeared in 1927, the series bearing their name, under the corporate authority of "Franklin M. Dixon," has sold more than sixty million copies. Reprinted, revised, and reprinted for more than half a century, works like *The Mystery at Devil's Pine*, *The Ransomed Fort*, and *Hunting for Hidden Gold* still sell remarkably well; they are, in fact, the most popular boys' books of all time.

All these years later, however, I ask myself: Why all the time? Why did it, at the age of ten or eleven, like so many other boys, get addicted to the Hardy Boys books, devouring the entire series—each volume indistinguishable from any other—like Steinbeck's Tom Joad, who "got into a book, tumbled like a mole among its thoughts, and came up with the book all

over his face and hands?" Perhaps that's what being a boy for even a girl—for girls had Nancy Drew books!—meant: in those old-fashioned times. And yet, surely, there must also have been the pleasures of the text itself? One way to find out, I realized, was to pay a visit to my local children's-book library, where I picked out some Hardy Boys volumes and perused them. Frank was still "dark-haired," Joe still "blond", but they were now driving sports cars and mopeds instead of "roadsters" and "jockeys." Later editions, up-to-date whodis—why not? But something else seemed very wrong. Could the style of the books really have been so astonishingly sapid ("Joe sniffed. 'I don't know about this compliment stuff. There's something on your mind, Joe Hardy?'" or so topped-up "Gator Bone to Gator One and Gator Two, do you mind me?" Fifth Hardy asked tensely, "Come in, please!"?)

I turned to the various copyright pages and noticed that the editions I had in hand had been revised ever since 1959, and



One of Tom Swift's first adventures

some of the early books had been totally rewritten. Luckily, my library had an archive about as a copy of the original version of *The Secret of the Old Mill*. The edition I had used as a lead. And I turned in empty pages, reluctant of old actors and forgotten grandiose longings. I read

The boys started off their training along the broad highway in the early morning sunlight, wheezing away in the heat of the sun. They were dressed in their usual work clothes, but once they reached the forest country near the mill, they were in secreted and they were silent and stepped in another, more graceful, more perfect manner by the roadside and looked not ahead without a care in the world.

The lecture of the word "decorous," the literary pace, the sense of having social enough and tame—all of this had been enriched or ennobled in the father or some high-tech versions of recent times.

Left some more middle-aged nostalgia but then stopped myself. After all, the early Hardy Boys books were family masterpieces of English prose. Compared with

works by Arthur Conan Doyle and Laura Ingalls Wilder, they're pretty tame and uninspired stuff.

Still, what I remembered having liked about the Hardy Boys books was that practical sense that the series had given me of living in a hidden, secure, protected world, in which one could imagine oneself being in control, fearless, mysterious, making, outwitting, and righteous as the Hardy Boys themselves—those two action-driven, brotherly, cynical, whose lack of integrity was in fact their most astounding and positive attribute.

The Hardy Boys were only an ideal as our imaginations allowed them to be. I suspect that's why nostalgia types like me secretly recent seeing our childhood heroes "made real" on TV—where the Hardy Boys were once remade and embodied by Shaun Cassidy and Parker Stevenson, or where they still appear in badly disguised fashion, as Simon & Simon. But perhaps that's also why series like *Indiana Jones* and *Beverly Hills Cop* (I think of Eddie Murphy "cocking" the art dealer's drag ring with

the help of his police pal, Billy) appeal so strongly to those of us who cannot help but savor in these films' intrepid adventures the archetypal pattern of the "two bright-eyed boys on motorcycles...spending along a share road," whose exploits deem contrived—in the words of the Canadian journalist Leslie McFarlane, who periodically writes the first several Hardy Boys books—is a color in the best of times—what boys' books have always taught us and what boys' films and now, have always wanted to hear that: no peril, no danger, no catastrophe, however grim and apparently unrealistic, is ever as bad as it seems.

A note of interest: since November, a new Hardy Boys series will be inaugurated by Simon & Schuster's juvenile division. According to publisher Ronald Perle, the new series will present "laser-paced, action-packed books in a splashy, mass-market format, with added depth to the characters' up-to-date adventures with terrorists and such, and the two boys to appear in jeans and leather jackets—a little bit of the *Beverly Hills Cop* with that natural blue look."



Joe and Frank Get a Hunch

"By Gosh, Frank, there may be something to your idea, after all. Say! Perhaps that's where the counterfeiting plant is. Right in the old mill!"

"That's just what I've been driving at. There's something fishy about the old mill, for all their story that they're making a patent kind of breakfast food. That may be true of course, but still—"

"They didn't look very much like scientists to me."

"To me, either."

"But how can we find out more about the place than we know already? They won't let any one inside the mill, and it's quite evident that they don't want any one around the place at all."

"What made me suspicious," said Frank, "was the fact that Paul Blum seemed to be heading for the mouth of the Willow River that afternoon he got away in the motorboat. I began to wonder later if he might have been intending to make his way up as far as the old mill. Perhaps he is connected with the gang."

"It looks reasonable. But if we show our noses around there they'll just chase us away."

"There's Lester."

"Lester?"

"The boy we saved from drowning. We have him on our side anyway, I think. If we haven't, he must be a very ungrateful beggar. I'd just like to ask him a few questions about this patent breakfast food yarn."

"That's a good idea!" cried Joe. "If he tells us any kind of story at all we can soon tell if he's lying or not. But, somehow, I don't think he would lie to us. He seemed to be a pretty decent sort of boy."

—From the original edition of *The Secret of the Old Mill* by Franklin W. Dixon. Copyright © 1987 by Grosset & Dunlap

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Scouts' Honor

It was the unknown, of course. I have wanted very few things in my life as badly as, on the brink of my twelfth birthday, I wanted that uniform. The dress was skin to hair, and I fondly revisited the days "Milestone," and my older, smarter sister, a mixture of scorn and sympathy in her voice, as if I had contracted some embarrassing illness. "Uniformman" she may have been onto something with the later idea. The power of the eleven-year-old's dream to spin up, to become part of a large, strong entity (the Boy Scouts of America), to have an official identity with a uniform to prove it, is doubtless the opposite side of the coin revealed later, in portable men, when the dream is so real, to obliterate the failures of every poetic opportunity.

Once I had the unknown, I had what I wanted. At meetings in the basement of a church on Third Avenue and Seventy-ninth Street in New York City, we were encouraged to better ourselves—to learn knots, yes, but also to start thinking about merit leaders, about moving up to the top, to the dais and retrospectively redemptive status of eagle scout. (The official handbook at the time told us, not so to be unavailable.) Gold bug badges were recommended I deeply and unreflectively

suspension of any process amount self-heterotopia, I did my knots and my marching. I followed orders because I was a relatively poor kid and I wanted to go to camp. Boy Scout camp was cheap.

Once there, I tried knot-making, wood-crafting, and various quasi-Indian crafts, but finally discovered the cause. Perhaps it was the solitary nature of causing that attraction, or the smoothness, the question of it. I developed skills to make up for my lack of strength, and became very second summer at camp an official canoe instructor. A guide indeed, since the instructors were allowed to take the boats out whenever they wanted during the day and could get around the rules at night. I would slip out, hug the dark shore for a half mile or so, and then drift out into the moonlight. Fine stuff, and better than my badge, it seemed to me.

The summer of my last scout year, we spent the marriage in the church basement preparing for a "Scout O-Blame" to be held in Madison Square Garden. We handled tickets for many weeks, going door to door in our trunks and apartment houses. We practiced quick assembly of our "trunks" and our "trunks," when we were to retreat versus dramatic initial ritual as part of a "big tableau" to be pre-

sented in the Garden Avenue. Our responsibility (Post 304) was small but vital to the success of the enterprise. The backdrop expressed all of us.

It was exciting, waiting at the edge of the arena, our scoutmaster's hand on the gate. At a signal, we were to go out there, into the unbearable brightness, and construct our "camp" in ninety seconds flat. We rushed out, and I was so intent on my task—pouring two pegs into the dirt, along the "candle path" over the red calophane "tin"—that I never looked up until I was finished. Through the haze I saw some elaborate ceremony going on, but saw at the center of the arena, some thirty people dancing and shouting business that I couldn't quite make out. Every phase else—all around the perimeter and in toward the center, were hundreds and hundreds of boys doing exactly what we were doing. Some tapes, some red calophane, some pot. The lights glowed, the scoutmaster's voice boomed over the PA. I stood frozen still, with a sharp coil, one of the other boys in my troop urged me back through the gate. We'd been told it was very important to get that tape quickly. I did, and that was the end of scouting.

—Frank Conroy

His name was Jerry, and he was our senior patrol leader. It was a big, important job, the Boy Scout equivalent of a first sergeant. He was the leader in leader of the troop, four years older than we were, ranked between us and the assistant scoutmasters. He was tall, lean, eager, and smart—he knew everything about camping and a lot about leading. He knew when to let us go wild and when to snap us away. We all loved him, and I imagine we wanted to be like him. He was an Eagle Scout, and when he joined the Army right out of high school it made perfect sense. Then he went to Vietnam and got his leg blown off in the jungle somewhere.

We knew about war, our fathers were veterans of World War II. Our scoutmaster was a veteran of World War I. We held our meetings in the American Legion hall, with the names of the war dead inscribed on the walls. It seemed natural that we would have our own war, and Vietnam was it. It seemed logical to go from the Boy Scouts to fighting in the jungle.

We were an active troop, always outdoors. In the summer we went to Camp Alamogordo, a raw chunk of land in northwestern New Jersey with two cold lakes and hundreds of acres of tangled Blue Coast woods. We spent our weekdays in tents, not cabins, learning serious camping skills and hacking ourselves up with remarkable nonchalance. Scouts would chop their tents with axes, slice them from their backs, leave them and legs falling out of trees, burn their messes over campfires, and knock their teeth out rising through the woods in the dark. There was a best-of rifle range where we lay on old mattresses in the hot summer shadows and picked away with .22s at paper targets. There was a table set in the nature center that was empty as the season began but by the end of the summer was filled with snakes we caught ourselves, including an occasional venomous copperhead.

It was a great, wild camp—not at all like Scout camp where they played softball and tennis and had dances. It turned us

into woodsmen, and Jerry was the best of us. So, when we thought of it at all, Vietnam was no big deal to us. It must be worse than that, we figured, especially if you really knew your way around the woods, like we did.

Jerry came back to us one afternoon he was wounded. He just walked into the meeting one Friday night in his Army uniform, limping slightly and smiling. He took his old spot in the middle of the room and ran the meeting for a while. It was amazing to see him—so you could hardly tell which leg was the artificial one. He told us about Vietnam, and I guess he told us about being wounded. But what I remember most are his boots. At one point he told us about the Army apt name. And now, when I think about him, I remember his boots and how they shined that night. I remember him standing there with those two black boots gleaming under the lights like his boots I've seen, before or since. It was our war, and he was our hero.

—David Noonan





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Fratern Order

Rules of the House

by Richard Ford



William Galtsoy, 30, at a house
party descending blood heavily from his plaid

I wish there had been a moment in my young life, twenty-three years ago, when I could've thought to myself, "What I think I'll do now is join a college fraternity." Because if so, there might've been a moment when I could've easily have said, "No, I believe I won't join a college fraternity. I'm not that kind of fellow."

What I did back then was not give either possibility a thought. I simply joined Pi Kappa. Sigma Chi. Tau Beta Phi and I've left them to their own devices. One with the sentimental song and the poetry sweet-heart who later becomes your wife.

For a certain kind of boy at a certain tender age, fraternity is simply a game. A game of boys who want friends. A game with standards he can't understand. For this kind of boy conformity is a godsend. And I was that kind of boy.

In the long run, of course, fraternities have more or less the effect of a new hairstyle or a suit-check. Once or a dozen times you learn to perfection, then

forget about entirely. And I don't feel particularly sorry to have been a member, since the suspicion of teasing my just, and unlike the idea that anything I did and can remember so vividly was completely worthless. But still, I would like to have chosen to join, to have back those "decisions" I made by not deciding. Nothing, after all, is as venerable as never having decided in early age.

Like all confessions, we did not think of ourselves as confessions. We were men, individuals, and individuals. We knew what we knew. We grand life's larder, we were hard guys to convince of things. Skitter-eyed, serious, man-of-war. The fraternity menial to solidify these things and add some others—"business, decency, good manners." We walked, nodded, bowed down in our pines when listening, wrinkled our brows, clinched Westons in our teeth, didn't lie hard. We meant something, and we knew it.

But we also knew how to let down the

notes for a good time when the night times came. We knew how to treat a woman. How to confide. We were easy at the company of men. We knew where to draw the line. Because our surprise, then, at finding ourselves group of other guys who didn't do about practically everything.

Independents, those fellow fellows who did not join fraternities, who stayed in the dorm and soiled around the shadows of organized social life—this present—national, we felt, the mark of individuality and disapproval, a mess, out-of-control. Lamentable, unapologetic, were features of that bad idea. Independence did not have the novelty it would come to have. Then, it only meant left out, which it does still. And none of which is a surprise for that.

Our bunch had standards, but to be initiated to Sigma Chi, Michigan State, 1963, you were still required to pick up a stalled *Overlooked* *Journal* in the *Michigan State* *Journal* of *Sigma Chi* paper with a heavy *unofficial* *affair*.
Portrait by Leonard McCarty, 1992



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There are all the trappings: Mailer at the podium, Mailer at the typewriter, Mailer on screen, a pal, a rebel. His voracious hard-to-separate from the world topography of his life. He has seen it all. For nearly forty years, his career has blended literary celebration and cultural celebrity. But the real power of Mailer has been his mind. Without it, his search for sensation would have been not only unknown, but occasionally unrecognizable. It is Mailer's ideas that have turned his exploits into statements—ideas about strength, sin, race, war, crime, death—and perhaps most of all, his idea of himself: brilliantest prophet, bad boy, man's man. Through the competitors, the debates, the wars, the lectures, the postures—even the golems—the crises Mailer idea has been that in speaking, he spoke for mankind. Miraculously, he usually did. Mailer said what we thought before we had time, or talent, to say it ourselves. As a result, he could be reassured and disputed, but never entirely dismissed. Since 1948, he has given a voice to our worst and best selves, making the two as often the same.

Mailer's career began with the kind of success that most writers just imagine. At twenty-five, he published *The Naked and the Dead*, an instant best seller that has been called the finest novel to come

out of World War II. The book was a stunning exploration of the contradictions of power: its greatness in strong men, its corruption in strong institutions. To later generations, those decades were the heart of postmodernism. In 1946, they were new. War, at that time, had just been transformed into victory, and while other writers saw victory as a justification of violence, Mailer saw violence as a justification life itself. His view reached a broad, if tacit, fear of war with Russia. He became a kind of hero—with his own tragic act to follow.

By the time the hype had died down, Mailer found himself in a dilemma for less vivid than the Fifties. America had settled into a Cold War and a colder conscience. Mailer's instinct was to keep things hot. In *Barkley Shreve* (1952), he wrote about socialism; in *The Deer Park* (1955), he wrote about sex and Hollywood. Neither novel was the hit he wanted: both had problems with publishers. But Mailer responded by showing that he had a genius for self-preservation. In a sense, that genius was conflict: finding or making a villain and a hero. Often the hero would be himself, and thus the conflict terrible was born.

The Fifties was Mailer's time to wallow. Sex, alcohol, jazz, Harlem, sex, four-letter words. The Establishment was his villain, its rejection of him was oppo-



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the Weissach test track—preferably with one of them behind the wheel.

The results of their labors, and the extent of their success, is reflected in the procession of cars you see below.

From the first recorded Porsche win on July 11, 1948 at Innsbruck to the most recent victory at Le Mans, these cars have dominated the racing circuits of a world that loves fast cars.

As they have dominated the highways, turnpikes, interstates, autobahns, city streets and winding back roads of a world that loves to drive them.



1949 Type 356 Roadster



1949 Type 356C Coupe



1951 Type 350A/350C America Roadster



1954 Type 354 Spyder



1955 Type 356/356C Speedster



1956 Type 356/356C 2+2 Automatic Spyder



1960 Type 356B/356C 50 Roadster



1960 Type 356B/356C Carrera GT3, 4-door



1964 Type 904 Carrera GT3



1965 Type 917 Coupe



1966 Type 906 Carrera 6



1966 Type 907 Longtail



1964 Type 906B "Porsche" Spyder



1970 Type 911S/RS Spyder



1974 Type 911 Carrera RS 2.6



1978 Type 911



1977 Type 911 "Moby Dick"



1979 Type 911 Spyder



1980 Type 911 Carrera GT



1988 Type 962

We've spent the last 23 years working on the same idea.

If there's one thing which, more than any other, characterizes Porsche's approach to building sports cars, it's our preoccupation with making every 911 demonstrably better than it was the year before.

While adhering to a styling concept so unarguably "right" that it has remained essentially unchanged since it was first introduced in 1963.

Even the 282-horsepower, 157 mph, top-of-the-line Turbo shown here, with

its radical "whale-tail" spoiler and considerably flared rear wheel wells, is unmistakably a 911.

Today, the 911 is perhaps the most coveted high-performance sports car in the world. A 23-year beneficiary of everything we've learned in world class endurance and sprint racing.

Built, as is every Porsche, with a precision and attention to detail that's quickly

vanishing in this age of rampant robotics.

The legendary air-cooled, horizontally opposed, six-cylinder, fuel-injected engine is still hand assembled by a small team of workers, any one of whom is qualified to build the entire engine from scratch.

It's still bench tested for 45 minutes at maximum rpm. By an increasingly rare breed of technician whose gloved hand, strategically placed on a running engine, is as good a judge of quality as most of his sophisticated monitoring equipment.

At the end of the assembly line, every 911, as is every Porsche, is test driven for at least 30 kilometers on both city streets and no-speed-limit autobahns.

Everything is checked. Chassis, body, engine, transmission, suspension, brakes, paint, interior finish, everything.

Any fault they uncover, no matter how minor, is located and fixed, and the car driven again before it is released.

At Porsche, we take a great deal of pride in the fact that every new car we sell is slightly used.



911 Turbo 6-cylinder, horizontally opposed, two overhead cam-shafts, air-cooled rear engine with turbocharger and intercooler. 229bhp, 282 hp. Weight: 2976 lbs. Top speed: 157 mph.

We wanted to see how far we could go without changing direction.

At Porsche, nearly 30% of our employees are involved in research and development.

And having developed the 911 to a state of near perfection, many of them were more than ready for the challenge of designing a totally new car.

Professor Ferry Porsche was more than happy to oblige.

He gave them something to gladden the heart of any engineer. A clean sheet of paper. And only two requirements for the finished product.

It had to be the most technologically advanced car we had ever built.

And it had to be a Porsche.

The result, in 1978, was the 928.

A car which, to some traditionalists, broke every rule in the Porsche handbook of automotive design. But which—with its front-mounted, liquid-cooled V-8 engine and rear-mounted transmission and differential—was as ingenious and

unexpected a solution as the 356 had been 30 years before.

Or as Professor Porsche likes to put it, "It was never my philosophy to ask where the engine should be placed, but which solution would bring the greatest gains."

After being named "Car of the Year" the minute it was introduced, the 928S has improved steadily every year since.

Today, it is one of the most sophisticated, luxurious sports cars you can buy.

But infinitely more important, it is every millimeter a "Porsche," the universally accepted synonym for performance.

The 288 horsepower, fuel-injected

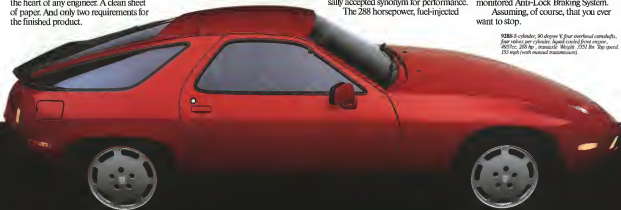
V-8—with a four-valve head design adapted from our 956 endurance racer—will propel the 928S from 0 to 60 in an awesome 6.1 seconds. And to a top speed of 155 mph.

The near 50-50 weight distribution of the transaxle drive train, combined with our patented Weissach Rear Axle, contributes to the uncanny sensation that one is cornering on rails.

And it can all be brought to a quick, sure, arrow-straight stop, regardless of road conditions, by our new electronically monitored Anti-Lock Braking System.

Assuming, of course, that you ever want to stop.

928S: 8-cylinder, 90 degree V; four overhead camshafts, four valves per cylinder; liquid-cooled front engine. 4807cc, 288 hp, transaxle. Weight: 3351 lbs. Top speed: 155 mph (with manual transmission).



**By the time anyone begins to catch up,
we will have moved ahead again.**

The success of the 928S proved that there was, indeed, more than one "right" way to build a Porsche.

It also set the stage for the next important step in the evolution of the sports car as defined by Porsche.

The 944.

A car designed to benefit not only from the very latest technology, but from everything four decades of building and racing sports cars had taught us.

A car in which more people than ever

before would be able to experience the sheer exhilaration of driving a Porsche.

From the beginning, the 944 was an unqualified success.

Car and Driver Magazine voted it "One of the Ten Best Cars in America" for four years running. And last year, declared it "The Best Handling Production Sports Car in America."

But, more important, people bought

it. People who loved sports cars. And people who had never owned one before.

Of course, Porsche hasn't led its competitors year after year by resting on such laurels. And this year is no different. Thanks to the car you see here.

The Porsche 944 Turbo.

If the performance of the 944 can be described as exhilarating, the performance of this machine almost defies description.

Not just because we were able to increase horsepower by a staggering 50%

in a four-cylinder engine that was already one of the biggest, most powerful fours in production.

But because we didn't leave it at that.

Professor Porsche's philosophy simply doesn't allow for bolting on a turbo-charger and renaming the car.

Every element of the 944 Turbo—engine, transaxle, suspension, brakes, tires, aerodynamics—was re-thought and re-engineered to meet the most demanding criteria for performance and handling.

The result, for you, is a brand-new car.

And for our competition, a brand-new goal.



944 Turbo: 4-cylinder, in-line, single overhead camshaft, liquid-cooled, front engine with turbocharger and inter-cooler. 247bhp, 217 hp, transaxle. Weight: 2695 lbs. Top Speed: 132 mph.

Many of our future discoveries will be made in this laboratory.

These days, they say, it's possible to duplicate anything in a laboratory.

Anything, perhaps, except the way your latest technology is likely to perform in a car driven by an actual human being.

For that you need the car. And the human being.

A rolling laboratory, if you will.

Precisely the role of the technological wonder revealed, quite literally, below.

The Porsche 959.

A 190+ mph laboratory in which we are re-shaping and redefining what a sports car ought to be.

Consider the following:

A 450 horsepower, 6-cylinder, horizontally opposed, twin-turbocharged engine not unlike the one found in our 962C endurance racer.

An all-wheel drive system that's so

sophisticated, it continually and electronically monitors throttle application, speed and road conditions, and adjusts both front and rear torque accordingly.

A suspension system that automatically stiffens the shocks and lowers the car as speed increases, to maximize aerodynamic efficiency and minimize lift.

Body panels made of Kevlar, a space-age material with twice the strength of steel. And half the weight of aluminum.

The Porsche of the future?

Perhaps. Perhaps not.

It doesn't really matter.

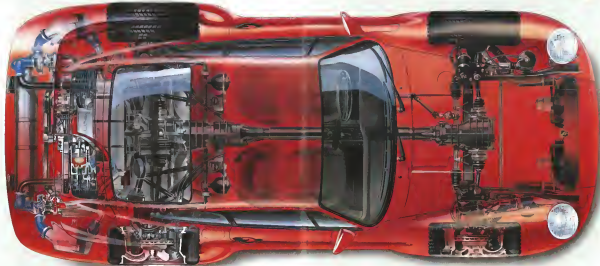
Because as perfect as the 959 might become, for us it will still only be the next step.

Which is not too surprising a thought when you consider a conversation that once took place between Professor Porsche and a certain visitor.

The visitor said: "Tell me, Professor, which is your favorite Porsche?"

The Professor replied: "We haven't built it yet."

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pacifists and vegetarians." Obviously, you were never given one. But you wanted to have a very specific idea of how it was that a man should respond to the war and the bomb.

Menler: Well, I wouldn't support that paragraph today. Because, how dare you come complaining? At that time I thought maybe we could, but by now I've given up. I think the communications Establishment has succeeded in creating an ability to send out vast clouds of intellectual misting and so, far from creating complexities, we're creating simplifications and dull obscurities.

Epstein: Later in that same interview you said that "one has to assume such men as Kennedy and Khrushchev are highway deers, not necessarily going to blow up the world, that indeed if everything else is equal they would just sit there not blow up the world." Do you think we could say the same about Reagan and Gorbachev?

Menler: Yes. Yes. I would assume that. It doesn't mean that the risk you give to the two of the greater risk, in Eisenhower's case, is descent, when the risk is not. I don't think Khrushchev was a decent man when he began. I think he was probably a butcher and a liar. But neither mellows but gets. I've been reading a lot about computers lately and it's just incredible how they get somewhere near cracked as they get older, less of a danger to society. I think people like Reagan and Gorbachev are probably much safer than they were when they started. Now, the latter is an exception. Hitler is, of course, the exception that keeps us from becoming complacent about this process. There are very old people who pass power peacefully, who get worse and worse with power.

Epstein: You were really the first person to anticipate the importance of John Kennedy and the essay "Superman Comes to the Supermarket," you wrote. "I know if he became President it would be an ecological error... America's barbaric egoistic search for security would finally be born here from the feverish ghosts of its old generals, its MacArthur and Eisenhower."

Menler: Well, in the States there was a feeling that we were finally coming out of the Eisenhower era, and that there was an era of us when men sort of young or old young, still at least in our mid-thirties, who were passionate and who were enlightened. At the very end of the Eisenhower era and let them see a world to go. Now, since then we've passed that world, and lost it, and it's deteriorated complexity, at least if that world centered at all upon the Democratic party, and in a very general way, it did. The Democratic party in 1960 was the party of the future, and that's all been lost. The romantic idealism we made with the future then took over to be romantic identification with the past, with better days behind us. Today's televisual generation is aware of the possibility they become heroes as Michael Muir. Best customer news comes the remainder again. It's absurd, when you

stop to think about it, because there was a time when there was a feeling that maybe there was would run the country.

Epstein: As JFK did?

Menler: Well, he represented something not possible. He was so powerful, he had the idea that it meant that our national life had become a little like an adventure movie. That was exciting. Looking back on it, people complained about the presidency in such terms as they do today, even excluded, but we had a feeling there was more to complain about. The best of the time, with Jack Kennedy's assassination, is that we had a chance to see how we felt. It was President for eight years, and if the president had been like him one way or another, we might have learned what happens when a man like that does get older. Does he get wiser? Jimmy Carter was a wholly developed man, in the degree that he could develop, at the time he became President, so there was nothing to look forward to. The time is true of Reagan. The same was obviously true with Jerry Ford. To a large extent, it was true with Nixon, but unfortunately, if Nixon had a capacity for development when he was elected in '68, he also had all that baggage side of him, also unhelpful, and it developed it in a more and more unhelpful way. So we ended up with someone in China and Watergate.

Great leaders give their country an education. That is, since we live with their lives, they create, our dream, we think about them. What we're always wanted are role models.

Epstein: What JFK provided...

Menler: The way Clint Eastwood provides a role model, the way John Wayne does, and Warren Beatty, and Jack Nicholson. These are people with a style that's new, for their own people. The media who think that's the only way to be successful, they're not. JFK had that for a lot of us, and it was wonderful, as if at least the presidency was a little more interesting than it is now.

Epstein: You called JFK an essential hero. To a certain extent, you had done the same thing for the history in "The White Negro." You said that the only answer for the lighter was to "accept the reality of the situation, to live with death in immediate danger, to divorce oneself from society, to exist without roots, to set out on that uncharted journey into the brilliant impermanence of the self." Is there a modern-day hero?

Menler: I think there is one, and just in the hours of our day have ended up in television commercialism, to the leaders of our day to be ended so being that singularly. As you said, from grace. You know, who now lives with death in immediate danger? Who divorces himself from society? Who sets out on an uncharted journey into the brilliant impermanence of the self? What? The cocaine dealer. And that's sad. Society will have gotten more secure than ever, and more people are going to college, but the education they get is the

equivalent of what a good high school education was in 1900. In 1900 a kid got out of high school and wrote Letters New York knows dramatic engineering, which is how to work your Calculator.

Epstein: Is "The White Negro" and later in "The American Way" the obvious the idea of society in something that seeks to understand the strength of the individual, sometimes in strange ways. In America you said that society was designed to drive men down into conformity and homogeneity, that "one deduced much to late by embracing the psychic profit which derived from the essential ascription of yourself—which was a way of saying that nobody was ever a man, you were a member of the group, you were good enough." What about society is designed to drive men into heterogeneity?

Menler: You know, we had that short-term theme at the PEN Congress about the situation of the state. If it would go into it, it would probably have some to let us to see that the imagination of the state is not only conservation but also a way to see people to become independent, and it's because, if we can talk of such things, it is to produce memories. And I think one of the ways in which you produce individuality is you take people who have a lot of natural stuff and you get them dramatically obsessed with their selves. Masters like heterogeneity and conformity are obsessive. The homosexual spends every day of his life saying, "I'll be I found a new private principle of it, I found a new of the biological chain and a doored error." The comic says, "Do I pay a price for my opinion or not, getting it for free?" That's an obsession. To the degree that society can make people who have a lot of stuff on the ball become obsessive, then they end up in modernism. Because finally obsessionism is undesirable, so we work for the modernity, we work for the modernity, we work for the modernity. We settle for trend-and-time answers to get a little security in step that endless again which is consuming us.

Epstein: In "Two Thousand Years of Man," you cited Sartre. "A homosexual is a man who practices homosexuality. A man who does not, is not homosexual—but is not, in fact, the same person. It is not the fact that he does not to become homosexual and is paying personally his price." What appealed to you about that statement?

Menler: I do think that if one feels no shame about being a homosexual, it is considerably easier to be a homosexual than a heterosexual. Because you are separated from society, the world of society being open to you less, and homosexuality is the singular. It seems to me it's much harder to be promiscuous with a great many women than it is to be promiscuous with a great many men. Because there's this biological center in women, an artistic center in men. The cocaine dealer is closer to the center of the adventure than men. They prostitute, they carry the future. Men don't. I mean, you could choose some from

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This picture was taken by setting the N2000 in the programmed mode, focusing and pushing the shutter button. Sample.

This picture was taken in the manual mode, with a Nikon 35mm super wide angle lens, between F11 and F16 at 1/4 second. Exposure compensation at +1/3 stop. Flash: off and skylight filter. Not a sample.



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So as you progress from beautifully simple pictures like the one on the left to complex beauties like the one on the right, one thing you won't have to change is your camera's

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because reflected so drastically that there'd be very few great people here, if that were the only thing that produced great people.

Exposure: You've always been adamantly opposed to birth control.

Misler: If you're really contemptuous of religion, you shouldn't go to church every day and preach that you're serious about it, because you'll pollute the air for those who aren't by the same token. I don't think people should keep making love systematically, with no possible chance of making a child. They are further away from the biological chain than homo sapiens at that point. Because the option is open, and they're not exercising it. Most recently, the idea that you made love and therefore you got a child was only conceived too seriously, I mean, thousands of years went by where people just didn't get children every time they made love. I'm willing to bet that in the days when there were no contraceptives women didn't get pregnant any more than they do now. I believe our biology can take care of it. I guess, my God, with the number of new chemicals they discover every day in the bloodstream, you're going to tell me that we don't have our own contraceptive built in? That a man can't take the edge off his semen? Or a woman in heat a host of sperm cells?

Exposure: That's a very romantic notion.

Misler: No, I don't believe it's romantic. I think it's a romantic to conceive of human nature as actually going forward these thousands of years, considering how bad we all are. God had a very romantic idea, which was that these miserable, messed-up creatures would continue. That's romantic.

Exposure: What about that sentence in *The Promise of Sex*: "The prime responsibility of a woman is to be an earthling enough to find the best mate for herself, and conceive children who will improve the species?"

Misler: That sentence has gotten me into more trouble than any sentence I've ever written. It comes at the end of the book, which goes to and out of the question. Finally I come up with this: a 45-49 decrease, that made this the prime responsibility of a woman. I go back to the text that if the race is going to go on, there is a certain responsibility that women have to respect the constitution. If they abdicate that responsibility, we're doomed. So in the place of all the other balancing factors on both sides, probably this is a responsibility for women. I think that one incredible aspect of universal design is a woman created to the wrong mate, if she feels deep within herself that she's connecting with the wrong one, I believe that is a terrible world for the particular woman.

Exposure: What do you think of the women's movement now?

Misler: I don't think that women have done much in developing their ideas. Can you tell

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ROAD & TRACK Magazine's April '85 issue looked at the 10 most widely distributed radar detectors. They tested for overall Sensitivity, Sensitivity Around A Corner, Sensitivity Cresting A Hill, the Maximum Audible signal, and Leakage and Leakage Interception (picking up non-radar signals as radar). It was a tough road test that not everyone passed and that only a few were considered good enough to be "highly recommended" by the editors of ROAD & TRACK.

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The Vixen II is sensitive to all your driving needs. So we offer you a choice of City, Highway or Preset.

For most driving a special "Preset" position will yield the best results. Around town, you may want to turn the squelch control to "City" to eliminate annoying false alarms from non-microwave signals for example.

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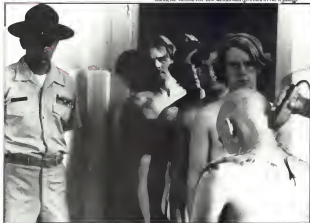
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Semper Fidelis

My First Twenty-four Hours As a Marine

by William Broyles Jr.

During the Vietnam War, one Marine unit gave a military tour of young



A few days after Christmas in 1968 I left Washington for Quantico, the military base in the woods of northern Virginia where young men are transformed into second lieutenants in the U.S. Marine Corps. I had agonized over what to wear. I finally decided it wouldn't hurt to make a good first impression, so I chose a cool and se-

I was directed to a Quonset hut, where about half the other men gathered made were wearing suits, so I was pleased to see I had made the right decision. For an hour or so we filled out forms, assisted by polite, helpful, enlisted Marines. Some of my fellow officer candidates were filled with bravado. Others were shy, thoughtful

The atmosphere was civilized

And then I noticed that the enlisted men had gone. The room guard? We were alone. Suddenly, with a heavy blue curtain, two huge doors behind us flew open. Three drill instructors stood in the opening, their hands on their hips. They were not smiling. The wind whistled in, blowing snow. Some of the men in the room were so startled they fell out of their chairs.

"You maggots got five seconds to be lined up outside!" one of the drill instructors yelled. The men on his neck seemed about to burst.

"Move it! Move it! Move it!" The other two began to scream.

We oversteered chairs and scrambled over one another in our rush to get outside. We were marched over to a supply tent, the drill instructors tapping at our heels like robot outlaws. In less than a minute we were shrouded in our issued civilian hat. Then we were issued uniforms. At our barracks we lined up in front of huge trash cans and threw away every personal possession: photographs, magazines, letters, medicine, candy, electric shavers, books, canteens—all disappeared into the trash.

We were assigned a bunk and a footlocker full of stranger gear.

"All right, maggots!" the drill instructor screamed. "We will now take inventory of your footlocker!" He bent down and began throwing things out as fast as he could talk. "Our footlocker! Hold up your footlocker! Our footlocker! Hold up your footlocker! Our canteen! Our canteen cover! Our car caddy belt! Our canteenhook! Hold! Our footlocker!"

I was still trying to find my footlocker when the drill instructor finished. Then he yelled the air.

"You girls stink! You got thirty seconds to get in the shower! Go! You better be fast!"

There were six showers and forty of us. We assembled naked over one another, punching and kicking.

"You got five seconds to get back on the squad line. Any motherfucker not in front of his rack in the position of attention, I am gonna screw his head and shit in it!"

We piled out of the showers.

"You assholes don't look clean to me! I want to hear any smelly dirty maggots in my eye clean squad line! Back to the showers!"

We fought one another to get wet. Someone got a bloody lip. Someone else cut his hand on the shower handle.

"Blind in my shower!" You sloppy bunch of shits! Get your footlockers! You got ten seconds to be in your barracks and dress cleaning this fucking head!"

We caved back into the squad bay, tore through our gear, and slipped and fell back into the bathroom where we scrubbed the floor with our toothbrushes. For two or three hours we disappeared back and forth

"Move! Move! Move! You don't move maggots, you gonna fucking die!"

It was almost 4:00 in the morning when the lights finally went out.

On my canteenhook, ready—sleep?

At 5:30 the lights flicked on again. The drill instructors were leaning trash cans with broom handles and screaming. We

punged out of bed and lay half an hour did brutal calisthenics until we couldn't raise ourselves off the floor. Several men threw up. Officers entered in their underwear and for their sons had to stick their heads in the toilet bowls. The rest of us marched off in the dark to our first breakfast in Mexico. ☐



A New York City's Daily Mirror photographer captured this soldier standing a hair's-breadth before setting his back camp.

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David Douglas Duncan brought the war home. For the pages of *Life*, he photographed men in battle, men in Jeeps, in pain, in triumph, in doubt. His still pictures were as moving as any moving pictures could be.



ROBERT FLANNERY



CONQUEST TS



BOB DYLAN

own chair-scratching across-the-floor underground movies that turned Hollywood upside down all Merlon Brando stuck a battery finger up his lady's behind in a last-minute cinema-censorship-breaking bonzo of commercial censorship. The rap of the wandering Jew on his face, his eyes are human, but send with lens and shutter can be gold's own fire. It's not really black & white. It's not cinema's scintillating classics like Mick Jagger in *Cocaine* *Bliss*, or val-no hunted spots of true home-made on Daytona Beach, by the 1990s some real studio-level full-scale cinema accident. But, look! It got shot far from Hollywood.

THE VIDYADHARA, THE VENERABLE CHIDAYAN TRINATHA, RIMPONE (1929-) A born ide-gera (Bertie Latta, knowledge holder of the 2000-year-old Naga Wadon lineage teachings of the Kinyu-Nyanga Buddhist school of actual Shambhala legends once mistaken Shango-La. A Rimpone man of the highest rank of Karma, medicine expert, space awareness, dance-master, witty note-collapse-er whose poetry and fable arrangements unite the Mind with Body. Advisor of Tibetan Nuns, President of Rimpone at the Buddhacharya, General of empty Doodhooer Arman at the Eternal Gates in Rocky Mountain's Arman space, founder of Naga Institute, 2130 Arman Avenue, Boulder, Colorado 80302—the first Buddhist college in the West, where students can attend the Jack Kerouac School of Deconstructive Poetics. Vidyadhar's vehicle teacher, Chairman of Board of Directors of Ordinary Mind.

BOB DYLAN (1941-) One of the most powerful blues singers ever heard in the West, part of the Ram and Landlady in long and-structured poetic breath, his body encompasses a column of air stop-ping time moved at the intention of microphone, Portus Magnus at the point of emittance, so hard-working (so no time to answer telephone mail made magnetic battery still) before passing, grins of etha metaphor from *Hardcore* *Widow* "I've got to be the law, you must be honest." A literary line of early-century black lyricism, while Blackie's role at the 1950s. Stands alone the world's troubled muse—He has nowhere to go, a singing bar of the mad. **G**

columns of the American value, spoke faster than a bullet and hit the mark because he could recollect to tell entire contents of some moments of his covered road.

JULIAN BECK (1925-85) Helped mount Nure Lighter piece protest against to duck and cover underground and 1990s for state-bomb drill. Then as American Living Theater survived the glory of 1960s *Plunder* *Nure* and brought his post-scholarship outrage to Europe, as did Swire, ventured to live the hours of Prometheus from their bondage in the Military Industrial park where an American eagle glides personal War-Tan for the law. In last year awarded from the sites by *Homophobe* *League* in great recovery in America, rose from cancer bed with hollow-eyed face, chiseled intelligent skeleton face to act Carlos Club film *Mephis* *Strophes*, are record television *General* *Demos* *Lama* *propaganda*, then fly off to a Swiss graveyard with radio monitor *Nure* *June* *Pink* and read a page of classic anarchist text, "Slavery is the necessary consequence of the very existence of the State" (from "Reason's Theory of the State" by Mikhail Bakunin), over the grave of the great Bakunin while smoking a cannabis joint, breaking the laws of death.

ROBERT FLANNERY (1926-) Awarded Robert of *Demos* art picture every naked girl on Turkish rug and Swiss chair with cuckoo clock *unexpensive*, come down to the gutters of Paris and black Mississippi *lockdown* America, interlocking the Lewis gut *porting* of *plakies* *colitis* & Chicago *fig* *capers*. Gave up *re* *troughs* and invented *spontane-*

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RX7	5.67 secs	143.11 ft.	6.33 secs	83.1g/s
CONQUEST TS ¹	5.49 secs	137.13 ft.	6.18 secs	84.7g/s

¹Overall results of USAC tests on standard equipped 1989 300ZX with V-6 and RX7 with rotary engine. Double as for styling.

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with an advanced rear anti-lock system. The handling is crisp, taut and agile. With MacPherson type independent suspension, front and rear stabilizers, gas-filled shocks. And the flared fenders (contoured to accommodate

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The Teachings of Mr. Kelleher

In one of the few scholarly articles John Kelleher ever wrote, he disclosed that James Joyce's short story "The Dead" was based entirely on an actual Irish tale. No one else had seen the connection. Having cited the parallel detail for detail, Kelleher ended his article by assuring the reader that, of course, this had nothing to do with enjoying the story.

Kelleher was born in 1936 in the working-class town of Lawrence, Massachusetts. The son of a carpenter, he attended Dartmouth on a series of scholarships and did very well there. He mastered Irish history and literature, based a life, indeed, learned to love the woods and upon graduation, won a junior fellowship in the Society of Fellows at Harvard. A few years later, when Kelleher was still in his twenties—and without an advanced degree—Harvard created a chair for him, the university's only chair in Irish studies. He enters Irish that next month but will continue to be on hand for students lucky enough to discover him.

I discovered Professor Kelleher in the spring of 1963, when I attended a seminar for distribution requirements, and his seminar on minor eighteenth-century poets was the only one that would take me in. I did not give a rat's ass about minor eighteenth-century poets, but within a few weeks they suddenly seemed indispensable to me. "In the eighteenth century people were people-sized," said Kelleher. "In the nineteenth century, they thought they were tea-bag sized." He dismissed the mindless nineteenth-century romantics, and that romanticism can lead to the fact. As soon as I began listening to him, I realized that I had stumbled upon the goods: the teacher who looks sleep over class. I wound up taking a Ph.D. in Irish literature, not because I was crazy about the Irish writers (though I was), but because of Kelleher.

I suppose he was my mentor, though to call him that diminishes him in my eyes, since Kelleher was not up anything he led by example and I gladly latched on. I was part of a relatively late generation that could accept mentors freely; we did not have our fellows enough to be afraid of finding them in others. But I could never isolate Kelleher, could never need my mighty intelligence on his mature intelligence. Kelleher is a lover, in part because of a severe stammer, in part because his principal subject, ancient Irish history

has to be invented, derived from genealogies and manuscript records, in part because he chooses to be a lover. There were plenty of lines in our tutorials when I tried to persuade myself to be John Kelleher, to embrace some proud, solitary person like him, but we both understood that it was an appearance without a future. Still, he ignored the risk that he could, because he knew no other way to teach, and because we grew to be friends.

Our tutorials were walks we took together across the Larc Anderson Bridge over the Charles River, down the far embankment toward Boston, across the Longfellow Bridge, and back to his office buried in the stacks of Widener Library. Winter and spring we walked. He would take great wooden shoes and talk of kings and ghosts, of his parents in Lawrence, of Boston politics, of the New Hampshire woods, of his ill-fated interview, and important to him. He would never speak of abstractions such as honor,

loyalty, fairness, and reason. He believed in particular facts—that if a decent mind paid attention to the facts, it might wind up wanting something scary. This attitude seemed to a man not naturally open-minded, when Kelleher changed his mind, you heard the pallidness in his voice. Yet that was his underlying lesson: virtue requires persistence. He used to quote an Irish proverb: *Sláir a bheir túa bheir túa bheir túa*, which I came to understand as meaning that the honest mind can never be lonely.

What his own struggles were I did not know and would not ask. He taught me that the world is full of snakes, mixed with a decent, heroic, slightly higher a generous pulse. He taught me that if one stays alert to the motions of the world, it is possible to see a good deal, occasionally including things that no one else has seen before. Of course, this has nothing to do with enjoying the story.

—Roger Rosenblatt



John Kelleher with his daughter, Nora, in 1974

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Hanging in There

Blows to the Spirit

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN
KEN KESEY
AND ROBERT STONE

Where and
how the
American
male has
taken it on
the chin

Ken Kesey will always be remembered as author of *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, but friend Robert Stone is author of *Dog Soldiers* and, most recently, the much-acclaimed *Children of Light*. Kesey invited them to New York for a secluded "staring" which here they sit and talked at length about what Kesey called "a session of sticks" to the psyche of the American male. Their conversation, conducted over two days in hotel suites, restaurants, and bars, turned up unexpected and often provocative insights. What follows is a somewhat abridged version of their remarks. They began by discussing the American man's sense of himself and his power at the end of the Second World War.

KESEY: When we came out of World War II, we had a feeling for being winners. We had defeated the best that Europe and the Orient could throw at us, and there wasn't anything in the world that we couldn't whip. We were in really good shape.

STONE: And we'd done it right from a standing start. We'd had virtually no army.

KESEY: But suddenly we found ourselves frustrated with Korea. This was the first of many frustrations. The first of a series of shocks to the consciousness of the American male. It was our first encounter as males, I think, with Eastern thought with the *kung fu* philosophy. Remember in *Abravaylen Nas*, when you see those shots of Brando's head, and the shadows moving back and forth across his face? Do you remember what



Everweight champion Cassius Clay triumphs over boxer Luke during round one of their 1962 title fight in Lewiston, Maine

is carrying the shadow? Is it the guy standing over in the doorway going through to the window? That seems wrong through that whole scene—how the American man found himself so overcome by something from the Orient. But he finally offered himself up as part of a small sacrifice. The Eastern reference shook our confidence. It shook our stance. In Vietnam we were not only whipped and humiliated, we were wrong. After that, it was hard to be good.

STONE: Being wrong was probably more of a shock than the defeat. Also, I think that Americans are not particularly good at war. Not in the way the English are, for example. The English love it. They really love it. They don't admit to a lot but they love it and they are good at it. Americans are engineers. Our goal is of defining with an objective, to build a mechanical machine so we can build down the obstacle mechanically—go around it, go under it, go over it.

A Gaze Gets Knocked Down

KESSE: Getting back to this idea of shocks to the male consciousness since WW II. When Gaudin City whipped Sonny Liston in 1964, we were high, those three boxes by themselves. Everybody who talked to that light over in the room knew that a change had happened in the prize ring, which is one of the spectacles of mankind. Always has been. That Sonny Liston was the Negro, suddenly looking down anybody had ever seen. We were sure that nobody could whip him with a two-to-four.

Suddenly, there was a lad in there who probably wasn't in touch, or in strength, or credit or confidence as much. But whatever Liston's mind said, you could now fear Cassius Clay's mind had already been there—from the inside all around. So whenever Liston tried to throw a blow, that other form of thinking anticipated the blow and was able to make three or four different choices before the blow landed.

STONE: There are still people who believe it was a three-fade. Somebody was wrong, somebody who knows a lot about this. That Joe Louis ran into Sonny Liston in Miami Beach the afternoon of the fight, and Louis said to Liston: "You got a grand riding on this," and Liston said, "Sure, your money, Joe."

KESSE: Well, many fights are thrown. But I don't think many of those were with Cassius Clay.

STONE: I think it's impossible to tell before the business is so ridged. I mean, when you think of the Gromano-Gale fight, and I heard that one of them was faked. That really shook me.

Good Takes The Fight

KESSE: Which goes on to our next thing—O'Malley's meeting the Dodgers to L.A.

STONE: It represented the first serious consideration of sports. It was finally saying to American men, "There is nothing you do that is more important than money."

KESSE: You laid a relationship with that. They were like the Chrysler of World War II. They were the Jews. They had all



"In Vietnam we were not only whipped and humiliated, we were wrong. After that, it was hard to be good."

these different guys, these Americans, like the rifle squad in a war movie. There was the Ace of Spades, the Ace of Hearts. A little southern guy, A Few A-Plains. The first black player. They were a wonder team. A super-patriotic team. Suddenly they got yanked out of football and put where no country ever had an association with a ball club. They take this team and put it in the capital of Andorra.

The Bell Tolls for Hemingway

STONE: Another shock was Hemingway's suicide.

KESSE: To writers. Hemingway's suicide meant that for all that he cleaned, and for all the toughness of his writing, he couldn't make it. That was a real blow to man's intellectual spirit.

STONE: Hemingway had everything in American man desired. Glamour, glam women, women. Adventure. He was a great fisherman. He was famous and skilled. He stood for a whole way of approaching life, and when the guy who is pioneering it can't do it, a lot of other people give up. Like KESSE: He tried to do nothing but make, and then he couldn't act and shot himself.

STONE: Leaving us holding the bag.

KESSE: Holding that bag of dead Hemingway, you know. Then up springs this new kind of Western consciousness. There was someone who was trying to work in some Kansas philosophy, because that was the only way to survive these blows in one agent. We kept losing our heroes, losing all of the stuff we believed in. One after the other, and finally we had to strike out on a new philosophical path. We became kindness. We went to la-di-da, took acid, began to drink, the joy was of sadness, instead of just relying on the

young side. And during that period, the Sixties and Seventies, the joy part of us grew bigger than the young. The whole business of allowing women to know it is—

STONE: Is this new?

KESSE: Well, they didn't used to be so obvious about it.

STONE: It used to just come with the woman?

KESSE: Yes. Today they think they have a right. Not only a right, they have an obligation to do it. Things have died—died over to such an extent that I never saw my sons ever phone girls during high school or college. Girls called them. The boys I know—let them to make a phone call to get a date with a girl, they just don't do it. They've crashed if they were married down. They just can't even consider doing it. So there is a whole new kind of narcissistic consciousness developed in young men. I never thought of myself, even as being pretty, or even handsome, or desirable. All you wanted to be was a possible showboat.

STONE: So you could persuade women to do what would, which you know that they didn't want to do.

KESSE: And you had to, you had to court. Boys no longer court girls. The loss of the ability to court means that men are losing their power, and when you lose power, your power is lost there. I have this theory that poetry does not corrupt, it purifies. And power, when you lose it, drains you out. When you don't have power, you have to use force. That's why rape has gone up all over in the United States.

STONE: I don't agree. I think rape has gone up like everything has gone up. People just go out and do what they feel like doing—whether it's something bad or something good.

KESSE: All right, but boys have become more passive and more narcissistic. In my youth, guys never wore sweaters. You know any boys that wore sweaters in colleges when you were in high school? No. Indeed, how peculiar a boy.

STONE: The only time you got to smell good was when you got a haircut.

Fading Presidents

KESSE: What are some of the other shocks?

STONE: The Kennedy assassinations.

KESSE: Another blow to the spirit.

STONE: It certainly marked people of our age and generation. From that Friday of the assassination I second the quality of life grained and began to live again.

KESSE: We were in New York around that time. Ciochi's Not had just opened on Broadway. My whole family had come in, including my grandpa. Some friends and I drove back across the country, taking photos, and we began to hear the news on the radio.

And during that three-day drive, we saw a change in the American consciousness everywhere we went. People's eyes connected. Everybody was hurt.

We were hurt terribly by Nixon, too—by his being kicked out, or dropping. I remember we were going to the White House announcement (over the radio). It didn't

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fact that people aren't happy. And if you're not happy, you've got problems.

That's what I saw when I was working in the farmhouse. People weren't in the farmhouse because they had been married in the bathroom by their parents. They weren't in the farmhouse because they had a mother that loved them for too long. They were in the farmhouse because they had done something that was supposed to bring them rewards in the American dream, and the rewards weren't coming to them. They didn't have enough money. They didn't have the right car. They couldn't afford to get their kids into the right school. But they had worked hard. Like the farmers in middle America. They work harder and harder, and it's still not enough. They're not going to look around for somebody to blame. Today, a lot of the farmers are blaming the Jews, a convenient old target, saying that there's a big Jewish conspiracy to lock the land up in larger and larger corporations and drive the farmers out of the country. I think the farmers are not right—they're just following the wrong people.

STONE: But it is interesting that the farmer, who has always been the face of orderliness, born a man at the mercy of events—the weather, the seasons, the good years, the bad years—should expect every year to be a good year. But he should expect farming to provide a regular source of economic, in fact, traditional farming has been an extremely chaotic and dangerous and insecure life.

KESSEY: To go back to Wendell's theory of barbarism: The American ideal is, if it's there, use it. If you get a room full of hungry naked women, try to screw them all. If there's a table full of food, eat it all. If there's a crisis to meet—screw it. Then sit back.

STONE: There used to be a notion in literature—in John Steinbeck, that somehow it made you better to harbor. Nowadays it seems like you're just a sad sack if you harbor.

KESSEY: The third-largest killer of teenagers in America is suicide. This is a hell of a lot about a nation—where one young people die in enough good-sized towns in life to want to live it. When my son just was killed in a wreck a couple of years ago, suddenly I was in a crisis a spiritual crisis. I think that I did not only lose a son, I lost a deity. The god that I prayed to was suddenly killed and, because when you come right down to it, you ask for all you're worth for help, and you don't get it, then you begin to doubt that force. And I think, right now, if you ask people what they're afraid of, they're afraid of the power that's on the other side of the river, what happens when we die, people don't know. People kind of assume that the government takes care of you.

STONE: Always entitlement—there's got to be some federal entitlement.

KESSEY: In history, if you sided an Indian when he goes, he said that you go to a place where there's a cross in the rocks, and follow the two arrows. Or you asked an Egyptian to show where you went after you're dead. Whether they were right or wrong, every-



"This is the first merger of the idea that ambiguity is sexy. That never occurred to Americans once before."

body had a trip. Our trip is gone. We don't have a place. My parents believed in the peppy girls. We don't anymore.

STONE: Dying is abundant.

KESSEY: That's true. My father's had any good deaths lately. We don't have the hell-fighter's good death anymore, that sort of thing.

With Joe's death, what I finally came to grips with was that love and grief have to be mixed. You can't separate them. As soon as you really love somebody, at some point you're going to grieve. And that's why people run away from each other, so they don't have to be there and experience the loss.

Joe's death was the most profound thing that ever happened to any of us, our whole family. The natural, the usual thing that you do—you're crushed by it—you turn it over to somebody else, and they take care of the body and the coffin and the grave. But we just didn't. I had friends and family enough that we, by God, we began to build that coffin and get that hole, and I was so glad. You know, when you're slinking a shovel in the ground and throwing dirt on someone's ash, you're doing something. You've got some thoughts with your hands, and you you to do something that is being going on for thousands of centuries. Taking a shovel and digging with it. When you stop dealing with a soul and turn it over to somebody else you lose something important. We have to reach back and get hold of our deaths and our funerals and our marriages and our children, and bring them back to us instead of turning them over to someone. Sooner or later, the morticians on the corner and a school board that you don't want any part of.

STONE: To cement to anything, to cement to life it is to risk, to have children, to love a woman. All these things put you at

risk. There's no way of avoiding the fact that nothing is free, and that's the fundamental law of life—nothing is free.

KESSEY: There was a time in the Sixties when everybody was having a lot of words, quite a staff. We were sure that the apocalypse was upon us. California was going to fall in the next six months. We were up in Oregon and people would come by in their buses on their way to safety, and they'd try to get on to go with them—really get ahead. They'd say, "Come on, Kessey, you're crazy, you're not all the staff, you know what's going to happen."

I just didn't want to leave. To do up being. After a while we began to notice that these were the moment people. One day three buses arrived, just a bunch of people, and I saw that no longer could they were all moving to Boston. And they really got angry that I wasn't helping in and carrying such there. I was standing, these arguing with these guys, and I looked out before them. Prere (Kessey's wife): She had a great big bag of Coppers in one hand and a saw in the other, and she came walking right toward us. All these happen are standing out there, and these happen are, you know, bare-breasted with letters clutched to their.

I said, "What are you going to do?"

We both looked at one of them, and said, "I am going to grab the first cross." Blasting that cross off a dove as into the chute, so you've got to keep playing the last times. We're getting to the point now where we accept nuclear waste on the theory that, well, the future run deal with it. Or where people are back-fucking, thinking, Well, I might get AIDS, but at the least they'll cure it. Or we continue to put acid rain in the air, saying, "Well, we know we're doing it, but we're doing it, we're going to do it." It's like saying, "When the government will take care of the electric. I've put my taxes, it's part of social security."

The Connection Between Love and Death Becomes Literal

STONE: You brought it up, but it seems we have to talk a some point about homophobia.

KESSEY: I have no problem with the idea of being true. I mean, I don't see anything genital or physical about that. I mean, there are a number of men whom I greatly love, but that doesn't have anything to do with sex. That's a different kind of love. I don't want to take any children off and start putting on cap of these people or under them.

STONE: In fact, it would be hard to envision a love with that kind of stuff going on.

KESSEY: I mean, I just love them because of who they are. I love their goodness, but it has nothing to do with sex. If it does it is on a level that is different to me.

I believe if you put a polygraph on people and asked them, "Are you happy with life?" the homosexuals would say "Yes, of course, I am," and the straight would say, "No, I'm not."

"You're proud of your life?"

"Yes, we're proud."

But the polygraph would say, "You're

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ling."

I don't have any way of knowing for sure because we only know what we see on each other's surface. But I'll bet you notice in bed that when we tuck up our heads at the end of the game, our good heads and our bad heads, that I've got more good heads than they do. I mean, why not go down the road that gives the most good heads?

They say, "Well, we've got the right to go down that other road." Of course they've got the right to go down the other road, but do you have the right to open a mine for all other people to come down the other road with you?

STONE: Many times company, in the old square growth you know.

KESSEY: Can't the AIDS thing come up, what

somebody did with somebody else really was his business. But now that this has happened... You know, some people say you can't come from screwing sheep and pigs, and there are some who say that AIDS may have come from monkeys. So, when the scriptures just put the Jesus Christus scriptures, but lots of scriptures say, "Don't be new animals." It's not because God hasn't went on screwing animals, he's telling us that if we're going to screw animals, we're going to get things from them. What we're really are doing with it is that it's not a virus? What, if we're screwing animals? What if by adding endless billions and billions of sperm cells to civilizations that are not supposed to handle sperm, you begin to come up with something that is different?

STONE: Sperm is just your sort of basic kind of the formula. It shouldn't be harmful.

KESSEY: But it's not put in the right place. I wouldn't want it in my eye.

STONE: I don't think it's going to hurt your eye either.

KESSEY: But it does. Some guys use sperm to keep out the bugs, or to get inside them. They rub sperm in their eye and it causes an infection. It's a perfect track.

STONE: Okay.

KESSEY: Well, it seems like if you'll go to get sperm in a place that's designed for it, you don't put random oil in your power-steering system. And when God says, "Do not put random oil in your power-steering system," he's saying, "If you do, you'll blow the seals out of your power steering."

STONE: I guess we agree that gay liberation and AIDS have been tremendous shocks to the spirit of the traditional American male.

KESSEY: Sure. When I checked into the hotel yesterday the doorman came up and brought a book for me to sign. We smoked a little hash and got to talking about the change in being a single men going into a single line.

He said it's really hard to pick up girls because there are now debates of any man. We have all become suspect. We could be guilty of squirting out the stuff that kills people.

The Bomb Is the End, Equality for All
KESSEY: The last shock, and the biggest shock by far, is the bomb. The bomb is what really changed everything. Never had our men been on the line before. At a recent conference in Toronto, there were rumors spreading about writing in the nuclear age, and all of them kept talking about how they were afraid, how they were terrified. The people in the audience all agreed "Truth is, we're afraid and terrified and want to protect against the bomb." I said that I had read this letter from Khrushchev in which he said he knew what he was doing when he completed the formula. He knew that he was, perhaps, bringing the world stage over into the human hands, but he might have thought this is going to end class warfare. No longer is it going to be possible for a general to stay behind the walls and send young kids out over a battlefield, over the moon, to go out there and die. With the bomb, suddenly, some walls melted. The richest men, Armadillo-Ramirez, will be fired. Nobody can stay behind the castle walls and send young underprivileged kids out to die for the system. The master of the elite power, and a businessman. And it's going to be hard to make it, a kind of frustration. Everybody is really being to police around each other, getting more and more angry. Inside, still. It's hard to get it up at these conversations.

STONE: Because the bomb is related to the clock.

KESSEY: And you're related to mortality. That's why there is sex.

STONE: Because of mortality. Yes.

KESSEY: We're never going to be able to put that bomb back in its bottle. It's up there, forever. The idiot that could drop it. And we're going to have to make love beneath it, I guess, at least we can try.

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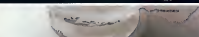
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Introspection

About "About Men"

by Charlie Haas



Men are looking forward, testing their new emotional surveillance life, on their poppers.

LAST SPRING, MY SON TOLD ME that he had decided not to return to Little League, but to join a Salvadoran death squad instead. Though I had mixed feelings about this decision, my first response was to hug him—a brace, anapoleptic hug that brought tears to both our eyes or, rather, all four of our eyes. It also caused me to think in a new way about my relationship with my own father, and about the ways in which men—no, wait, it's obsolete... THE OTHER DAY, AS I APPLIED some 3-in-One to my frayed bicycle gear, I reflected on how much it seems that men like to squirt oil on things—motorists admit, the coast of Santa Barbara. And I think that—no, let's see... Okay. RECENTLY.

I WENT THROUGH MY ADDRESS book—noting the new phone numbers of morally decorated friends, removing people whose numbers I did poorly—and I was struck by the fact that what I was doing was a ritual, at a time when rituals for men, are scarce. This is, I think—no. Uh... THERE IS SOMETHING ABOUT professional football, I have realized recently, that is scarce. Because of the—

Oh! Oh! Excuse me! I was just waiting up for my first appearance in the "About Men" column in the Sunday New York Times Magazine. If you live in New York for in one of those mafioso cities whose adult citizens risk over one another like kids at a Who concert to get at copies of the

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Sunday Times: then you have seen "About Men." If you haven't, no problem, because men are writing this sort of stuff in all kinds of magazines now. Does GQ do equal-time pieces of Ms to...well, let's say, I say, all kinds of magazines.

But "About Men" is upon the field. Like *Time* Magazine's recent *Playboy*, so that the magazine who were the *Playboy* Magazine's *Playmate* and the *Chicago Herald* who were the *Chicago Party* *Playmate* features, then the "About Men" column would be the really deep think piece by D. Keith Mano. The great thing is, you can write one about anything, it even about nothing. The topic has to be money but, under the wonderful new rules, almost everything (though not names) is money. The only requirement is that you master the *Playboy* Confessional style of writing—a style in which I think one gets almost a sense of sometimes having suddenly sideways been written.

The Times's decision to run "About Men" now—like its juxtaposition of the "Men" column a few years earlier—is a little slow on the uptake, but that preserves the paper's record as the beloved first outlet of crusade. Men are coming back into their own, having visited it for almost twenty minutes. This may explain the heart-depressing fact of many "About Men" columns: men are going through the typical last-depressed mental phase of their liberation, to be followed by the price phase, which will be...well, a minute...MEN HAVE, I THINK, A RICHER cultural heritage than we may be aware of. A man devoted *The Color Purple*. A number of our leading, prominent revolutionaries are men—though they must write under women's names to gain recognition. And in the *Kaplan*, this basic confusion era of liberation and *GI* *GI* men are looking new feelings. (Thinking new thoughts.)

See, even into a this sort of confusion come to prominence: men have just their fear of being...well, critical, self-critical.

Instead, they're afraid not to be. And there's no fear like a new fear. Men have begun jealously guarding male many of the "rules" they themselves, however, have done; cry. When two women go walking, the first one usually does the talking. Sell the sausage, not the stick. Men are looking around, testing their new emotional environment at like various papers—Bey! WHEN I WAS A YOUNG BOY I had a puppy, who always followed me around. Now my wife is so helpful so that puppy she never lets me down. And, I think, it grows deeper—well, that's not an "About Men" column, that's *That Spectator*.

PHIL BRETHER. I THINK, HOLDS A place of special importance in the imaginations of men of my generation. The image of a man who could get so many women to sing so well for such modest salaries is, I think, an icon of a more innocent time, the early 1960s, when—okay, okay, well.

WE MEN WHO "CAME OF AGE" in the Sixties love, I think, been going through some heavy changes. I wish, as we used to say back then, just being that *Stoney* *Stoney* is now a misanthrope of *Taggart*—we can throw one off stride for a week, and it is not even true. But, as children of the Sixties, my wife and I have tried hard to be "progressive" parents to our own children. We see that our son *Carlisle* plays with dolls, and that our daughter *Suzanne* can do several of Bruce Lee's best karate-like moves. Still—

Sorry! Got carried over again. Just trying to get this thing right. And I hope being troubled by the nagging suspicion that would be the third paragraph of most "About Men" columns: the average reader has already headed over to the ads for electronic stuff from 47 St. Photo and—

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Giving Up

A Quitter's Peace

In January 1992, at the age of sixteen, I resigned from my high school basketball team because, in our last game, the coach had kept me on the bench while giving two underclassmen. There is no question I was angered and embarrassed by this, but I was also logical about it. The coach, it seemed, was telling me I hadn't been as a basketball player. He was probably right. And so when I told him I was leaving the team, I expected cold indifference. What I got was indignation: "So go," he said. "This team doesn't want you."

There is a thing called manhood. It is an ideal and, like most ideals, is defined most often by negatives: it is hard to say what a man does, but there are some things he doesn't do. One of these is quit. Our culture teaches young men this lesson with childhood slogans—Go down swinging. When the going gets tough, the tough get going. Winners never quit, quitters never win. And the principle continues to repeat: Fight as hard as you can until you are at total water level—hell, beyond, where it makes you stop. To help me remember it, there are oaths of office and vows of loyalty or enmity, all of which add up to the premise that, no matter what the universe serves up by way of disappointment, nothing will make you quit. You should fight, according to another masculine slogan, to the death.

For a youth to learn the convention of manhood is in many ways a good thing. If he easily turns aside at obstacles, he will probably never gain any real worth or meaning, and the willingness to risk his life may be a valid measure of his dedication. But there is a real danger in this convention, the emphasis on not being a quitter may prevent a young man from understanding that manhood has stages, and that leaving perseverance to just stop one.

So it was with me. For the three years following my coach's accusation I felt as if I were in my manhood class because I never willingly walked away from anything. At first, of course, I was only trying to prove something, but later I was trying to be something: a man. The determination never to quit allowed me to accomplish things I never imagined possible. I lasted in those years in the confidence of only of my abilities but of my possibilities—which is probably what high school basketball coaches, good ones anyway, really want. But while those were good, productive

years, they were often less than joyful. I was suspicious of any goal reached easily. Failure made me insecure and guilty. I was sometimes exploited by employers who realized I would never walk off a job, and by lovers who sensed I could never walk out the door. I think I was brought up, but I recognized that in the price of manhood, of not being a quitter. Then, in July 1990, when I was twenty-eight, my father became ill.

The disease had no known remedy. It was painful but not usually fatal. It produced a gradually increasing paralysis that was often total but almost always temporary. All you had to do to recover was hang on there and keep breathing.

I kept what time I could with my father, supposedly cheering him up, but actually cheering him out. To eat to keep his strength up. To sit in a chair despite the pain, so as to ward off pneumonia. I measured his resolve with a neurological test, telling him to make a fist around my finger. I despised as he grew weaker. But then one day despair became resignation because he refused to try. "Come on, Pop," I told him. "How are you going to fight if you won't put up your dukes?" "I tried," he said. "I'm not going to make it."

I got out of there before I killed him and went skimming through the streets, cursing my father the quitter, my father who was not a man. Then I decided that, while he might be a quitter, I wasn't. So I went to a library and copied down Dylan Thomas's "Do Not Go Gentle into That Good Night," according to read to my father. Thomas's exhortation to his father to "turn and live at close of the day." But when I read out my father's room I saw that he was praying, and I realized there are things a man can never do with his hands, despite his wishes.

It is June 1991. I am thirty-five. I have not become a quitter—giving up is not a viable way of life. But I have realized there are seasons for acceptance, a time when giving and winning, is the only thing. I am trying to learn when to quit, when to walk away and how. It does not come easily after all these years. I won't stop trying, of course. Part of my trying has been to add to the simple slogans of my youth the thought I find while watching my father pray: that he who wrestles the fall of night forsakes the glory of the same.

—David Bradley



The author's father, David B. Bradley.



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A Man's Word

Cutting Deals



The night of three months is a new I listened to conversations in a roadside squad room at 1300 Beaubien, Detroit Police headquarters, a *Kawak* set with 343 mag shots on the wall I listened to true-crime talk: individual decisions, hours of sweat that were professionally dry, casual, often cynical. All but one.

"Guy in the phone says, 'You want to know who did it?' I got a drunk driving charge hanging on me. Get it taken off my record and I'll give you the name."

"I said to the garbage man, 'We understood you picked up a gun in the alley back of 3151 Sherbourne' yesterday." Man browses and sounds like he's trying to get his memory to work. Says, "No, I didn't see no gun. I said, 'Well, she did mean that last time law you or somebody picks it up. You come on downtown, we'll have a witness lineup.' The garbage man says, 'When you have to have this gun?'"

"Lady said either there was a party. Somebody was out on the street drive this obscene dance, the funky dance. Some dance they were doing over on Belle Isle when a guy was shot. Man I got to see this dance makes people kill each other."

"Reg, you gonna be a star mother's it we need you?" Reg said, yeah, he'll be there. "If you stay out of the dope pads, get a job, like maybe at a car wash."

"Car wash. Men, you don't even make three an hour at a car wash."

"That's true. You don't get close in the head, either."

"Here's a letter from a guy we sent to Margaret. He's worried about what we think of him. Listen. I know there are a lot of it feelings toward me. All these a lot to say in God help all us kids."

"What're you taking my picture for?"

"We want to enter it in the Black Mass America contest."

And I heard a homicide cop, talking to a witness on the phone, begging the person to come forward and testify, say

"I give you my word as a man."

That's the one I recall most clearly among all the voices in the squad room and will always remember. A man giving his word to protect someone's life, not as an official of the law or on a Bible or in any other context than simply "as a man."

—Elmore Leonard

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In Style

"I developed an all-purpose shuffle that I'm still doing, when it's unavoidable, at weddings and at the Flushing—looking like the Tin Man just before he ran out of oil!"
—Jay McInerney, "The Frang"



Hair Today

The Head Case by Roy Blount Jr.



"Bunkie! Bunkie! Lead Me Your Cunk!"
As Gerald Lynch, "Bunkie" launches the parking lot attendant turned private eye on 77 Sunset Strip, Edie Barry was the embodiment of cool vanity. Filmmaker style.

The other day I saw a woman enter a restaurant and exclaim to a man waiting for her, "I look like *The House of Dead*!" I like my hair more than I ever have in my life." She had just had her hair cut, I guess, droopingly pathetic, by someone recom-

mended by this guy's mother. This guy had his work cut out for him. But it's not only women's hair observations that men get caught up in. The truth is that men (some it, like an old football coach I heard about, their policy is to keep



is so short. "I don't have towels or comb, I just wipe it off with a rag. I have hair on their minds, too."

Let us take a man who has been through all the hair changes of the last forty years. Call him Harry.

First there had to be the barber-shop when he was a little lad. Maybe his father thought it smelled good in there, but what was all that stuff? Without and Lucky Tiger and boy runs and witch hand!—and they're waving straight razors around in there, and there's this terrible electric clipper drone whose vibrations so low Harry can feel them in his molars. And old crotchey guys are cracking jokes Harry doesn't understand (and they know he doesn't understand), and they have him growing out of their noses.

Then Harry approaches puberty and he realizes that what those old crotchey barbers really want to do is not to cut his ears off but to expose them honestly—to make them look like a dork. So he tries to get stylish. He gets a flat-top, but his hair is too fine to stay erect, so he tries stiffer and stiffer and that doesn't work either, and the other guys are perming their hair, so he does, too, and it comes out given, and his mother never gets over it. (She already will never get over his first haircut.) She keeps turning up the golden curls (and gave him when he was little and sweet). He tries ducktails, but he's not a hood at heart; the restlessness still thumps; and anyway his hair is too curly (at this strange way that nobody else's is curly) to stay groomed in place.

Then when Harry is at college he goes

into a hippie stage, lets his hair keep growing—as they say in "Hair"—to "about as long as they can." It may stop growing by itself, but it never stops getting messy by itself, or even with help, and now instead of a slouchy mess it's a huge mess. It looks like this enormous dirty asymmetrical seahorse. He finds himself losing his head and brushing hair out of his eyes the way westerns do. His hair is just as natural as Adam's, and yet it's this huge production all the time. And gas station guys call him mo'ens and proletarians want to beat him up because he looks like a Communist.

And he gets drafted and the Army makes him look like a dork again.

And he gets out and goes to work and there are certain ways a young man who works where he works really ought to keep his hair trim if the old guys are going to like the cut of his job, and certain other ways he has to let it loosen up if he is ever going to get anywhere with women. And then there are all these new mousses and gels for men that some guys know how to use so that their hair looks like it just naturally grows underly put beauty—but these mousses and gels do not work for Harry. These mousses and gels make Harry look like someone with mousses and gel on his head. And can he ask other guys how they use mousses and gel? No. He is a man.

And Harry's hair starts coming out. And now that he is trying to get enough body into his hair to balance incipient moults, and is trying to trim some of this body over to cover the thin spots—do you know what the last hair look for men is now? Well that Harry is too old to carry it off!

Lucky ☐

Mr. D.A.

by William E. Geist

It is 1986—over in Philadelphia—and Joe Cerullo is still at it, still sweeping great, grained wings of hair back into perfect D.A. haircuts. It's not that the cut is back as Vogue or anything; Joe never stopped.

The single chair at the Joe Cerullo Barber Shop is looked said, and about a third of his customers still ask for D.A.'s, be they the young rollers or men in their forties who have never lost faith. They make the pilgrimage because Joe is more than barber; he is a man, you see. He is the Creator. "Joe specialized the D.A. as a customer greatly loved."

Joe Cerullo gave the first D.A., perhaps not surprisingly, to a blind boy "Nice lad," Joe recalled, snapping. "Never complained." Joe said Joe D.A. desired not from boy drama, imagination, vision, or religious experience—"as most people as-

per"—but rather from hours of only trial and error.

The Creation took place, also not so surprisingly, in South Philly, cauldron of cool. Frank, Bobby Bricks, Frankie Aviles, and thousands of other neighborhood kids docked in, had to have it. "Gave it to me, Joe; give it to me," he recalled them clamoring.

They were the out on *Swerve Band* stand, nationally televised from Philadelphia. And the kids on *Donahue's* defined cool boys who looked like they were born knowing how to speed shift a Chevy Jack start a Harley, and French make a Lucky, and sharp, away girls who looked like they'd done things we were still going wrong on our health exams.

"I was setting the style in clothes, dance, and hair," said another of Joe's cus-

tomers. "We were don't the fly, the stool, the mashed potato on *Donahue's*. You couldn't do those steps without a D.A."

One of Joe's customers, a plumber, and that power globe of gold teeth. Was, ultimately, despite the chaos of South Philly throughout the Eisenhower administration. Lucky Tiger, No Nite, and Olivo pondered were popular, along with products normally associated with deep-fat frying and insensitive lubrication. Customers said, however, that the lad who wore Vapors did it by mistake and that takes of huge Without-Crown-Old tank trucks milking deliveries to South Philly homes are strictly apocryphal.

"When the music managers started bringing their kids into the shop," Joe said, "we knew we were onto something." Here



used to offer him money to save Fabian's hair clippings, but he wouldn't do it. It just seemed to go against all that the Pansylvanian League of Master Barbers stood for.

Joe still he took a lot of fish from the barbering community when he introduced the D.A. "I probably never would have invented it if I had gone to barber school," he said, but he was a prodigy of hair, who went to work as his uncle's barber-shop at age eleven, became a barber at thirteen, and opened his own shop at seventeen. He still credits, he said, "darning credit" for a crowd in leaving a small tuft of hair at the nape of the neck. He is also experimenting with pointed sideburns.

Hair historians are always surprised to learn that Joe cut his first D.A. way back in 1938, calling it the Swing Cut after the music of the day. Neighborhood-wise, gays changed it to its current name. A few years later, Joe won a hair-care contest in New York and his prize was a ten-year contract with Warner Brothers in Hollywood.

During the Philips and Sotoca, he shined back and forth a bit between Philadelphia and Hollywood. "I cut all the big heads," he said: Sinatra, Bogart, Shaw. He says he gave Judy Garland her first short haircut, and James Dean his last, the day before he died.

The traces of Jerry's hair come hangs in the air, with occasional clouds of Chateau talcum powder drifting by, and seldom is heard a blow dryer.

The decor of the twelve-by-fifteen foot shop features a dusty bowling trophy, lots of framed bookends, pinstrapped and folded upholstery, and water-colored photos of personalities ranging from Sinatra to the Stray Cats. Jeremy Marbles, and Jeremy Cadell. Customers paid him one trifling of other big heads he's had the privilege to cut: John Travolta, Henry Winkler, Michael Caine, Bill Hickey, Wayne Newton, and Roy George.

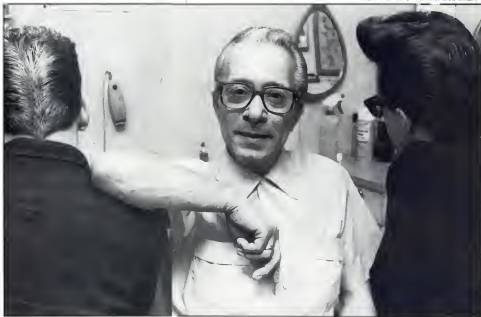
Joe is a slight, seventy-two-year-old grandfather of two now, who smokes Seaman 100s and makes his older customers squirm as he talks about D.A.s and Mohawks.

"Never go against the younger generation," he said, explaining the philosophy that carried him through the dark days of barbering as the late Sinatra and Sevensins, "because they set the pace. It's always been like that and it won't ever change."

His customers, however, that Joe couldn't patent the D.A., and that he can't be induced into the Hirsut Hall of Fame because there isn't one. He has never sought to capitalize on being the Creator. Joe saved the last haircut of the day for me, nothing radical, just a little fade, a little sweep to the rear and some Heaven Hair-O-wave action in front.

But a haircut like that can change a man, and as I walked in blazer and striped tie, to my faded slippers, four dark socks, I felt like looking under the

The Creator Joe Celesia became a barber at thirteen. He went on to cut "em all—from Sinatra to Roy George.





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"The Reverse Mohawk"



"The Braid"



"The Jump Cut"



"The May Day"



"The Colored"



"The Jan Michael"



"The Shady-De"



"The Lookout Post"



"The High Concept"



"The Afro"



"The Pale Reflection"



"The Natural Look"



"The Fella Fella"



"The Other Side of the Tracks"



"The Serpant Look"



"The Dark Sandman"



"The Leading Foot"



"The Decided"



"The Decided with Lateral Post"



"The Jar Head"



"The Baby's Corner"



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around his neck
this Father's Day.

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THE GREAT AMERICAN TIE

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Don't forget to check out the new collection.

Facing the Mirror

Little Shaver



If I had known Michael was going to do as well when he grew up, I would have shaved him when he was young. I assume all boys are anxious to shave. It's a symbol of manhood. That's why they like to pretend when they are young. I did and my boys did,

too. No, I didn't teach my boys how to shave. But even now, I try to tell Eric, my youngest son, that he should shave more slowly. He's always nicking his cheek, he shaves so damn fast.

—Kirk Douglas

Would Crown Prince Joseph of Austria have given
his father a mini-van?



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It has every right to be expensive.



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The Store

Summer of Size 42



When I was twenty-one, through mysterious connections of my father's, I got my first grown-up job. It was only summer work, proofreading for a third-drawer law firm, but for that summer I would get to be what I know, at only by this admission, I wanted to be: the Man in the Brooks Brothers Suit.

Brooks Brothers? It was not immediately awe-inspiring. I knew, but inside I thrilled to it. The clothes had the virtues of the man. They were like you. They held their shape. They weren't modish, or attractive, or especially comfortable, but they were simple and they absolutely could not be disparaged by anyone who mattered. Not since the invention of armor had tailors come up with anything to add.

The week before I started work, I traveled to that building of thick pillars and heavy doors, with its grand claims, *ESTABLISHED 1833*. I had never seen so much wood. Oak uncutting, oak cabinets, even oak elevators. Wooden saloons, too, shiny and transparent, who piled me high with bagpipes, Panama straw, suits dark and light, "odd trousers," shirts with tie collars, and the ultimate, the Brooks Brothers button-down-collared shirt, in blue, in a blue box with the golden label on the golden string.

I brought the boxes home. Light bounced off the hard finish of that cotton, in that clean, lay-world-beyond-any-humor way, a world of nothing, shaggy purpose, heavy meaning, properly attended, I marched out to this world. In the office, the subway, at

the town's brass rail, I stood cheek by good (my cheek, his good) with the Man in the Brooks Brothers Suit and imagined that we shared the meaning of a Brooks Brothers shirt, with its front pocket and the double-stitched buttons that never tear, the heavy, coarse Oxford cloth that holds starch till you can long ignore balls off it. Here was a point of male communion. Among your shirts is a Brooks Brothers shirt, period. If you own one suit, it is a dark-blue ten-month Brooks Brothers suit that has to be let out again in the waist.

And in those moments, you could look around and see the uniforms that were the same as your uniform, and feel as strong, and feel that you were not alone.

Also, I never found the Golden Fleece. After six weeks I was called by a Man in Brooks Brothers that who told me, in his well-creased voice, that I wasn't cut out to be a proofreader. Two weeks later the shirt's upper came back from the dry cleaners permanently jammed. And I realized that the suit was after all just a suit. That the shirt layed, like any shirt, along the collar and cuffs. And that my Brooks Brothers button-down polo-collar shirt never looked as good as when a girl was wearing it, wrinkled, off the floor, lit by morning.

Yet I still have those clothes. Every once in a while I climb into them, button down my collar, and return to my haunts, the Ghost in the Brooks Brothers Suit, moving among men that I sometimes still wish I could be, not least once again with the master of the March.

—Paul Attanasio



Frank Sinatra

“There are very few singers whom musicians respect. And Sinatra is tops with musicians. He's the one they really admire, because he sings like a great saxophone player plays Sinatra was a rock star before there was Presley—before there was rock 'n' roll. He was the pop star. He also had the stage of being a swinger. And that was cool. It had a certain duality to it. I remember those albums came with his jacket billowing off his shoulder, and the hat cocked at an angle. I still see that image when I hear Sinatra sing. But that's not what impressed me about the man—I didn't read *Photoplay*. The voice is what got to me.”

—Billy Joel



Agility

THE 1986 CORVETTE INCORPORATES TECHNOLOGY THAT CONTROL DURING HARD BRAKING—EVEN ON A RAIN-SLIPPERY SURFACE.

Corvette has always challenged the European sporting establishment by relentlessly expanding the limits of performance. Now Corvette redefines the concept of "sports car."

The 1986 Corvette, with computerized Bosch ABS II anti-lock braking, surpasses its competition on the test track while adding an important dimension to real-world driving control.

THE BOSCH ABS II ADVANTAGE

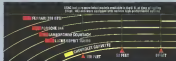
On a wet slick surface, Ferrari 308 GTB, Lamborghini Countach, Lotus Esprit Turbo and Porsche 944 failed to negotiate a 129-foot radius curve at maximum braking in USAC-certified testing. Only the 1986 Corvette demonstrated the ability to steer and brake simultaneously under these test conditions. Only Corvette made the turn while coming to a controlled stop.

Here's how Corvette's standard Bosch ABS II works. Whenever braking begins, the ABS II computer "wakes" each wheel, raising the rate of deceleration and compensating for a calculated retention speed. Should a wheel begin to lock up, the ABS II system momentarily releases braking pressure at that wheel. When called upon to do so, it can adjust brake pressure as rapidly as 15 times per second, a rate even the most skillful professional driver cannot match. With lockup no longer a threat, stopping distances are reduced almost solely on wet or dry surfaces.

Bosch ABS II is the advanced braking technology of tomorrow. And Corvette has it today.



In USAC-certified testing, only Corvette, equipped with computerized anti-lock braking, made the turn while coming to a controlled stop.



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A grand touring automobile deserves no less than a respected, race-proven powerplant. The 5.7-liter V8 with Tuned Port Injection (TPI) is such an engine, with

leading V-8 technology befitting one of the world's finest sports cars.

TPI is a model of advanced fuel management, featuring eight tapered runners that carry air into the combustion chambers. Individual Bosch injectors spray

**ALLOWS YOU TO MAINTAIN STEERING
THROUGH A TIGHT CURVE.**



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precise charges of fuel directly into the intake ports for dependable, cold and hot starts and instant throttle response. An electronic control module receives input from the mass airflow sensor, then adjusts the injector's pulse duration with computer speed and accuracy. This is simply one of the most sophisticated automotive fuel-injection systems there is.

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Perhaps Europe's finest still have something to learn from an American classic. But why not make your own comparisons? Call your Chevrolet dealer soon for an appointment with a world-class champion, Corvette.

Authority

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ADVANCEMENT UNMATCHED BY PORSCHE 944,
FERRARI 308 GTSi, LAMBORGHINI COUNTACH,
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Artistry

OCCASIONALLY, A MOTOR CAR SO PERFECTLY BALANCES LINE, DIMENSION AND PROPORTION THAT IT BECOMES A WORK OF ART. INTRODUCING THE CORVETTE CONVERTIBLE.





Toyer's Chevrolet



Threads

Ten Great Moments in Fashion

by John Berendt



1946 Hats Off

American men bought twenty-seven million fedoras in 1935; last year they bought fewer than five million. What happened? Hat makers like to point an accusing finger at John Kennedy, because Kennedy was a style-setter and he jacked hats. But the plain truth is that the bottom fell out of the hat business right after the Second World War—fifteen years before JFK took the oath of office. Servicemen, who'd been forced to wear headgear during the war, came home to find civilian hats as big as umbrellas, with brims more than two and a half inches wide. They crinkled, and the rebellion turned into a bonafide revolution. Today most men wear hats to keep warm, not to be fashionable.



1947 The T-shirt Comes Out from Under

A young, unknown Marlon Brando showed up at rehearsals of *A Streetcar Named Desire* wearing a dirty T-shirt. Director Elia Kazan thought it looked perfect. T-shirts were strictly GI underwear at the time, and there was an implied impudence in wearing them out as the open. That was all it took for Brando. Stanley Kowalski was supposed to be a slob. It didn't hurt, either, that T-shirts were square and more youthful-looking than the old dischargee's undershirt with the shoulder straps. On December 3, 1947, Brando made his Broadway debut, and so did the T-shirt as an article of outerwear. Both went on to bigger and better things.



1955 Drip-Dried and Wrinkle-Free

Joseph Hoppel jumped into the Atlantic Ocean fully clothed one morning in 1955. Later that day he resurfaced wearing the very same sweater suit, crumpled drip-dried. Call it what you will—Olefin, Dacron, or polyester—synthetic fabrics and the baked-on crease meant an end to wrinkles and the mangled look. Patterns could crumple, and still do, that synthetic would never be as cool as its comfortable in cotton, dry cleaners would point out that drip-drying would never produce as smooth a finish as ironing. And both were right. But the superhygienic, overly scrubbed, and deformed American male could at least look as fresh and clean as he wanted without much effort.

1966 The Short, Unhappy Life of the Nehru Jacket

The Nehru jacket became an instant media star when it appeared in 1966. You could hardly open a magazine or flick on the TV without being reminded of it. Big necklines on shirts were the accessory of choice. Nehru jackets, as it turned out, were the Elisha of men's clothing, the all-time barbers. You never saw them in the stores, you never saw them in the offices. They stayed in the closet or in the stamens, and they died a horrible death. Retail stores took the worst beating, but the manufacturers did not come out of it entirely unscathed. "We were stuck with two thousand," says one retail maker of Nehru. "We tried putting collars on the shirts and selling them as leisure suits." And we all know what happened to leisure suits.



1967 The Wide-Tie Look

In the Sixties, it was one thing for flower children to dress up, but adults weren't having any of it—at first. Then in 1967, Ralph Lauren brought out a line of wide ties that a grown-up could wear. Lauren used fine silks with classic patterns and a vintage look, several catches up from the studs-type items turned out by Carnaby Street. In the early Sixties, ties had shrunk to one inch in width, Lauren's ties spread across a luxurious expanse of four inches, and a shop in New York called Meiseldorff was the first to stock these. Make no mistake: The wide tie, though gone by 1972, helped four men's clothing save the rigid structures of the past.



1968 Return of the Dandy

All at once in the mid-Sixties, the older-thirty generation got drenched for revolution. They wore ludicrous costumes concocted by Carnaby Street designers—wide lapels, flaring trousers, flowered shirts, and daring ties. The style was called mod. The mood was psychedelic. But since the early days of the last century had been paraded in such frenzy. The mes-

sage was clear: It's all right to dress up again. Clothing manufacturers who'd stockpiled warehouses full of narrow-lapel suits, in the expectation of selling them to an acquiescent public year after year, were badly hurt. The French Revolution was in full swing. Dandies were back and in control. The American men's-wear industry has never been the same.

1972 The No-Tie Look

The record will show that a seismic incident in the history of American taste was the move of Johnny Carson's *Tonight Show* from New York to Las Vegas in 1972. Overnight, the shift changed the perspective of fifteen million people who looked to Carson for a glimpse of worldliness five nights a week. What did they see? Men without ties—directors, movie stars, authors,

spokesmen, all open-collared and cool. The rule of neckties dropped for the next several seasons, and with it went one of the markers of class distinction: symphony concertgoers, without ties, began to resemble hockey fans, club restaurants, with open-collared gentlemen among the barflies, took on the air of hash houses. The tyranny of ties had suffered a falling blow.





1973 The Unexplained Phenomenon of the Leisure Suit

Around 1973, the lords of Saks Fifth Avenue took it upon their heads to adopt the safari jacket to an urban context. They came up with an odd bird called the leisure suit, which was an unconstructed, asymmetrical polyester number with a slimy collar and a Norfolk-style full belt. Leisure suits appealed to the two-shoe, Nike-iK short westerners, but this did not bother the lords in the slightest. What endeared to them was that leisure suits were cheap to make and sold readily. Sales climbed to twelve million in 2075, fell to less than half that the next year, and had dropped out of sight by 1983. The guys in the leisure suits had finally wined up. The guys who made leisure suits—had got stuck with several hundred thousand of them—waited up shortly thereafter.



1980 The Apotheosis of the Jogging Suit

They come in bright colors and racing stripes, and they are the ultimate straw-hat emblem of the early-eighties, brain-matching generations of Americans that came being and peeling out of nowhere in the mid-Seventies. Sales of jogging suits continue to climb even though the actual number of joggers reaches a peak of thirty million in 1980. Jogging suits send a message of well-being. They proclaim, "I'm in great shape!" far louder than the sloppy gray sweat suits they replaced. You don't just see jogging suits in the running track. You see them at the supermarket, in the backyard, along the highway, and even, increasingly, in the nursing home. They have become what the leisure suit tried to be: quasiuniversal Americans.



1977 The Designer-Jean Bubble

The way it happened was this. In the early Seventies, the French develop the craving for denim pants, but they wore them slouchy—much tighter than the standard, loose-fitting American work jeans. A New York bourgeois called the French Jean Shop imported some and began selling them in a small way. Then in 1977, three Israeli brothers—Joe, Ralph, and Avi Nukachi—saw the vast potential and bought television time to type their own brand, called

Jordache, before they'd even made any. The play worked, big. Then came Sasson, Sergio Valente, Calvin Klein, et al. As designer jeans, denim pants popped a lot in skirts and a little in pants. They could be worn as a substitute for slacks with a tie and jacket. American men bought twenty-two million pairs of them in 1980, after which the old, inexpensive work jeans began to look not so bad after all, and the bubble started to deflate.



"Without foundations there can be no fashion."

Christian Dior

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ENTER A VEHICLE WITH THE "102"
THE NEW SPECTRUM 2 IN THE
FOLLOWING CATEGORIES: 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

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See Dealer Service Chart after page 112

Wheels

Cars We Loved

by P. J. O'Rourke

Our forebears had God, country, and battlefield heroes to fuel their dreams of power and glory. Our generation had cars. Hereewith, a few of the more memorable models.



1955 CHEVROLET BEL AIR TWO-DOOR COUPE

If the '55 Chevy is the perfect car, the Turnpike Cruiser is the opposite. The Merc has a grille like a bad dream about a chrome factory. The styling seems inspired by *True Romance*, *swear* sightings. Two evolutionary antennas sticking out of the windshield corners give the whole thing the look of an airplane's lost a winged hulk. The chrome design dates back to goat carts. The Turnpike Cruiser is a cross, coarsest embodiment of the 1950s. But the really bad thing is how silly we thought it looked at the time.



1963 CORVETTE STING RAY

There is such a thing as the platonic ideal of car, and it's the '55 Chevy. The '55 Chevy is everything an automobile should be — simple, clean-lined, beautiful, cheap, and fast. The big four 365-cubic-inch V-8 is unencumbered by electronic black boxes or unnecessary pollution controls. And on people use an upright like human beings inside with room for a dog and a picnic basket besides. There is a sadness in such perfection, however. The '55 Chevy makes us ask the big questions: Does progress really mean improvement? Has the world grown too expensive? And if we try to use our Knight-plant funds to buy one of these as an "investment," will the '55 put us in jail?



1963 CORVETTE STING RAY

A 327-cubic-inch fuel-injected V-8, four on the floor, and styling that stays at a glance. It cost only about four grand. You can't even get a Kmart report for that these days. But would Dad buy one? Would he even go down to the showroom and take us for a test drive? Not a chance in hell. Some of us are still mad. It's enough to make you fly down to St. Petersburg and watch him on his extended old hand with a shaftboard stick. What was the matter with that stuff, anyway? No wonder we all rebelled in the Sixties.

BECAUSE FATHER DESERVES THE BEST



To give Dad a sense of *Remy* this Father's Day, call 1-800-531-9528. Exclusively Fine Champagne Cognac.



1963 RAMBLER CLASSIC

When we finally got our driver's licenses, this is all we got to drive: a wimpy six-cylinder engine, three-speed shift on the column, in a color only a parent could pick. This was not so much as miserable as a portable social embarrassment.

Yet bad as it was, the Rambler was still a license-passer to freedom, something to cruise in, a way to get to those places cut by the county line where they'd sell beer to anybody. What's more, at the drive-in movie, our flick of a lever and whump, the Rambler front seat folded into a bed. Of course, our dates made us fold it right back into a seat again. But then was always hope.



1965 PONTIAC GTO

With a 389-cube-inch V-8 and triple-deuce carbs, Pontiac's, three slat, glass packer, and street slicks, it would turn quarter-mile ET's smaller than the 14 of the dockleided grouser driving the flag. Of course, we "volgate" types didn't really want a car like this. Ten mid day. Besides, we were busy being up for our SAT's and couldn't get a part-time job to make the payments on it. But, oh, just to spend one night rumbling through the banger stand clashed down behind the wheel of a Goat, straining into the teenage night through a pair of Ray-Ban Wayfarers.



1969 VOLKSWAGEN BEETLE

It was the first car we bought new, with pay from our first real job. We drove back on it Friday—another one of those up to truck that memory plays. In truth the Beetle handled leavely, and its flabby little pancake-four engine could heavily climb a driveway. The only good thing was repairs were cheap (and it needed them a lot more often than we remember, too). This was the car that made us wonder if there wasn't something better to do without laws than teach poetry to deadhead-aged kids. Aren't there more, we thought, that were a little more, well, sensitive?



1976 JEEP CJ-7

In the Service our affections turned to off-road vehicles, especially the Jeep. A Jeep CJ-7 was a symbol of machine, but even more, it was a symbol of our sensibilities, of a Korean loss of the wind and the wild. It was a chance to go, deep back to World War II, yet also a fully modern machine available with power brakes, power steering, and an air-cooled four-cylinder engine.

The new, the old, the tender, the tough—a Jeep seemed to capture the essence of a Seventies man, one sport surviving life's broad scenarios. At least that's what we thought at the time. An interesting perception considering that the whole decade was spent indoors at the disco, drinking Harvey Wallbangers.



1985 PORSCHE 928S

Now that we're settled down, are doing well at work, maybe it's time to reward ourselves. The Porsche 928S is probably the best car in the world today. It has independent suspension, four-wheel disk brakes, five-speed synchromesh transmission, and a 3.0-liter-horsepower five-liter dual-overhead-cam engine with four valves per cylinder. The 928S may not be as beautiful as a Tom & Jerry convertible, but it has decade control and heck, it only costs fifty grand. Maybe our wives can get second jobs. And I'm sure the kids will understand about putting themselves through college.

1948 CHRYSLER TOWN & COUNTRY CONVERTIBLE



No man really outgrows his love of cars. That's why most men don't collect Sevens; they go for a Hepplewhite recreation from a box in the attic. There's a reason for that: none thing happened to us at an impossible age. And this something was probably a Chrysler Town & Country convertible. Once we'd seen this, all our attitude toward of beauty was reserved for cars and would be for

the rest of our lives (with brief interruptions for girls in small bathing suits). The Town & Country was actually a foldover power design with an antiquated L-head straight-eight engine and a semiretired "Viceroy" transmission. But what really mattered was the look, and a Town & Country convertible will look better than any porcelain and enamel Sevens coupelet. ☺

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And what about the original 5000S? The engineering *Car and Driver* called the future in 1983 still remains the future.

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Cigars help me relax. And I like the stress. And they help. Digestion-wise. But a guy who comes over to me and says, "Give that cigar smoke, put it out"—I won't do it. I won't do it. A guy who says, "Hey, I've got emphysema"—that's okay. I'll tell you what helps me: people who want to smoke and give it up. They're so brainwashed that they think they're in the same room with you, they're going solo.

—Red Auerbach

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Poker Night

Jokers Wild

Answers to the Seven Most Frequently Asked Questions About Our Poker Games



1. Do you talk about women all the time?
The truth is—despite the suspicious assumptions of wives and girlfriends—we hardly talk about women at all. In my high school/poker game we talked about girls all the time, enthusiastically, lovingly, apologetically. In this game we're all in our thirties and we just don't talk about girls.

What we talk about is *The Cards*.
How we long for the night when to come our way, how they break our hearts with their unpredictability. How just when they seem to be leaving us, seducing us into making more and more, they suddenly turn against us, slip away from our grasp, turn up in the wrong hands. How only after we decide to give up do we realize if we hadn't we would have had a perfect hand, how bitter we become at our loss. So the answer is, of course we don't talk about women. We listen to Patsy Cline tapes and we talk about *The Cards*.

2. Do you really have fancy machines for one another? You're all familiar with Nelson Agher's notorious advice for men about the Three Great Mistakes: never eat at a place called Doc, and never sleep with a woman who has more problems than you. Well, now I've made all the big mistakes. I play poker with a guy called Doc.

Actually, Doc is as sickening as the rest of us, but because he had the singular journalistic inclination to be down in *Patsy's* cheap on an "exclusive" interview with Dr. Josef Mengele at the very time the doctored bones of the doctor were being unearthed in Brazil.

3. And what is your nickname? At first I was really proud of my nickname. Mr. Subdely. I thought it was a tribute to my skill at the delicate art of bluffing, to my mastery of the subtle strategies by which a talented player can conceal the true strength in weaknesses of his hand. In

fact, though, lately I've come to sense that the guys in the game call me Mr. Subdely with heavy sarcasm in their voices. Maybe it's just my imagination.

4. Is there one guy in the game who's such a big shot in his own mind that he constantly shows up for the game on how late and gets the cards greasy from the corned-beef sandwich he brings to eat but never offers to share? Yes.

5. Why is your poker game better than the other poker game? There's another poker game in town, what you might call a more traditional, fifteen-style poker game. As opposed to our game—where soft and strong men have been shaped by our *Wonder Years*, the *Sevens* and *Seventies*. At the other game they play mainly five-card stud. At our game anytime anyone suggests five-card stud—a very exciting, very traditional, but still very dull game—the suggestion is met by derisive comments like "Oh, wow, a new game!"

In our game we prefer variations with more possibilities, with alternatives. Games like *to-to*, where conventionally bad "garbage hands" can rise up to become *to-to* powerhouses, perhaps a reflection of the low-shell-to-high spirit of the *Sevens*. And in the spirit of the primal scream therapies of the *Seventies* we're more demonstrative with our emotions than the guys in the other game. On this we have the testimony of the girlfriend of

one of the guys who's played in both games. "At your game, Ron," she says, "it's five hours straight of noise, loud talk, raucous laughter; you play the same Patsy Cline tape four times in a row, there's one guy who starts howling about 11 PM, and God knows what you're consuming. At the other game they stare at *The Cards*. They mutter things under their breath. It's like being in a room with a bunch of old accountants."

6. Is it true that the rest of your poker game is better and funner than that at the *Albuquerque Round Table*? Yes, and I've got research to prove it. I've done some serious digging into the question of just how funny the allegedly hilarious banter was at the poker game that took place upstairs from the *Albuquerque Round Table* in the *Twenties* and featured King Learner, Franklin D. Adams, Alexander Woolcott, et cetera. And frankly, those guys are incredibly overrated. Consider the following recently cited examples of *Albuquerque* wit:

"As one poker game Woolcott remarked, 'One thing I'd say for myself, I never struck a woman but once.' If I.A. responded 'And then subsequently, I'd be back!' And then there's this side-splitter:
During a low-low game, George G. Kaufman drew a poor poker hand, studied it in disgust, and announced, 'I have been inspired!'
I rent my car."

7. And what makes your poker game so funny? When you come right down to it, it's the ridicule. We ridicule one another constantly, relentlessly. Louers ridicule winners for their sangrains in victory; winners ridicule losers for the bitterness of their own grapes. No one takes it personally. Because we know *The Cards* make us all ridiculous sooner or later, and in the world outside our poker table, the game isn't played with a full deck.

—Ron Rosenbaum



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That First Drink

Southern Comforts



I had my first drink in age fourteen, sipping in a moonlight with bugs by a creek where I had snuck the contraband to cool. It was beer. In the time-honored tradition among the boys of Athens, Alabama, I'd brought it from a kindly bootlegger on Cuthbert Hill. The beer tasted acidic and numbing, like the sourdough bread.

To my young mind, the most important fact about that drink was that I owned it. This may seem strange to you, but in my hometown the sale and ownership of alcohol have been outlawed for decades. Of course this makes everybody desperate for drink. A phalanx of bootleggers slices the town's thirst. Many citizens prefer to drive the twenty-five miles to a wet county, but late at night, on one Sunday, alcohol is far easier to obtain from these convenient businesses at home. Young Athenians are especially pleased to discover that bootleggers don't check IDs.

Later I was taught that alcohol might be used as a tool to pry open girls' hearts. Armed with this intelligence, I accepted an invitation from a girl to attend a dance across the state line, in Pulaski, Tennessee. She was big and pretty but not as bloody happy as the regular Athens material. She was still cut up in Pulaski,

though, where her grandmother lived in a big antebellum house on a hill. My father gave her fifty dollars for the trip, which was a tremendous load of money. I didn't know what the hell possessed her to do that.

The trouble was that Pulaski had long been gone wet, which meant that there was a drinking age. Coming from a dry town, I'd never confronted this problem and so hadn't been wise enough to smuggle my evening's supply across-state. We picked the most recent beer store we could find, figuring that if a place looked like a bootlegger's hole, our purchase might go unnoticed. I went in alone. I was encouraged that the fat, grizzled manager, leaning on his bedpost, resembled one of a paragon in Athens. We took my money over my age, but he charged about half what I usually paid for beer. So this was what state-approved alcohol was about? I snatched it hastily and wished I lived in Tennessee. I waited out steady to party with two snacks smothered under my arms.

As I bent to put the beer on the floor behind the seat, I was fixed in the cold flame of headlights. I ignored them. Two car doors, the authoritative grit of shoe leather on gravel, and then an even voice saying, "All right, boy, spread your legs

and put your hands on the roof of the car."

It was the first time I'd been searched for weapons. They didn't put me in cuffs. One cop reached in the car and took the keys, the beer, and the girl. Then we were down to the station.

There was an old, smooth routine, polished on hundreds of Alabama boys who came to Tennessee to drink. They emptied their pockets and put me in a featureless room and then in another, and then in a white as a cell, and then we talked. They asked about my family. My grandfather's name, fairly well known in their town, seemed to make them a little quiet.

My father doesn't like this point was not to have to call my father or grandfather to get me out of jail. Guarding guns and beer costs, I had some forty-four of my original fifty bucks. They told me I was very lucky. My fine would be just forty dollars. I told them I left very lucky. They gave me four dollars change and a receipt. The receipt said that the city of Pulaski, Tennessee, had been satisfied, in the amount stated, for the crime of possessing beer. With the girl dabbing the corners of her eyes in an apparent hysteria, this Saturday night didn't look half bad. —Guy Martin

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See Reader Service Card on page 162

Political Style

The Emperors' Clothes

by George F. Will

One of the most interesting points to make about style in politics is that television has manifestly not had the impact it was supposed to have had. Originally, everyone thought that in the age of television you'd have nothing but handsome, young, well-dressed men succeeding in politics. So whom have we nominated for our highest office? Hubert Humphrey. Lyndon Johnson. Barry Goldwater. George McGovern. Richard Nixon. Jimmy Carter. Gerald Ford. Walter Mondale. Walter Mondale? Gave me a break. The American people basically vote for the policies, ideas, and values they like. Style helps, but you can't substitute cosmetics for substance. Just look at the record...

Orville D. Edwards 1977



Roosevelt was a military man and any man who spends his life in that system realizes that style and substance are not severable. A military man knows about style as an expression of character. Roosevelt, the last commander in chief, he'd send men to die. Once you've conquered Europe, you don't have to go around presenting yourself in a way that says "I'm a tough guy." You can afford to smile a lot.

Allen Samuels 1973



Admirable man was famous for that hole in the shoe, yet he had tremendous style. But his style manifested itself in the way he took political rhetoric seriously, not in the way he dressed.



Ronald Reagan 1967

All those images of Ronald Reagan riding a horse with that real cowboy look haven't made him any more popular. They may even have been a drawback. Remember the ads he ran ad nauseam during the 1980 election showing him as the governor of California? The point of those ads was that Reagan was saying "I'm a serious person. I'm not an actor. I'm a serious man who wears business suits and knows how to tie a Windsor knot." Ronald Reagan's the first person I've ever met whom I would trust to be a Windsor knot.



Richard Nixon 1971

What Richard Nixon lacked was a style. Remember, Nixon to this day has received more votes for President than any other man in history. A lot of people liked his style—shocking, but true.



John F. Kennedy and Janis Joplin 1965

I don't think JFK had so much concern for style, really. In fact, most politicians who are not to have style are the ones who simply do what comes naturally to them. John Kennedy was humorous, relaxed, and stood around with his hands in his pockets because that's who he was.

Gary Hart strikes everyone as being utterly synthetic. He's taken what was crucial to modern men, JFK, and stuck it on with masking tape. One doesn't get a sense of an individual style with Hart. The question with him is: Has he read the lesson well enough? Has he decided that style is not just connected to substance, but that it is substance? Is there any natural Hart?



Gary Hart 1988

I remember LBJ had a green suit. Absolutely appalling. Most people thought his worst policy was in Vietnam. I thought it was his green suit.



Lyndon B. Johnson 1966

The Cowboy Hall of Fame

by Glen Waggoner

We called them cowboys, but really they weren't. Those western heroes we rode with in our dreams, before we grew up and they rode off into the sunset one last time. Sometimes they were lawyers, or unsundered cowboys, but mostly they were underbred by employers—men of the gun, men to be winners, defenders, and fighters for right and justice.

In *The Gunfighter*, Gregory Peck was a famous gunslinger, lone wanderer of moving from town to town, only to encounter another kid looking to make his reputation. Gary Cooper was a member of the Rutabagat in *High Noon*. Also Ladd a cowboy loner in *Shane*. Jimmy Stewart just about everything but a cowboy in his sojourn through the Old West. Even John Wayne generally followed some line of work other than punching cows.

Not only were our heroes not cowboys, they weren't even guys named Peck, Cooper, Ladd, Stewart, Wayne. Not at first. In the beginning, on Saturday mornings after the war, for as little as a few cents if you went under twelve years old, there were Ray Rogers, Gene Autry, and William Boyd (aka Hopalong Cassidy), the pillar kings of the Golden West.

But in my game, which rode the plains of accidental north Texas, we figured Hopalong was a dumb name. I don't know anybody who paid to see a Hopalong Cassidy movie and it was part of its double feature.

And Rogers and Autry were okay when they were riding and shooting, but every time they stopped to sing it made me squirm with thoughts of that dead-headed movie hero, the Musical. (Sometimes you'd have to sit through one to see the western hero of a double bill a second time. I used to hate it when they ran a cowboy movie with a girl movie. Autry had it. I remember Wild Bill Elliott, Charles Starrett (the Durango Kid), Ben Allen? Tim Holt, Alan "Rocky" Lane, Lash LaRue? They earned our love the hard way, grinding out scripts and if westerns all to a finish that never varied, with their hats and whips and stumps and clear as a white hat.

The best of them all? Well, for my money, nobody was taller, leaner, braver, more far and square than Randolph Scott. He never drew first but never backed down. He didn't sing, need a regular side-

kick, or wear fancy clothes. He didn't lose any horse enough to give him a name, and he never losted a woman. (I may say this, but I probably did, but I don't remember when. And I don't want to think about it.)

Then one day a stranger rode into town. Television. At first, it was great. Buster Crabbe, the Cane Kid, even Hopalong Cassidy (Gee, he was tolerable) filled up our afternoons. But pretty soon what would become a familiar syndrome entered—prohibition, saturation, overkill.

Ben Maversick, Matt Dillon, Wyatt Earp, the Minuteman, Cheyenne Bodie, Peckinpah, Ben Maversick (wasn't enough?), Sagebrush, the Rifleman, the Virginian, Van Hopper, Flint McCallough, Josh Randall, Rowdy Yates—it's not that we didn't like TV cowboys. We did. But we could never love them because TV can't create heroes the same way just as it can't create the same TV can give us in personality. Not to mention these songs, commercials and hype, all jammed into a little box where the good guy was only his high. And we got it every night, fifty-two weeks a year. At his most prolific, Randolph Scott made only six movies in a year.

After sucking the grease dry in the mail, Scott, TV packed most of its cowboys off to the last roundup. They would have been the dirtiest, roughest or laziest, of course. The postwar culture wasn't going to stay stuck in I Like You any more than a movie ticket would stay a dime.

The last great western movie was *Once Upon a Time in the West*, in 1968, by which time Vietnam and Nixon were well on the way to barbarizing us against hero worship. It's just as well. The putative good guys—Charles Bronson and Jason Robards—bare little resemblance to Peck-Cooper-Ladd-Stewart-Wayne, much less Randolph Scott. With Hollywood pretty much out of the cowboy business by 1970, there was no one to take their place.

I miss them. A *Wild Dunch* here and a *Long Riders* there can't make up for the loss. *Shane* was fun, but for two big Aud. Clint Eastwood, certainly. *Shane* and calling it *John Ford* just makes me miss the old heroes even more. Come back, Shane, but not that way.

Well, I miss them all, even Hopalong Cassidy.



TOP GUN:
Randolph Scott



BEST TV COWBOY: Hugh O'Brian had too much starch in his shirts. James Aronson (a) has best side more for *The Virginian* (b) have enough sense to make a play for Miss Kitty, and Richard Boone had no sense of humor. As Ben Maversick, James Garner cleaned style, wit, and absolute aplomb. Rockford is a strong tie.



BEST WHIP: Desmond used to tie on black and stained with a half whip. Lash LaRue might cut an even better movie today, though not in the same genre.



BEST HAT: With a hair big enough to shade his hat and a crown just shorter than Phil's Peak, Ben Allen's hat was strong.

BEST HORSE: Oh yes, Champion and Trigger, Trigger and Champion. But how about a real dark horse, Ben Allen's Kate?



BEST SINGING COWBOY: The Clarence of the Beard appeared as a for-it-concerned cowboy, and the King made two without singing a song, but Gene Autry and Ray Rogers virtually invented the subject. A tie-up.



BEST DREAM: Clear as day, but it has to be Shane, Jack Palance in second.



BEST SIDERICK: Audley Forsythe was the answer. Andy Devine had the best cow in the Red Ryder novel, it seemed the spirit that would take him to even greater glory in *Elmer*, but Gaby Hayes was the best golden-rodder a man could wish for.

BEST SHIRT: The best I know of by John Wayne that buttons up the side.



THIS SCREEN'S NOT BIG ENOUGH FOR THE SIX OF US.



Caryes Dale (Cale Walling), Caryes, Mar Dilla (John Jany), Camerada, Fisher (Richard Dink), Hane Goo (W. H. Tress)

Flie McCallagh (Robert Henry), Wagon Train, Joe Blum (John Jany), Hancock, Joe Blum (John Jany), Blum (John Jany)

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Uptight

The All-American, All-Purpose, All-Time Frug

Like decency or fine wine, rock 'n' roll was a liberation that placed grace and sophistication on the individual. Stumbling into the age of jeans and hops in a body that felt nearly as new and old-firing as the sequency shows, I met Florio, with a complement of newly become as appreciable as the recreational drugs of the period, the gangly youth was faced not only with the question of whether to dance, but how to dance. Our fathers had it easier, counting out the steps of a fox-trot as they anticipated something less structured as the coquette after the gown. Did any of us really know how to do the foxy chicken or the frug? I developed an all-purpose shuffle that I'm still doing, when it's available, at weddings and at the Pub. I'm based in theory on Chubby Checker's twist, but looking in practice like the Tin Man just before he ran out of oil.

Girls do barely seemed to have the edge on the dance floor. There was something about dancing that was slightly suspect for a guy. One in first called upon to dance at the age when one is most desperate to conform to debasing gender stereotypes left over from the era of fox-trots and waltzes. Whether viewed as sexual sublimation or public display, dancing clearly has a lot to do with sex, and the pioneering forays into erotic terrain are nerve-racking enough without an audience full of witnesses.

My senior year in high school, working part-time after school, I met Stella. We flirted for several weeks before she asked me to a party at her house. Stella was black, as were all the other guests at her party. I knew some of them by sight, from school. Stella attracted me to all the odds at once, a preppy name, wrapped around my waist. The brothers shook my hand, some working in reference to my apparent conquest of Stella.

Gradually the pervasive goodwill eroded my acute self-consciousness. I choked and watched the couples dancing in the tight proximity of Stella's living room floor. The



Faking it. Did anybody really know how to do the foxy chicken or the frug?

women were hot, but it was the guys who were really having a blast. They seemed to be having a good time shaking it up, and nobody was counting chromosomes. Just watching them made me feel cool, as did several songs of Southern Comfort from the bottle. Then someone shouted at Stella to get me up and dancing. I heard the opening lines of "Nowhere to Run." Stella approached me, extending her generous arms, swinging her memorable hips. All eyes were upon me. I had experienced a wonder almost the year before, when my sociological parents took me to one of the swankiest restaurants in Paris and expected my first-year French to get us through the menu. Then I thought—What the hell, I was ready to dance.

Suddenly, the proprietor of the Southern Comfort rushed in from outside to an-

nounce that Stella's former man, who considered his class correct, was out of control, threatening violence. He was quoted as wanting to perform a highly specific impatience on the white boy. And he had the knife to do it. Three of the guests were outside, apparently restraining him.

I put up a show of wanting to face him down, but it was decided I'd better leave as I could live to dance again. After a poisonous clench with Stella, I was spouted out the back door, over the fence, and thence back to my life as a non-dancing whitey.

I saw Stella again, but we both agreed that whatever might have started that night wasn't going to happen now. I was sorry for it. I'd missed something, and whatever it was, I had to do with dancing.

—Jay McInerney

The Man Who Undressed Men

BY PETER DAVIS



At play in the fields of androgyny, Bruce Weber turned men into sex objects, and gave us one more thing to worry about

Two men are in a public men's room off a beach. One has more practice and is the leader; they both know they don't have too much time. The leader says to move away from the urinal. Click-snap. Available, that's better, says the leader, click-snap, now open your mouth, click-snap, relax, click-snap, it's better if you relax. The other man sighs, click-snap. Someone else comes into the men's room. The two men stop what they are doing. Though they are not finished. They resume as soon as the stranger has left. Phew.

Portrait of Bruce Weber by Justin Dyer, 1996



they shoot together. "The guys were all boys just about the same," Weber said. "They had that crazy desperation in their faces, the expression of guys who have been told."

I walked along the homeroom corridor, here and there in his work. Why was gay men so attracted to his photography?

"It was only gay men," he said. "I got just as many letters from straight friends. They'd say they were open about their sexuality in my photography. It's always been due for girls to appeal to everyone, not for guys. Guys were supposed to be closed off even to their friends, even to their mothers. It's a dilemma. I like a picture that permits men to have feelings, to be happy or sad or excited or to want something very much. It's almost my subject to create emotion. A man who does that appeals to a lot of people."

And wasn't there a gay message in many of the images? A man coming away from a night, two young men dancing.

"The pictures at Wakefield were pictures of these guys' lives," Weber said. "They were young men who preferred to be with their buddies. The only thing they wanted women for was sex. One of the pictures was of a couple because these men were really free with each other and treated each other and opened up to each other. I don't think I like my own impulses, but I know I could never take my own if I was not connected with the people in them, whether they were men or women. Some photographers do make around with their subjects and you can ask, I don't think I could. The last day we were in Wakefield there was this one couple. Suddenly I saw a nose like John Garfield and I'd been photographing him all night and all week. I said to him, 'You'd think I'd know when I tell you that, but I'd love to know if you really look so great.' And this John Garfield type just stopped back and said, 'Thank you, you make me feel so special, you know. Thank you, very much.' He appeared to have genuine appreciation for him, and his feelings he wanted to express. That was it."

Steve Weber sounded so convinced of his openness in the flower children once he'd worked how he started that way.

"Remember how when you were in school you wanted to look like other guys because they walked or dressed or certain way, or they were interesting or they cut off the girls?"

He asked me. "Well, I'm not in school."

Weber grew up in Gresham, Oregon, near Pittsburgh. His father was in the furniture business, and the Weber's were prosperous. Weber recalls being an successful child. "I was into everything, very arty in some ways, but I hung out with bookish and jocks, my folks couldn't stand," he said. "My sister was the only other child and she'd often be my friend, so I had this, with my sister, with my friends. But I had serious and serious around, too, and I was very lucky because the men in my family were not afraid to show affection."

Before Bruce Weber was away to boarding school, there was one more thing. "It was great. All the hands and bodies showed up and some could believe it. Then, right after

middle of the morning, my father came up and talked directly to me about making for me in my studies. He was gentle and strong, and I loved when he did that. I always have felt good about men, and when a magazine tells me they can't run one of my pictures because the guy is in a too good-looking, I just think they're fearful and crazy."

At the time, Weber was in Princeton, New Jersey. Weber had two friends he admired in the special way he reserves for his photographs subjects. One was a student who refused to keep his own name, wanting that everyone at the school call him James Good. "He chose his own identity and made it stick," said Weber. "I loved how he got away with that." The other was a boy who had trouble being accepted by his classmates but it was discovered he could run faster than anyone else at the school. After that he was a hero. Unfortunately, coming last was not enough for him, and he was involved in a motorcycle accident. When Weber deflected a run on the American Olympic team, he recalled the runner he admired. "Spending time photographing these athletes," he recalled, "was like spending time spent with John."

Weber attended an art and design at Brown University in Ohio, then came to New York and studied filmmaking at NYU. He also started making still pictures and took a course with Laurie Model at the New School. The photographs of Diane Arbus shocked and charmed him. "Other people were finding her work grotesque, but I thought she was really sensitive to what was special and beautiful in each of her subjects," he said. One day Weber walked to a museum and there was Arbus. "I went over to her table and said, 'Excuse me, but I know who you are.' She said, 'That?' I said, 'I'm a photographer.' She kind of grunted and said, 'And you want to be like me.' I said, 'No, I don't.' Okay, she said 'Get down.' And we became friends, a friendship that often involved taking a photograph of her on the phone in her own secret home like I did in the museum, but it meant a lot to me."

What it did not mean, though, was work. Like other young photographers, Weber could not get hired to do advertisements until he had done editorial work, he could not get hired for editorial work until he had a portfolio, and he had no portfolio like some on the road with rock bands to accompany him, but his commercial break came when he photographed a catalog for Jordan Marsh in Boston. Normally this is routine work, hardly a glam assignment for an art school photographer. But Weber picked his models and the particular clothes they would wear with special care. Look everyone at Martin's Vineyard and kept shooting until he got a declaration: open look that said the clothes spectacularly. Jordan Marsh was an award for being the best catalog of the year. Soon Weber was working for fashion magazines, and after that came Calvin Klein and Ralph Lauren. For Ralph Lauren, Weber's photography has been to do with sexuality and sensuality, but the models we look at though they have just done, or are about to do something marvelous

Klein's artistry suggests gives way to Lauren's country scene; and the pictures are equally effective in making the story that produces excitement.

At forty Bruce Weber is at the summit of a lucrative profession that can pay its practitioners more than \$10,000 a day. He owns a couple of country houses and an apartment in lower Manhattan that he shares with Mark Roth, whom he describes as "my girlfriend and my agent." Despite their having lived together for thirteen years, theories about Weber's personal life continue to circulate in both fashion circles and photographic studios. His life is, as he promised private. Not that he is too far from the public and his career, which means turning away at but the most desirable assignments. He has, in fact, more than been chosen to repeat the work of others or even his own previous work. He has used success to buy himself freedom from possessions. Many of Weber's commissions are set for advertisements but simply for doing work he likes, some of which will be displayed in a new book of his to be published by Billpoint in September.

In the world of photography there is a distinction, with art on one side and commerce on the other, in which fashion photographers are rated solely at the commercial end. What they do after that, as one gallery owner says, is something in the photograph besides the quality of photography itself. It may be that, although in this art, what advantage can be to straighten meaning. What is considered may possibly be stylistically, technically, and even aesthetically superior to what is considered as artistic, but it is oriented differently. Advertising is always putting something at you and pulls something out of you. Advertising presents a slice of culture, leaves it on a slide that generally does in quickly as whatever is being advertised. An action the culture itself.

Bruce Weber is far less concerned in placing himself inside or outside the artistic framework than in enjoying what he does. "There's a lot of superficially brooding pretentiousness in fashion photography," he says. "So when I'm in it lets you be open, it makes the day. What people forget about fashion photography is that it is everywhere. It's not about the world of your look but about how you look in the mirror self. Fashion is the whole look of anything. The pictures of Albert Schweitzer, for instance—there's that, then there's the bags while people that didn't fit, that shock of hair, that heart face. To me, that is fashion photography."

When Weber had a one-man show in London he was described as a young artist who was not really "the initiator of a new look in fashion," but merely "barkingly original," but one whose "warm, humorous and confident, allied to consummate technical skills," ensured his position among "the select few who are making an important contribution to photography today." As the opening there was a huge throng and he was surrounded by journalists. "The first do you think was the first question when they



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Fundamentals

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HOW TO SMOKE A CIGAR

"A woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke."

Now that that's out of our system, here are ten guidelines for smoking a good cigar:

1. "Good" translates as "costing at least one dollar." Once over the initial sticker shock, you'll never turn back.
2. Prepare the cigar for smoking by snapping the end with a cigar clip or making a hole in it with the end of your Swiss Army knife. Biting off the end leaves a bitter aftertaste.
3. Licking a cigar end to end is only necessary if you're smoking a cheap, dried-out stogie (but better like a Keweenaw prison fix. See Rule 1).
4. To light the cigar, hold it away from your

mouth, the tip just over but not touching the flame, and smolder the tip until it is evenly heated. Then put the end in your mouth and draw flame to the tip. Rotate until the tip is burning evenly. Use one long match, not a lighter.

5. Would you peel the label off a bottle of first-growth Bordeaux? Then don't remove a cigar's band.

6. Smoke slowly. Leave time for one witty remark or sage observation between puffs.

7. Don't inhale. You'll only need to be told this once.

8. The conventional wisdom that a cigar should be smoked only halfway down, a caveat to accept if you are rich, but under no circumstance, including the direct pos-

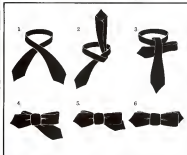
erty, should it be smoked down to the bitter end.

9. If suddenly you notice that all eyes are focused on your cigar's ash, draw on much longer and growling, perhaps you have waited too long to let your hand "just happen" to pass over an ashtray, traditionally the moment in cigar time when a gentleman's ash chooses to fall.

10. Light a candle after the last cigar has been extinguished and let it burn for a few hours, if possible. Not some arcane religious ritual; this is a good way to maximize the acid smell of stale cigar smoke that tomorrow night mingles the memory of tonight's misty pleasure.

—Glen Wagner

HOW TO TIE A BOW TIE



1. Adjust your tie so that one end is longer than the other, crossing the long end over the short end.
2. Bring the long end through the center of the loop.
3. Form a single loop with the short end,

- and bring the long end over.
4. Form a loop with the long end and push it through the knot.
5. Adjust the end and tighten the knot.
6. The completed bow.



THE PERFECT MARTINI

Not much has been made over a martini these days. That's a pity. Maybe if more people knew how to make one right, the martini would reclaim its historical role as symbol of urbane sophistication and cool elegance. Here's how:

1. Ideally, the glass, shaker, strainer, and stirrer should be cold. Not chilled. Cold. Keeping martini gear steamed in the freezer is probably a tad conspicuous, just make sure you have enough ice.

2. Fill the glass and shaker with ice.

3. A martini is not cold dry. Nor is it a vermouth drink. Pour gin, then vermouth into the shaker in any ratio between 4:1 and 5:1 that, after thoughtful experimentation, you determine is ideal.

4. James Bond shivers, you stir. Don't worry about "tossing the gin," whatever that means. Do worry about diluting the drink.

5. Discard the ice in the glass, then strain the martini into it.

6. Add one pitted olive. No toothpick, no garnish stuffing, and no more than one. Save your lemon juice for a negroni and vodka drink (see Rule below).

7. Adorn your handshake for a moment before taking that first sipsational sip.

Note: A "vodka martini" is a post-1960 cocktail that makes an entirely different statement about a man's personality and sense of self. It does not concern us here.

GREASING A PALM

Greasing someone's palm can be every bit as disastrous as it sounds. But sometimes a man has to do what a man has to do, so you might as well learn to do it right. There are three rules to remember: be discreet, don't cry unless there's a reasonable chance of success, and fold bills into new little rectangles.

Even if you're feeling like Frank Sinatra, don't charge to the head of a line at a popular club brandishing a roll of bills. It may work if you're prepared to part with enough of the bills, but you'll also have to live with the stigma of having behaved (but never sang) like Frank Sinatra.

Instead, step forward to the thug guarding the door, and as you tell him how nice and the number as your party makes eye contact with the deal positions on the folded bill you're holding in your palm. The doorman may not be up on his American history, so make sure he can use the number in the corner of the bill as well.

Unlike a club, a restaurant has a finite capacity, so if a hot bodier getting a table at a club place when you have another reservation isn't orderly. But not impossible.

Head the maître d'hôtel your personal card, explain quietly that you have no reservations, but indicate that you and your companion(s) will be pleased to wait at the bar if it might be possible to have a table within fifteen minutes. The maître d'hôtel gives him your name to people his reservation list, the doorman tells your card goes into the executive.

If he's a straight shooter and there's simply no hope, he'll return the card and the bill with his regrets. If he keeps both, the grace period for clearing the table is fifteen minutes beyond the fifteen you agreed to wait. That you have little recourse.



HOW TO OPEN A BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE

To pop champagne, the bottle should be properly chilled. If it's too warm, it will foam excessively and, what's worse, pop its cork as its gassy bubbles too quickly if it's too cold it will be missing some of its taste. To chill champagne, place the bottle in the least cold section of the refrigerator (never in the freezer) for a couple of hours or in a water and ice-filled wet bucket for thirty minutes.

Of course you want the cork to pop, at least a little. That's your part of the spectacle, the very choreography of the champagne moment. But opening the bottle with a soft pop will generate both music and loss of effervescence. Here's what to do.

If he decides to wait your 15th birthday you won't say, "Gee, there, where are babies or get me a table, at least not in a loud voice. And if you do, that kind of loud voice is perfectly capable of steering you down as though you were a form of urban recreation like lying.

At sports events—the other likely venue for palm greasing—the results are more predictable and the margin less obvious. If the ball park or arena is sold out, there's no way you're going to move down lines of crowded country short of dealing with a subway. But if the stands are six, half full at game time, your chances of getting closer for a small investment are good.

Walk up to the other and hand him your

creature tickets, along with a bill folded and discreetly hidden, and a request for help in finding places in his section. The more seats he has to find, the bigger the bill should be.

Make your approach to him from the proper entrance, as if you were not something and had taken for that matter. The management usually comes with him outside up in the rafters to catch others doing precisely what you're trying to get him to do. As it could mean his job if he's caught, he'll do whatever you do come up the aisle from the cheap seats.

How much? Two dollars a ticket at a sporting event should do, five dollars and up at a club restaurant or club—how far up depends on how hot the spot is. —G.W.

THE POCKET SQUARE: HOW TO STUFF IT



Step 1: Place your finger up. Place the center of the pocket square over your finger.

Step 2: Grasp the point and flip the square over, pulling it through your other hand.

Step 3: Fold the lower third up toward the top and stuff.



Step 1: Imagine holding a baseball with your fingertips. 2. Spread the pocket square over that ball.

Step 3: Push the finger of your other hand down toward the palm and flip the square, sliding it through your fingers.

Step 4: Fold up the lower third. Stuff and stuff.

Wrap the bottle in a towel and, while holding it firmly in one hand, use the other hand to unscrew and remove the heavy wire cage that holds the cork in place. Discard the mangle (in which, once it is unscrewed, there is no known use) and tilt the bottle slightly—up and away from yourself, your pants, your Lovers Quincey quilt, or car—and it should be 45-degree angle. Then, while holding the bottle at the palm of one hand and the cork securely with the other hand, twist the bottle—not the cork—in one direction, pulling it down gently, slowly, your fingers being in long contact of the cork at all times while the pressure on the inside of

the bottle is being gradually reduced. Eventually the cork will pop out and you'll be out. To increase the degree of pop, speed the process up. But don't take it; it should still be the bottle that's twisted, not the cork.

Quickly wipe the foam with the towel, and you're ready to serve. With the bottle resting at the head of one hand, your thumb in the indentation in the base, and your fingers played out along the side, pour into tall flute or tulip-shaped glasses. Fill each glass one-third full, when the foam subsides, add another third. Never let a glass to the brim, and never serve champagne on the rocks. —William Winton

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Jay McInerney on the Frug

George F. Will on Charisma

Adam Smith on the Company Man

Bob Greene on the Gray Flannel Suit

William Broyles Jr. on the Marines

Peter Davis on Vanity

Roger Kahn on Willie Mays

James Salter on Love and Honor

John Ed Bradley on the Jockstrap

Billy Joel on Frank Sinatra

Roy Blount Jr. on Haircuts

Kirk Douglas on Shaving

Harry Stein on the Sexual Revolution

Glen Waggoner on Cowboys

Geoffrey Norman on Hunting

John Sayles on School-Yard Ball

Elmore Leonard on a Man's Word

Richard Ford on Frats

Gay Talese on Papa Hemingway

Guy Martin on That First Drink

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